THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dº 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

APR. 22, 1911 — 5c. THE COPY

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Sectional view

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In the matter of expression, the Pianola Piano stands on a different plane from all other player-pianos.

Its exclusive devices—The Themodist, Graduated Accompaniment and Sustaining Pedal Device afford the means for reproducing *every expression element of hand-playing*. And the wonderful Metrostyle—the Pianola Piano's crowning feature—furnishes the performer with a *musical understanding*, that enables even the novice to play with true musicianly effect.

If you do not play—if you play a little—even if you play very well—the Pianola Piano is the most logical, most satisfying piano you can buy.

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The Pianola Piano is recognized in every country of the world as the leading instrument of its type.

It is the only player-piano manufactured by an organization specialized to produce such instruments—who have made a life-study of the player and its application to the pianoforte.

By reason of its conspicuous superiority the Pianola Piano has received the endorsement of the world's leading musical authorities and the exclusive patronage of the cultured classes of all countries.

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Any of the above instruments may be purchased on moderate monthly payments. Allowances made on other pianos taken in exchange.

Pianola Piano Book A This is a 32 page book—magazine size—printed in colors and well worthy of a place on your library table. This is *more* than a mere descriptive catalog—it shows how music may now be studied with the aid of the best composers virtually at your elbow. Send today—postpaid on request.

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Six Pairs Guaranteed Six Months

—And so on!!!!!

First Week

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Third Week

Fourth Week
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Sixth Week
Seventh Week
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Of course the "Holeproof" way is easier. You don't realize ***how much*** easier because you have not been brought to the buying point. Try them ***today.*** Buy, at the same time, six pairs for your husband. Have the hose come back from the washtub next wash day without any holes—see how that feels.

"Holeproof" are the finest hose in existence. More than 24,000 pairs must be produced every day to supply the demand.

Softer—More Pliable

They are made from Egyptian and Sea Island Cotton, costing an average of 70 cents per pound—the most that anyone pays for cotton yarn. This yarn is three ply instead of two. Our three strands are no heavier than others' two ply; and one can see readily why they're more pliable.

It is with this pliable yarn that we make hose softer and lighter, yet stronger than any amateur brand. Brands made the cheap way may last six months, but must be coarse and unsightly in order to be of sufficient strength.

In the silk hose we use only pure gauze silk.

$55,000 a Year

We spend $55,000 a year simply to see that each pair of "Holeproof" is perfection. Hose never were made with better care or material. Never were hose put on the market that had better style than this excellent brand.

The Widest Assortment

There are twelve colors, ten weights and five grades among which men may choose; seven colors, three weights and three grades for women, and two colors, two weights and three grades for children. "Holeproof" are now made also in pure gauze silk for men and women. No matter your preference—suit it at once; in any store that sells "Holeproof."

But you must be careful in buying if you want the hose that are advertised here. Imitations are offered in many stores. The ***original*** guaranteed hose are ***"Holeproof."*** They represent 38 years of experience. They're what you want if you want the best hose ever made.

FAMOUS
Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Get This Signature

Carl Freschl. Pres

Carl Freschl, who made the first pair, now puts his signature on every genuine "Holeproof" stocking and sock. He does this to protect you and "Holeproof" as well, so look for that mark on the toe—every time you buy hose.

The genuine "Holeproof" are sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealers' names on request, or ship direct where we have no dealer, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance.

Prices of plain and mercerized cotton hose range from $1.50 to $3.00, according to weight and finish. Six pairs guaranteed six months. The silk goods cost $2 for three pairs of men's, and $3 for three pairs of women's. Both are guaranteed three months.

Always look for this trade-mark on the toe and for the signature, *Carl Freschl. Pres*

WOMEN—

What is the use of slaving away disagreeable hours at the darning basket when you can banish darning forever by getting your folks to wear hose that don't need it.

Everyone in the country would wear Holeproof Hose if we could get everyone ***to try*** it.

We spend thousands each year to get people to do this.

But those we convince need no further convincing.

You need only get your family to try but six pairs of Holeproof Hose and that will forever end all of your darning. To get them to try it is easier work than to do the darning of one batch of sox.

So show everybody this advertisement and get them to go to the stores for ***"Holeproof."***

Holeproof TRADE MARK Hosiery

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906

Carl Freschl. Pres

Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy"

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, 841 Fourth Street, **Milwaukee, Wis.**

Tampico News Co., S. A., City of Mexico, Agents for Mexican Republic

Are Your Hose Insured?

(164)

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company
425 Arch Street Philadelphia

London: Hastings House
10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

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Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1911
by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

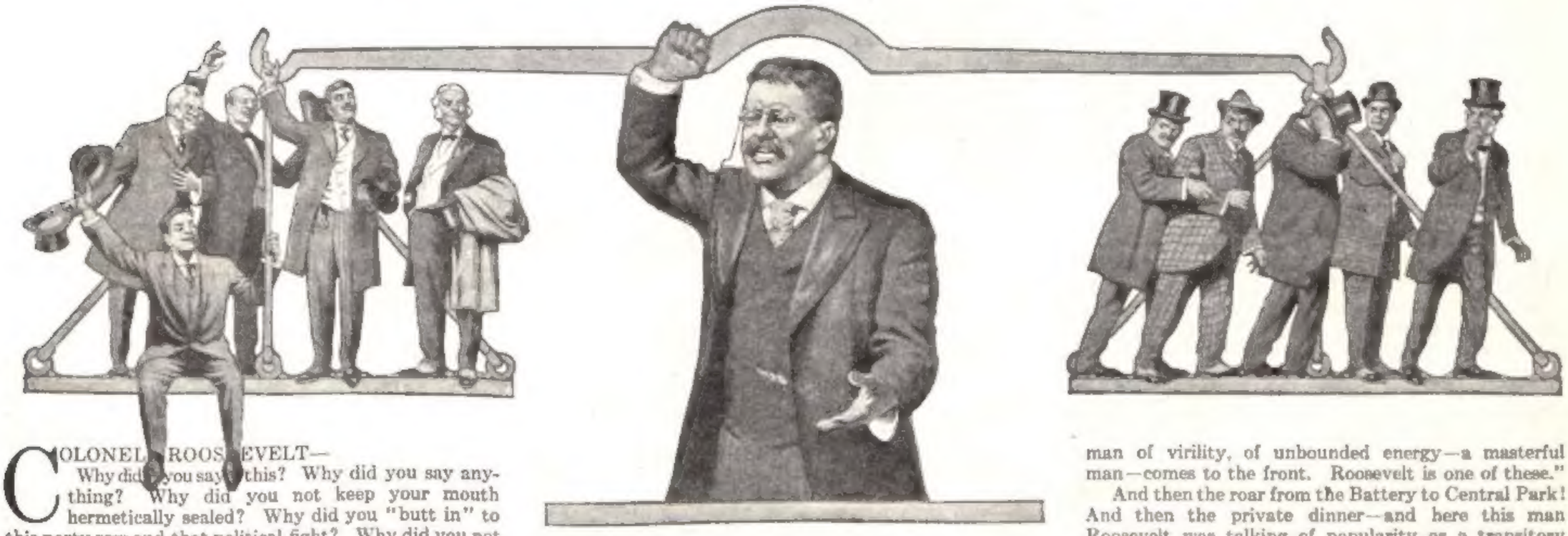
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department Ottawa, Canada

Volume 183 *PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 22, 1911* *Number 43*

Where Roosevelt Stands Today

An Interview With the Colonel, Who Has Nothing to Ask of the People, but Wants "Just to Say 'Howdy' and 'Thank You'"

By HENRY BEACH NEEDHAM



COLONEL ROOSEVELT—

Why did you say this? Why did you say anything? Why did you not keep your mouth hermetically sealed? Why did you "butt in" to this party row and that political fight? Why did you not rest on your farflung laurels and chop wood at Oyster Bay?

I did not ask all the questions at once, and the form, perhaps, was a little different from what I have given you; but the Colonel saw what I was driving at in a minute. We were sitting in his compartment in the Pullman on the way East from Grand Rapids, where he had made a Lincoln Birthday address.

"Do you remember," asked the Colonel, "something I said about popularity at that dinner they gave me in New York last June?"

Did I remember!

His cinematographic tour of Europe was over. Dr. T. Roosevelt, private citizen, was back among his own people. A few days after his bipartisan, radical-reactionary welcome to New York he was speaking to friends at a private dinner. "Marse Henry" Watterson, who sat on his right, had been jollied about his editorial warning, "Beware of this modern Cæsar, the man on horseback"; and the brilliant Southerner had taken the fun with the smiles and blushes of a boy caught in the jam closet. Then it was that the Colonel turned from pleasant banter to quiet but conclusive seriousness.

"Popularity is a transitory thing," he said. "One day a man is on the crest of the wave; the next day he is in the trough of the sea. But this I will say, that when I am no longer on the crest of the wave you will find me swimming just as strong and having a mighty good time."

This sounded odd—then—particularly so to one of the correspondents who had been of the Khartum-to-Guildhall journalistic *safari*. The *safari* had seen trouble break loose wherever this stormy petrel had chanced to alight—notably in Khartum, Cairo, Rome and London. They had witnessed a riot of enthusiasm in Hungary; had been told of the grand military review at Doeberitz—a private view—at which the Kaiser, addressing "Mein Freund Roosevelt," had reminded the Colonel that he was "the first citizen to review German troops." The *safari* had also heard, down the backstairs of Buckingham Palace, how the seven kings, at the funeral pageant arranged by King George, had made a mad scramble for the Private Citizen, with the German Emperor making the introductions and overlooking nary a kink. The *safari* had been an eye-and-ear witness to the Old Cambridge greeting—minus the rah-rahs—to the tune of:

——seriously, Teddy, we're proud to have you here;
Your speeches may be out of date, your methods may be queer;
But you've done some pretty decent things without delay or fuss,
And you're full of grit inside you—and that's what appeals to us.

And the American correspondents had sailed away from the Savoy bar with this final judgment of Theodore Roosevelt pronounced by Hamilton Fife, of the London Daily Mail—who was of the *safari:* "The Colonel [he was *his* Colonel] is not at all like our public men—a decided improvement on them. His personality is now better known throughout the world than any other save that of the German Emperor, and his in some ways is the more strongly marked of the two. Once or twice in a generation a man of virility, of unbounded energy—a masterful man—comes to the front. Roosevelt is one of these."

And then the roar from the Battery to Central Park! And then the private dinner—and here this man Roosevelt was talking of popularity as a transitory thing. How odd it sounded; about as odd as if John D. Rockefeller had spoken thus: "Wealth at best is an evanescent thing. One day a man is as rich as Kings Midas and Croesus. The next day he is as poor as an unendowed-church mouse. But this I will say, that when I am no longer as rich as Messrs. Croesus and Midas, or either of them, you will find me playing golf just as hard and having an almighty profitable time."

Necessarily T. R. had it on John D. For while the Colonel's popularity will certainly survive his obituaries the Oil King's loose billions must be shaken off when he tries to get through the eye of a needle. The correspondent didn't think—then—of what Dewey "done"—and what we did to the Hero of Manila.

Well, things began to happen as soon as the first breakfast was eaten at Sagamore Hill; it's a habit things have when the Colonel is not in bed. He couldn't be the "Sage of Oyster Bay," as the "reform" editors asked, simply because God and the Republican party had not intended him for a segregated sage. On every hand he was importuned: to denounce Taft, to back up his own successor, to give aid and comfort to the Insurgents, to tell the Radicals that they had gone too far, to point out the iniquities of the Payne-Aldrich tariff law, to insist that the tariff question was settled and that it was time to have industrial tranquillity, to demand that Ballinger be kicked out of office, to tell Pinchot gently that he was fast becoming a fanatic, to rise up and smite corruption in his native state, to advocate party peace and a solid front in the face of the common enemy. Indeed, there was not a moot question of policy concerning which he was not asked to take sides; there was not a party fight in which his help was not sought by both the Progressives and the Reactionaries.

Particularly urgent was the demand made by "all friends of good government" that he take a hand in the fight for direct nominations in the state of New York. Somewhat reluctantly, and only after Governor Hughes had appealed to him, he lined up as requested. What happened? A small minority of Republicans—the Old Guard—combined with Tammany Hall and defeated the direct primary bill. Whereupon "friendly critics" began to say: "Well, Roosevelt got his! He isn't so much after all." Notwithstanding this setback the call from insurgent Macedonia was clamorous and insistent. Progressives in the New York legislature begged the Colonel for help in their fight to drive the "Black Horse Cavalry" out of politics. As he would rather fight than eat, he jumped into the fray; and he won out at Saratoga. With no organization he scored a victory that is without parallel in American politics—why, even London talked about it; for, you see, Roosevelt had discovered America for the Englanders. For a brief time the Colonel was applauded at home, and then the "friendly critics" began anew. Singularly, this "knocking" started in the Middle West, which is the battle-ground of the progressive movement. Because the Saratoga platform did not square with his Osawatomie speech he was accused of preaching one kind of political doctrine in the West and of playing politics of a decidedly different brand in the East.

But the Colonel kept on fighting. Somehow he never knows when he's licked—if he ever is licked. He urged Stimson's election. And the electorate of his state told

Mr. Dix he could take up his residence at Albany. "Roosevelt repudiated!" chanted the "intellectual" press; the echo reached the West, and real progressive folk wondered if their militant leader was down and out. Also wondered a certain member of the Khartum-to-Guildhall *safari*—wondered if T. R. was no longer "on the crest of the wave." A conspicuous business man of Chicago said he was not.

"I admire Roosevelt," said this man—call him Hoodwinkle, which isn't his right name; he shuns being quoted. "I like him—why, I love Teddy. But he has gone too far. He believes that a majority of the business men of the country are dishonest. Now that's dead wrong. A vast majority of business men are honest and ethical. We're law-abiding and, what's more, we backed up Roosevelt, when he was President, in his fight to kill railroad rebating and to wipe out crookedness in business as well as corruption in politics. In his zeal to attack the wrongdoing of crooked business men he has failed to discriminate between the crooks and the honest business men. As a result, all of us have been put in the same boat, more or less, by unthinking people. Why, even I am beginning to think that Roosevelt is a menace to prosperity. Teddy is no longer on the crest of the wave."

Taking these remarks literally, it was what Roosevelt had said after his return from Europe that had brought uneasiness to Mr. Hoodwinkle—or what he thought the Colonel had said. Had Mr. Hoodwinkle heard Roosevelt speak in the campaign? No, he had not. Had he read the Colonel's speeches? No. And then Mr. Hoodwinkle continued in a manner nonchalant:

"I was in Europe during most of the campaign; didn't get back until just before election. For my information as to political affairs at home I had to rely mainly on the Paris edition of the New York Herald."

Mr. Hoodwinkle is an intelligent man. Moreover, as president of a ten-million-dollar corporation he has accepted no railroad rebates since the Elkins law went into effect. And he has been growing more and more progressive. Today he is a good and able citizen.

A Reply to Mr. Hoodwinkle

MR. HOODWINKLE had "backed up" Roosevelt when he was in the White House; but he was opposed to the Colonel now. Mr. Hoodwinkle had not changed, save to become more progressive. Then, had Roosevelt changed? Was he more of a "communist agitator" than Wall Street thought him when he was the head of the nation? The Insurgents in Washington said not. Speaking privately, they said he was not radical enough; that the Colonel had "toned down." Obviously, Mr. Hoodwinkle and the Insurgents could not both be right unless a compromise was effected on a paradoxical basis. Possibly this could be done along the lines that Roosevelt, the philosopher, has been forced to accept in regard to his participation in the battle of San Juan.

"After the Cuban War," said the Colonel, "the charge was made that I was not at the battle of San Juan. At about the same time it was also charged that at the battle of San Juan I shot a Spaniard in the back. My enemies finally compromised by believing both stories."

Here was a mystery, then—the dual personality of President Roosevelt and of Colonel Roosevelt—and a reporter dearly loves a mystery. So I went straight to the Colonel and put it up to him. He was the advertised attraction at the Lincoln Birthday banquet in Grand Rapids, Michigan. Sixteen hundred makers, sellers and users of furniture were crowded into the Coliseum. As the Colonel entered the hall they stood on their own make of kitchen chairs and howled. A reunion of Rough Riders in New Mexico could have done no more without shooting-irons. And when the dollar dinner had been eaten and the last Lincoln story digested, business men of the Furniture City said to one another: "Why, there was nothing in Teddy's speech that any man could take exception to. I can indorse it from beginning to end."

On Colonel Roosevelt's homeward journey to New York I had a frank talk with him. Parenthetically, what public man invites such free discussion of matters pertaining to himself as does Roosevelt? The reporter, after a long Washington experience, knows of no man like him in this respect. You see, curious reader, explanations were asked of the man who "is better known throughout the world than any other." What reply would he make to Mr. Hoodwinkle? What rejoinder to the Insurgents? Was he still "on the crest of the wave" or was he verily "in the trough of the sea"? But one thing was certain. The Colonel was going strong and having a mighty good time.

Today Colonel Roosevelt is burdened with a correspondence fully as large as his daily White House mail. A considerable part is in the nature of requests—or thinly veiled demands—that he explain some statement he is *reported* to have made or some act with which he has been credited by *rumor*. Explanations are required concerning his career from the present day back to and including the war with Spain. Smiling like a boy, the Colonel said:

"You have no idea of the number of things I am called on to explain, and of the queer subjects brought to my attention. For instance, a man wrote me: 'I have always been one of your staunchest supporters. I have talked for you and voted for you on every occasion. But I want to know, sir, if it is true that you spent the Government's money to put a five-thousand-dollar bathtub in the Mayflower?'

"I answered the letter," continued the Colonel. "I wrote him the facts. The Mayflower was originally a luxurious private yacht. It was sold to the Government in the Spanish War—purchased by McKinley. Originally there were two bathtubs in the yacht. One was taken out and used as a horse-trough in the Brooklyn Navy Yard; the other remained. It is a very fine bathtub. But as I am not an expert appraiser of plumbing fixtures I am unable to say whether it cost five hundred dollars, one thousand dollars, or twenty-five hundred. But why, can you tell me, is this charge of the criminal misuse of wealth laid at my door? How did such a story ever originate?"

I came back with a story about President Harrison. Certain well-meaning women of the country charged that Mr. Harrison was running a bar in the basement of the White House. The story was so extraordinary that inquisitive reporters endeavored to trace it to its source. This was as near as they ever got to a solution: Vice-President Morton, who was President Harrison's associate in office, owned the ground in Washington on which the Shoreham Hotel had been built. The Shoreham Hotel maintained a bar. *A priori*, President Harrison was running a "blind pig" in the White House.

I told the Colonel, word for word, what his admirer, Mr. Hoodwinkle, had said about him. The charge that he is a "menace to prosperity" has been brought so often against Colonel Roosevelt that he has come to regard it philosophically. Pointing to a policeman on duty at the station where our train was standing, the Colonel said:

"I'm an enemy of prosperity in just the same sense that that officer out there is a menace to prosperity when he gets his grip on a burglar who is running off with somebody's spoons. Necessarily he interferes with the prosperity of the burglar; if he ever runs for office he won't get the burglar vote. Nevertheless, he is a friend of the honest man. In denouncing crookedness in business I have always drawn a clear distinction between the dishonest man in business—the man who accepts rebates, bribes legislators and defrauds the Government—and the man who, asking no favors of any one, is honestly engaged in the upbuilding of some commercial undertaking. I have always believed that the great majority of American business men are honest and that their ethics are as high as the ethics in any other calling.

"In the Sudan, a year ago, I witnessed a curious example of the trust imposed in our business men. I was coming down the Nile—a most interesting journey, where I came out of an absolutely immemorial past, out of a perfectly wild and naked savagery, degree by degree, until I got down to the complete civilization at the mouth of the Nile. Stopping at a mission station, still within the domains of savagery, I was greatly interested to find that the people there fitted themselves out with whatever they needed from a catalog sent them by a Chicago business house. Right out where, excepting the missionary, no one had on a rag of clothing, I came across this catalog; and the two things that struck me most about the incident were—the enterprise of the business house that sent it there; and the fact that they made goods so honestly in accord with the catalog that the missionary could buy with the certainty that he would receive precisely what he expected to get. That to me was an admirable tribute to the square dealing of American business men."

"Then you have often drawn the distinction between honesty and dishonesty in business, Colonel?" I was thinking of Mr. Hoodwinkle.

"Of course I have!" he answered, smiling. "You know iteration is one of my failings.

"If the honest business man thinks I am against him," the Colonel continued with marked seriousness, "that I have attacked him when denouncing wrongdoing in crooked business, either he is ignorant of the facts or else he has been willfully misled by those who have a sinister purpose in deceiving him. I regret that I have been used as the instrument to bring about this unfortunate condition of affairs; but it is not my fault. I have denounced dishonest business; and the men who call this an assault on all business are themselves responsible for confounding honesty and dishonesty. I have tried at all times to square my public utterances with three quotations from Abraham Lincoln, favorites of mine. The first is:

"'Labor is the superior of capital and deserves much the higher consideration.' If that remark could be credited to me, think how much more I should be denounced as a communist agitator than I am now. I quote that to the capitalist. This I quote to the workingman:"

Lincoln on Labor and Capital

"'CAPITAL has its rights, which are as worthy of protection as any other rights. . . . Nor should this lead to a war upon the owners of property. Property is the fruit of labor; . . . property is desirable; is a positive good in the world.'

"And with that I couple a thoroughly Lincoln-like sentiment: 'Let not him who is houseless pull down the house of another, but let him work diligently and build one for himself, thus by example assuring that his own shall be safe from violence when built.'"

If Mr. Hoodwinkle remains of the same opinion still, he may be interested in the remarks of the owner and editor of a progressive Michigan newspaper, who said to me on the train:

"I'm absolutely certain that most of the criticism of Colonel Roosevelt starts in Wall Street and finally gets to the small business man," said this editor. "If you will take some canard that you can obtain first hand from a business man—say, in a Michigan town—and if you will follow the trail, you will first visit the local banker who hands out the 'dope'; you will then trace the story up through the banking system to the New York banks that provide money for Wall Street speculation; and finally you will bring up in Wall Street itself—in the offices of those high financiers whose criminal operations have been seriously interfered with by Roosevelt's activities."

One cannot talk long with Colonel Roosevelt without stumbling on the science of government and the art of governing. Politics is second nature to him. I referred to his progressive speech at Osawatomie, Kansas, coupling with it a criticism of the tariff plank in the Saratoga platform. Incidentally I reminded him of the charge made in the West, that he was guilty of inconsistency.

"Inconsistency!" said the Colonel with a snap of his jaw. "Did you read the excerpts from my speeches which I printed in parallel columns in the Outlook? Do those speeches show inconsistency? Now, it's just as ridiculous to attribute to me the tariff plank adopted at Saratoga as to hold me responsible for the judiciary plank put into the Kansas platform after my speech at Osawatomie. Of the ten hundred and fifteen delegates at the Saratoga convention, perhaps not more than fifteen, certainly less than one hundred, were real supporters of mine. My selection as chairman of the convention was brought about by a combination of the New York and Buffalo delegations—both of which were heart and soul for Taft—and with the aid of Senator Root, who had voted for the tariff bill, and of Sereno Payne, one of the authors of the Payne-Aldrich law. Do you suppose for one moment that this combination would have adopted a tariff plank repudiating, even by indirection, the Payne-Aldrich law?

"Most of the delegates did not agree with me on the tariff question and distrusted me as being too radical in other matters; but they wished to fight for honesty and popular government, and against boss rule. They knew that they could win only under my leadership, but they made no secret that they were against me personally. Take the committee on resolutions. In their first draft of the platform there was a mild tribute to me, which welcomed me back to public life as the exponent of honesty; but the committee finally struck this out—a majority wouldn't stand for it. They were determined to keep out of the platform any allusion to me personally. This by itself shows the utter absurdity of thinking I could influence them on the tariff. I hadn't it in my power, as they knew, to reward a human being or to punish a human being. Not one man who voted against me at Saratoga had anything to fear from me for so doing; not one man who voted for me at Saratoga had anything to expect from me for his support.

(Continued on Page 44)

WHERE IT WAS

By OWEN WISTER

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

Oh, but I Liked the Methow Valley's Looks That First Sight!

WHEN Scipio had brought to an end the edifying anecdote, he lay in his hospital bed, silent and a little tired after so sustained a recital.

"Why not write," I inquired, "a book, and call it Tales From My Past?"

He looked at me suspiciously, but suspicion melted into what immediately sparkled in the tones of his reply. "In spite of my ancestors, I don't know French."

For an instant I was stupid—I have many such instants.

"You've often told me," he had to explain, "that in France y'u can print anything."

"Oh, well!" I laughed, "quite a number of yours are harmless enough—even for our magazines. This one, for instance."

But his thoughts had gone on; he was gazing through the open window with a craving eye. All out-of-doors was his true home, his hearth and bed, his natural workshop and playground; indoors had been merely his occasional resort—a place where a man went for a brief visit when he felt like spending his money. "I'm goin' to get well," he said, still watching the far-off golden hills. "I *am* getting well. And wunst I'm on my legs I'll start makin' a lot more Past."

"Do!" I exclaimed. "Do! It isn't everybody who can, even when they try."

He grunted. "Huh! I ain't never tried much. Didn't have to. Things just kind o' seem to happen when I'm around."

"Did you lie just now?" I asked.

"Lie? When?"

"Didn't you fix up the ending?"

"Fix up nothin'! That's what them two old junipers actually did."

"You'll remember," I persisted, "you forbade me the other day to 'monkey with the facts,' when I told you I didn't like the ending of Bellyful's adventure in Repose Valley."

"Sure! Us Western men don't care about fixed-up things when we know how things are—when we've been the things ourselves. And will you tell me"—Scipio grew earnest—"what's the point of a book lyin' about life the way more'n half of 'em do? The way I wouldn't let y'u do about Bellyful?"

"Oh, our sincere and pious public is determined that virtue shall triumph in print, anyhow—and that nothing naked is true until draped."

"Not me. I don't want any of them bib-and-tucker and safety-pin stories they hand you out. What made y'u think I'd lied?"

"Well, it all seemed too good, too virtuous, too right."

He grinned, and I perceived this to be at my expense—he had caught *me* taking divergent postures toward life and toward print.

"I surrender!" I laughed. "I'm a liar too!"

His grin now faded. "Now and then, y'u know, people do act decent. I've met several besides them two old men. Even along the Rio Grande. Why, I've acted decent myself at times." He seemed to review his recent anecdote. "The point was," he said next, "*they* always thought they were madder than they *were*. Now *I'm* just the other way. I'm that good-natured that I'm frequently madder than I feel—and it's the other man finds that out."

"Get out of here!" said the post doctor, entering. "Look at your victim's eyes!"

So I went out, ashamed of myself at having led poor Scipio to talk so much. I needn't change a syllable of as many as I recollect in his anecdote. His impression of the Methow Valley as it had been in those earlier days—before apples, before the Great Northern, before anything—shall not be "fixed up" by me.

I'd been seein' a lot of country, clear up from Mazatlan to the Big Bend—driftin' through Old Mexico and California and Awregon, and over for a little while to Boisé, and up through the Palouse where the dust puffed up from the plows and trailed like a freight-train's smoke does on the Southern Pacific for a half-hour after she's went by; and I'd crossed the God-awful Big Bend—but I'll skip that—and I'd crossed the stinkin', vicious Columbia on a chain ferry—but I'll skip that—and I was kind o' tired. Didn't want no mines either. There was mines up there and folks crowdin' to 'em, thick from everywheres. But I was tired. Figured I'd put in the balance of the fall—and the winter, too, maybe—in some pleasant place, if they could direct me to such a thing. So they told me there was women—wives, I mean—and children and homes and neighbors over on the Methow. So I headed for there. Went in with a Siwash over the Chillowisp trail. Him and me couldn't talk much, but we could nod and point and grunt when his English and my Chinook gave out. He carried the mail in wunst a week, except when the snow wouldn't let him. That proved to be often. Oh, but I liked the Methow Valley's looks that first sight! And it stayed pleasant to me. Why did I leave it? Don't know. Just got curious to see some more country.

There wasn't any homes to see as the Injun and me rode down the hill. But trees that could shade you, and grass a horse could eat, and water not runnin' like it wanted to kill you, but friendly water. And the mountains all around was pleasant too—timber on 'em. Snow not on 'em yet, except a dozen or so high-up, far-back patches, lyin' around white like washday. So we rode along up the valley and camped, and next day struck a cabin and corral and haystacks. Sure enough! Married man with wife and kids. Kids had regular Texas-colored hair. But the most homes was farther up the river, they said, near the Forks and store; and so I went along with the Siwash, who was bound for the store with his mailsack. The store was the post-office, of course—Beekman was its name. We passed by a tent 'side of the road, and voices was screechin' inside the tent, and the Siwash he started to laugh. So I asked him what he knowed about it. Let me see. What did he say? I don't have use any more for the Chinook I learned up there. Oh, yes! He said:

"*Klaska tenas man, Klaska hyas pillon.*"

So I didn't know what that meant, and there wasn't much good mentioning this to him; but I didn't have to, for they came a-rushin' out of the tent, no hats on.

"How does a coyote walk?" screeched out the littlest one, aimin' his finger at me.

Well, I felt huffy—never'd saw him before or his partner neither—didn't catch the joke—but he wasn't jokin'. The big one arrives and he yells:

"Don't he walk separate?"

"He walks together, don't he?" yells the little one.

Little one had scrambled hair, white, and it hadn't been cut lately. Big partner had left his hair behind him somewheres along life's journey. They was glarin' up at me for an answer.

So I said: "Tell me what you mean."

So they did. They was trappers. One claimed you could always tell a coyote's tracks by the way he put his right foot and his left foot down in different places, so you could tell he was a four-footed animal; and the other he said that was the way the bobcat and the link and the mountain lion walked. And then the first one he yelled out that they stuck one foot right in the other foot's track, so it looked like a two-footed animal had been walkin' there.

"That's all easy," I said; for I've trapped some myself.

So I set 'em straight as to the facts. Thing was, they quieted down right off and took my say-so. But that was their way, I found—get up a regular state-of-things that would mean trouble, you'd suppose, and drop it as if nobody'd said a word.

"Come and finish dinner," says the little one to the big one.

"Dinner!" says the big one. "Quit your dining. You've eet enough to wake the dead."

So they starts back to their tent like twins. I expect they were sixty, or seventy, or eighty—I don't know how long they'd lasted in this world—and one had boots, and the other had his feet tied in gunnysack, and both looked like two-bits' worth of God-help-us.

But they didn't get to their tent that time. Down the road comes a nice-lookin' girl on a calico horse with one blue eye—the horse had—and the little one he sees her and he whirls around and aims his finger at her, same as he done to me.

"No, you don't!" says he, loud up in the air. "I've told you I won't."

"I had no intention of speaking about it again," says she, rather quiet, but smilin'. "But when you find that there's no coal really there ——"

Well, what d'y'u think? It set 'em wild. Both of 'em went plumb wild. I couldn't hear for a while what the trouble was, because they scrambled their words just like the little one's hair, talkin' to the girl and me and the Siwash and each other. But the Siwash he gave another laugh and rode away—he had his mail. I stayed. I hadn't got used to 'em yet. Thought maybe she'd better have a man around. But they was absolutely harmless. And then I began to understand.

The girl she sat there indulgin' 'em. Told 'em she wasn't goin' to worry 'em about it any more. They told her there was coal there and they was goin' to supply the whole valley, and it was better than a gold mine. She might just as well have worried 'em instead of sittin' so peaceful on the calico horse, because they would never have noticed any worryin' she could do—they was that

busy with the worry they were keepin' up all by themselves. She was a school-teacher and up to now she'd kept school in a tent. But the valley was going to build a schoolhouse and the best location for it happened to be on some land they'd filed on. Any other place would be too far for somebody's kids, or for everybody's, or else hadn't water convenient. But it seemed they wouldn't hear of it. I suppose whoever put it to 'em first had put it wrong, and now all y'u had to do was say "schoolhouse" in their hearing, and have a circus prompt.

"Mr. Edmund," says she to me, "says that if their idea of other minerals is like their idea of coal it's no wonder they have found trapping more profitable. But no one can persuade them, and it's truly a pity about the schoolhouse." Mr. Edmund kept the store at Beekman.

"If it's not coal," says I, "what is it?"

"Oh, slate, or graphite, or something—and just a tiny ledge, and too far from transportation."

"Well, then, it don't burn."

"You can't reason with them," says she. And she smiles down at them two quarrelin', fussin' old men. It would have brought me to reason, her smile would, but she never gave it to me.

Yes, she indulged 'em. The valley indulged 'em right along. They was so old and so harmless. Kultus Jake and Frisco Baldy was their names—all the names I ever heard for 'em—and they'd been most everywheres before other people had. Been acrost the Isthmus and round the Horn, they claimed—not together, y'u know, but they had met when they was young. Their trails had crossed somewheres in Sonora. Then they'd met again on the Santa Fe trail, when they was still young. And so now and then they'd kep' ameetin' and agrowin' less young. Been through the gold excitement of '49. Drifted up to Portland. Got separated at Klamath about the time of the Modoc War. Didn't see each other again till both come face to face over in the Okanogan country—and then they was old. They remembered former days, and it tied 'em together. They was goin' to Africa next time they felt like they needed a change of air. Kultus Jake's hair was all the moss he'd ever gathered, and Frisco Baldy he seemed to have gathered nothin' whatever. But they packed around a big harvest of years—no one ever knowed the sum of it. Wunst in a while they would speak of something they had done together long ago. Then y'u knew the silent tie between 'em. I don't wish to live that long and have to look backward when I want to see anything of promise. It's awful when everybody has to indulge y'u—time to quit then. But y'u needn't to pity Kultus Jake and Frisco Baldy, for they was just as set and cheerful about goin' to Africa as young rich folks talkin' over what waterin' place they'll visit next summer. Liveliest old junipers that ever I see!

"I Was Goin' to Say I Would Grubstake 'Em for Nothin'"

Kultus, y'u know, is Chinook, and it's used for most anything that don't amount to nothin'. And while we're on Chinook, here s something funny. *Potlatch* means a gift. Now you'd suppose *kultus potlatch* would be a poor gift—counterfeit dollar or a dozen rotten eggs, for instance. Well, you're wrong. Y'u give a man a bridle, or a hindquarter of venison, or anything y'u choose, and say nothin' when y'u give it—that's just a plain common *potlatch*, and it means he's expected by all the rules to give you something pretty soon, something as good as your bridle or your deer. But you say "*Kultus potlatch*" to him, and then he'll be genuinely grateful, for that means you're just makin' him a real present out of the warmness of your heart, and don't expect him to come back at y'u with a huckleberry for your persimmon. Why, when a Siwash—the custom came from them—gave me somethin' in silence it used to worry me 'most to death.

What the mail-carrier said to me that first day, when the two old men was screechin' inside their tent, was that they were children and fools. But he was an Injun and did not have indulgent feelings. I saw more of 'em and didn't mind 'em. I fell into a job at the Forks. Mr. Edmund wanted somebody else in the store, and I could write a plain hand and add figures fairly correct. He was kind of mad about the schoolhouse, havin' the interests of the valley at heart, and he used to watch the days gettin' shorter. Mr. Edmund had everything at heart—too much at heart—other folks' troubles as well as his own. He would lecture me about them in his deep-down voice. School wouldn't do in a tent after snow came, and he saw that this would come down to havin' school in his own cabin if the children was to get any teachin' at all. He was the only one that didn't leave 'em alone about their coal mine. Offered to buy it off 'em wunst, and they screeched for ten minutes. Threatened to write to Washington and have him removed for takin' advantage of his office.

"Why, you don't know where Washington is," says he, with his voice down in the cellar.

"Washington, D. C.?" screeches Kultus Jake. "I don't know? I been there!"

"Washington, D. C.," repeats Edmund slow, like Fate acomin'. "You don't know where it is." That was Edmund all over. His way o' jokin'.

"It's in Maryland," says Frisco Baldy.

"Virginia, y'u singed porcupine!" yells Kultus Jake. "Don't I tell y'u I been there?"

And I seen they both meant it. And I seen this really grieved Edmund instead of pleasin' him. He took it to heart. Well, sir, I just went acrost the store and lay down on the flour-sacks. Kicked up my heels. Guess I made more noise than the old men did. After a minute I lifted up to see what Edmund was doin', and he'd pushed his spectacles up high on his forehead and was lookin' at the two scrappin' about Washington, D. C., out of his awful solemn eyes; so I laid down again flat. If Edmund had talked I couldn't have heard him, but as a matter of fact he just let 'em go it alone; and they, like they pretty much always done, got switched off on to somethin' else—this time it was the traps. There was some number fours hanging there, and they both happened to agree it was number fours they would take when they started into the mountains to trap for the winter. So traps made 'em forget about Washington, D. C., and *it* had made 'em forget about exposin' Edmund, which had made 'em forget the coal mine and the schoolhouse, and so they departed entirely peaceful out of the store and over the Methow to their tent, which they had moved up to the Forks. Then I looks up from the sacks again. There stands Edmund behind his desk, same as ever, spectacles away up on his forehead, only now his solemn eyes was fixed on me. And I looks at him, not knowin' what on earth he's goin' to say or whether he's mad or ain't mad—for y'u couldn't often tell from his face. For a young man—and he was young—he was a lot growed up. I expect he knew sorrow early. Both of us was quite silent.

"I didn't know they didn't know," says Edmund, like he was breaking the news of a death to y'u.

And I lays right down again on the sacks.

"What ignorance," says Edmund. "The capital of their country!"

But I could only fight for my breath, and cry and cry.

Next time I could see anything, there was Edmund sittin' on the counter clost alongside of me, legs danglin' against the sacks. But that time when I looked at him he laughed—laughed all through fit to kill himself, same as I'd been doin'. And it was at himself, y'u know, as well as at the whole thing; he included himself in the show.

"You're quite right," says he.

That was what made y'u love Edmund. When a thing like Washington, D. C., came up he'd most always get it wrong first—see the bad side of it too big and the good side too small—he had a heap of misplaced seriousness in his system to conquer. But he'd sure conquer it every time if y'u gave him time. It took me the whole first week I worked for him in the store to find this out. Edmund was the squarest man I have ever known. Too square. And about the finest. He was from an Eastern college and entirely wasted on the Methow Valley, where nobody but him had any education or understood honesty as he did.

For a Young Man—and He Was Young—He Was a Lot Growed Up

"But they're obstacles to the public good here, all the same," said he next; and I had to think back before I saw he meant the old men was obstructin' the schoolhouse and thereby withholdin' light from the young hope of the great empire of the Northwest.

He came back to it too, several days after that, while the school-teacher was orderin' slate-pencils.

"Oh, leave them alone," says she. "Mr. Edmund, you'll just make 'em worse."

But he was in for an argument. He settled those eyes of his on her with his regular May-God-have-mercy-on-your-soul expression, and he told her she'd ought to know better. But she didn't mind him any more'n I did. She liked him.

"You know as well as I do," says he, "that children should be an improvement on their parents, especially when those parents come from Texas. Texas is a large place," he goes on, "and I am willin' to believe that it contains thousands of enlightened and refined persons—but they don't come here. If your scholars don't learn to read and write, where's any progress to come from?"

"Well, Mr. Edmund," says she, "all I know is that you will never help me, or the schoolhouse, or progress, by calling Kultus Jake and Frisco Baldy a pair of inspected and condemned mules to their faces."

I didn't know he'd called 'em that. Must have been outside the store somewheres. Edmund could turn his tongue wrong side out when he felt like it. "That's what they are," says he, laughin' at his own words, which he had forgotten. "But as for this valley, it was inhabited by better citizens when the wild animals lived here. I prefer a black-tailed deer to a Texan. Don't waste your money on those chocolates, Miss Carey."

"Why, what's wrong with them?" says she, with the box in her hand.

"There's no chocolate in 'em," says Edmund. "The wholesale house cheated me. I'd send 'em back, but I'd sold too much before I found out. This candy here," says he, showin' her some more, "seems to be what it claims."

And then, while she seemed to hesitate over the chocolates, what do y'u suppose he does? Takes the box sudden out of her hand, walks out to the river bank and throws the whole outfit plop into the water!

"Isn't that just like him!" says she to me, very quiet, while he was out on the bank. And it was. Yes; Edmund is the only fool I ever loved.

She kept starin' out at him, and in a minute we heard the noise of a boat bein' rowed acrost the Methow. Edmund he stands watchin' whoever it was below. Next minute up the bank comes Kultus Jake.

"No use your divin' for that candy," says Edmund; "it's all melted by now."

But Jake didn't know about the candy and he had somethin' on his mind. His old blue eyes was troubled.

"Decided where Washington, D. C., is?" says Edmund, walkin' ahead of him into the store.

But that didn't faze Jake; he'd come to say somethin'. I thought Washington, D. C., was a thing of the past. As a matter of fact it hadn't scarcely begun; it was bidin' its time for all of us, though none of us could ever suspect that.

"Well, where's your partner this afternoon?" says Edmund.

Kultus Jake he walks around the store blinkin' at the various goods, and he touches a trap here and a blanket there and after a while he answers:

"Oh, he's over to Pipestone Cañon." And he walks around and touches some more goods.

"Figure you'll get into the mountains this season?" says Edmund.

"Yes," says Jake. "Next week." Then he walks up close to Edmund. "Baldy's over to Pipestone Cañon," says he. "We're goin' to start next week. Don't want the snow to get ahead of us. Mink and marten reported plentiful up Robinson Creek. One man seen a silver-gray fox. Guess we'll do pretty well this winter. Live in Robinson Cabin—it ain't fallen down like they claimed." And he took another turn around by the door. Well, all this wasn't much to tell people. We knowed all that ourselves—but Jake just then made up his mind quick to say what he'd come to say.

"Don't you josh Baldy," says he, comin' back close up to Edmund. "Don't you do it any more. I don't mind joshin', but Baldy—he's old."

And out he goes. He went down the bank, and next y'u could hear the knockin' of his oars as he rowed himself back over the Methow to their tent. Miss Carey she looked at the door where he'd gone out, smilin' very pretty. It takes a woman to understand them feelin's men has, but conceals.

"Well, I must be getting home for supper," says she. She boarded a little ways up the North Fork with some folks that had quite a family. But when she's outside, just startin' to untie her horse, "Why, here comes Frisco Baldy!" says she, and waits for him.

Frisco Baldy was comin', sure enough, ridin' up the river quite slow, and lookin' acrost at where their tent was in the flat land this side o' the blacksmith's cabin. Then we knowed Jake had spied him and that was what made him speak out so quick.

Baldy he arrives and gets down. "Been over to Pipestone Cañon," says he. "We'll be startin' for the Robinson Cabin next week, I guess. Snow's not meltin' on the mountaintops any more. She's liable to come down here for keeps any day. Well—we'll be needin' a lot o' truck off you. Beans and pork and coffee, and stuff in general—me and Jake'll be over to see you about it. Guess you'll have to let us pay you in furs when we come out in the spring. Old man Parrigin seen a silver-gray fox. Say!" And Baldy walks clost up to Edmund. "Don't you josh Jake. He's old."

And out he goes!

I looks at Miss Carey—just in time to catch her whippin' her handkerchief away from her eye.

"Well," begins Edmund—but she bursts right out on him.

"Don't you say anything! Don't say a thing!" she cries. "They're just two poor, quaint, dear, helpless old waifs." Oh, she looked at Edmund perfectly ragin'.

I didn't know what Edmund would do about that. He had an awful quick temper. But he gives a smile pretty near as lovely as hern had been, and his solemn brown eyes merely looked kind o' surprised.

"Why," says he, "I was goin' to say I would grubstake 'em for nothin'. They needn't give me any furs."

It pulled her right up short and I don't know what she would have said, for there was Frisco Baldy on the bank, hollerin' and throwin' his arms up and down. I run out. I thought somebody was in trouble. Just in the bend there below where the North Fork comes in there's a big deep hole. Well, nobody was in no trouble. Jake was rowin' himself over to our side again, and Baldy appeared not to want him over on our side. So he kept a-bellerin' and throwin' his arms, and Jake he came along over, not mindin' about Baldy. He landed and clumb up the bank right past Baldy who yells out:

"Didn't y'u see me tellin' y'u to stay over there?"

"Yes, I seen y'u and I come," says Jake, not yellin', but in his nat'ral voice. And he starts past him.

"Didn't y'u see I've got the horse and can cross at the ford without y'u?"

That starts Jake and he yells back: "I didn't come for you; I came for a box of matches, y'u bawlin' bobcat."

So there they was at it again, scrappin' about nothin' at all. And Jake he bought his matches, mad, and cleared out to his boat; and old Baldy he got on his horse, mad, and cleared out to the ford; and I don't know, when they got to their tent, whether they went on with that partic'lar dissension or whether they'd forgot all about it and had to start up a new one to keep 'em from feelin' lost. Oh, they'd contracted the habit o' disagreement, I suppose, same as a man gets to depend on havin' a quid of tobacco in his cheek. But while speakin' to Edmund about his joshin' the eyes of both of 'em had given away the store they set by each other.

Miss Carey she went home with her slate-pencils ordered and some candy Edmund's conscience was willin' for him to recommend, and me and Edmund was left alone in the store. I wanted to say somethin' about Kultus Jake and Frisco Baldy's latest unpleasantness, and somethin' about the way each one had sneaked in to ask Edmund not to josh the other one any more; and I had things to say about the bad chocolates, and about Edmund's plan of grubstakin' the old junipers when they should start into the mountains for a winter's trappin'—I was full of conversation, but Edmund wasn't. He was loaded plumb to the gills with silence. I could tell that from his looks. I had come to know by hard experience that there was spells when Edmund not only didn't want to say a word himself, but didn't want you to either. And if y'u happened to say anythin'—don't care what—he'd fly at y'u. I said wunst it was goin' to rain, and just merely this started Edmund roundin' me up for the inattentive way I had of lettin' my mind wander from my business. It did rain too. So now I wondered for a while what he'd say when he felt like speakin' once more. It was generally some very peculiar remark y'u couldn't foresee. Of course Edmund was college-raised, but it wasn't no college-raisin' made him Edmund. I've saw heaps of graduates and undergraduates and they're just like other people when y'u come to know 'em. But I'd forgot wonderin' by the time Edmund did speak. He made me jump.

"I am the oldest man in this valley."

That is what he said in the store long after dark with two lamps. He was makin' out an order to send to Seattle by the mail next day—a big order, because it was likely to be the last lot of goods we could send for that year. Freight teams couldn't get into the valley after the heavy snow came.

Well, I didn't say anythin', for I wasn't full of conversation any more. Edmund he stands back of his desk and shoves his spectacles up on his forehead, and his eyes was lookin' at me so y'u'd have thought I'd committed—well, most anythin'.

"Very much the oldest man in this valley," says Edmund, lookin' more serious—if possible.

"All right," says I.

"I will be twenty-five," says Edmund, "next fourteenth of July. I'm going to bed."

So he marched out with his lamp and left me in the store with all the shadows and things, and the sound of the North Fork rapids under the bridge. One lamp made awful little light in that store. D'y'u think I laughed at Edmund then, like I so often did? Not a bit. I sat down on the counter and thought him over. And for the first time I expect I saw him clear. Saw him alone in that valley, unlike anybody or anythin' that was there, or likely to come there. And him with his college-mates and all men and women who set store by him miles and miles and miles away in the East. It made me feel old and lonesome myself! And then—throwin' those chocolates into the river! Maybe he was the oldest man in the valley, for Jake and Baldy had crossed the line into childhood.

But I laughed at him next mornin'. The Siwash had started down the valley with the mail and no one had come to the store yet that early—it was dark. So Edmund had nothin' to do, and he was weighin' himself on the scales.

"I don't gain," says he, disgusted. "Not a pound in a year."

"Y'u don't think the thoughts that make a man fat," says I.

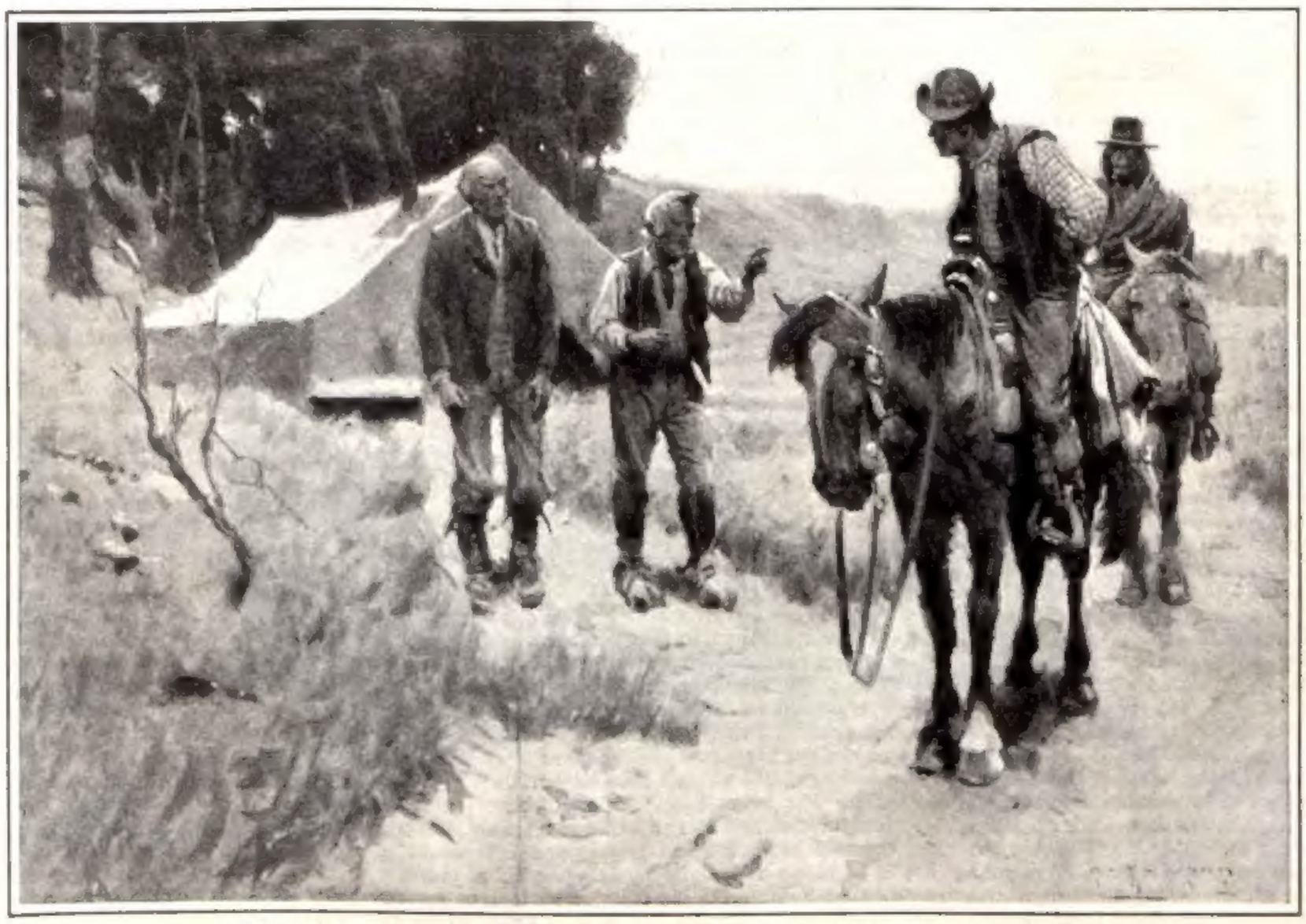
"A hundred and forty," says he, and jumps down.

Well, I did weigh a hundred and sixty, stripped, right along—and we was pretty near of a height. Maybe I had half an inch the better of him. "But," I tells him for consolation, "it's your great age. You'll be twenty-five next July and I was only twenty-four last June." It was November we was in, y'u know. So I laughs.

"Yes!" he says. "You twenty-four! You stopped maturing at six." And he laughs too.

The Siwash was late comin' back with the mail over the Chillowisp. Snow must have been three foot deep in the mountains and it lay for quite a while in the valley, so we thought Kultus Jake and Frisco Baldy had waited too late and would lose their chance to get to their trappin'. They did lose it, too, but not exactly that way—but I'll come to that point when I get there. Snow druv school indoors. Miss Carey she had to quit the tent—and sure enough it turned out like I told y'u. Edmund's sittin'-room was filled up with Texan kids—Edmund's private room, which he had so nicely fixed up with all his college things: mugs, flags, an oar, pictures of his friends, a whole heap of stuff. It had to be used for the school, bein' the only possible place, or school had to stop till spring come round and the tent could serve again. Well, Edmund wasn't willin' to cut off the hope of the empire of the Northwest for five whole months. Of course they wasn't there Saturdays and Sundays, or at night, or at hours when he really needed his room—he was in the store durin' schooltime—but every day, after the kids had gone home, poor Edmund he had to open all the windows of his pet room. He caught Miss Carey sweepin' it of their leavin's and scolded her savage for that. Insisted on sweepin' it himself. Would have his way. My sakes, but he was a cross man every day while he was sweepin'! Then the kids they bruck one or two of his souvenirs, touchin' and meddlin' with them, and Miss Carey was wild. Edmund didn't mind half as much. She spoke to me as we was takin' a ride together one Sunday, when the snow had melted most off again. Guess it was early

(Continued on Page 61)



"How Does a Coyote Walk?" Screeched Out the Littlest One, Aimin' His Finger at Me

DOCTORING A SICK BUSINESS

A Simple Home Remedy Open to All—By A. W. Rolker

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"There's No Use Sitting Here and Wasting Time Figuring How Soon I'm Going to Blow Up"

TO THE president of a wholesale drug concern came a druggist, a former classmate in a school of pharmacy. He had come on the bitter errand of confessing his inability to meet payments and to make arrangements of some sort for a settlement. For old times' sake the president took him out to lunch and gave advice, but it seemed as if this were too late.

"It's no use," said the hard-luck man. "It's a bitter pill to swallow at my time of life, but the best thing I can do is to quit my store and go back to clerking. I'm a failure as a business man."

The president took a long pull at his cigar. "D'you drink or gamble?" he asked. "What makes you think you're a failure as a business man?"

"I'm hoodooed. For twenty years I've been in the drug business. Four times I went to a section of the city that was rapidly building up, and was first on the spot and built up a paying business. Goodness knows I didn't ask much. I didn't expect any marble counters and crystal shelves. I was perfectly willing to pull along on the old black-walnut counters I got at a sheriff's sale the time I first started in business. And I didn't expect to wear a broadcloth frock coat with a white ascot when behind the counter. A linen duster was good enough for me. Bless you, all I asked was to be let alone. But no sooner had I saved so that I had seven or eight hundred dollars in the bank when along comes some fellow, rents the big store at the next corner, puts in green-marble soda fountains and plate-glass showcases, and inside of six months every customer I had is in the new shop, and I draw a balance out of my bank just big enough to let me move and start again. Can you beat that for hard luck?"

Defeated by a Linen Duster

ON THE face of the listener there sat an expression part amusement, part impatience. The druggist had not appealed to him for financial aid, but he had quite decided to offer this. Just once, however, for the good of a quaking soul, he had made up his mind to voice a few things.

"Do you mean to tell me you call that hard luck?" he asked. "I call that stupidity! For twenty years you've been tripping over your own shoestrings, and each time you picked yourself up you hadn't sense enough to tie them. For twenty years you've played sucker to the brotherhood of druggists. You blazed a trail and said, 'Here, you fellows, is a good place for your shops. I grew up with this trade, but you can come right in and take it from me—everything is ready and the bed is warmed.' Why, a man like you has no excuse for being in business. You ought to be a professor or a church tenor. What right had you to seven or eight hundred dollars in a bank when your shop is dark and dingy and ancient and behind the times? With that same money properly invested in your shop you would have had a store so big and bright and up to date that no man would have dared locate within ten blocks of you. You would have built up a big trade at your first stand, and by this time would have been proprietor of a small fortune and a little gold mine.

"I'll tell you what I'll do. When it comes to retail drug work I don't know the difference between a rubber nipple and a castor-oil pill, but I'm going into partnership with you. We're going to open a drug-store that is a drug-store. Not the kind run by the missionaries in the Fiji Islands, but a real one with mahogany counters and fixtures, and a two-thousand-dollar soda fountain, and showcases with glass clear as crystal and tough enough to dance a jig on. And when we have these things we'll send that duster of yours to the Society for Orphaned Chinese Children, and we'll tog you up in a business suit, with a crease down the front of your breeches and a coat snuggling as close as it should at the collar. It may take us six or twelve months to come out even as to expenses—maybe longer. That's all right. But for a hundred years no one'll have nerve to open a pill-shop within a quarter-mile radius of a drug-shop like ours."

All of this happened more than ten years ago. The chronic failure has long since bought out the silent partner who showed him the mistake that was keeping his nose to the grindstone. He owns one of the best-paying drug businesses in one of the biggest cities in the East.

The story of the druggist illustrates how an expert can take a business that is sick and doctor it into health and vigor. It is immaterial whether the business is a comparatively new one that never has been put properly on its feet or whether it is an old and successful establishment that in the course of time has developed symptoms of a serious disease. He assumes that a business built along legitimate lines, but not drawing properly, is like a human that is ailing and needs a physician; and he proceeds like a physician, first diagnosing and then applying the remedies to cure the trouble.

Few business stories are more interesting than those that show how the modern merchant studies the faults that are crippling his business, and how he remedies these until he triumphs over his defeats. If he finds upon analysis that enough customers do not come into his place he sends advertisements into the highways and byways and leads people into his place by the ears, so to speak. If he finds that his sales are ample, but that he has too many outstanding accounts, this tells him he must bolster up his collection methods—or, perhaps, must cease extending credit. If he notices he is being crowded off the face of the earth by competition he may find he has not been putting enough money back into his business. Or he may find that he does not know how to buy; or that his sales methods are at fault or objectionable; or that he is failing to keep up to date on business methods. Any one of a thousand-and-one reasons, he may find, is his stumbling-block—from the elementary one of talking too much to the opposite extreme of saying too little.

When for years a man has dabbled, trying to push a business that never did more than barely make both ends meet, the task of putting it on a sound footing often seems almost hopeless to him. Yet for a man that is wide awake nothing is simpler, for he needs only to study the methods of merchants that are successful, and then copy them.

In one of our big Eastern cities there is a man who keeps what we shall call The Persian Art Shop. For seven years he had done a very fair business selling Persian rugs, Persian tapestries and Oriental beadwork and brasses and bronzes. But, just as he began to look forward to flourishing properly, trade gradually began to fall off. Before long he was not making expenses. He did not have to figure where the trouble lay. He could see this with half an eye. People were not coming into his store as they used to. The problem facing him was, Why had customers deserted him?

He knew it was not owing to faulty business methods. His show windows were arranged with the same scrupulous care as during the time his business was successful. The wares he displayed were more attractive than ever, and just as reasonable. He himself, he knew, had not abated in the courtesy with which he waited on customers. He was beginning to fear his slump had occurred because a number of department stores in the vicinity had invaded his line, when a neighboring merchant shed light on the subject.

"Have you noticed how this street has been running down?" he asked. "Two or three years ago any number of well-to-do people traveled through this street, but now nobody thinks of Thirteenth Street. All the carriage and automobile people go through the next block."

The Little Shop Around the Corner

THE Art Shop man spent much of the next few days standing in front of his own store observing, and what he saw convinced him that the criticism his neighbor had made was right. The fault was that, owing to the coming of a pair of big department stores, trade on the neighboring street had been stimulated and his own street had lost traffic. For a week the man sat, broken in spirit, staring ruin in the face; then his nerve returned and he began to plan how to meet the situation.

"It's this way," he argued to himself. "There's no use sitting here and wasting time figuring how soon I'm going to blow up. If customers don't happen to come this way it's up to me to bring them here. The department stores in the next street are bringing people from all quarters of the city, and if they do that why can't I? Besides, here are hundreds of thousands of people concentrated throughout eight hours every day by those two shops; why can't I butt into that crowd and reap some of the benefits of their advertising? I'll just have some handbills printed and I'll station a—— No, I won't; I'll get some fellow to write me up a clever sign and I'll send a sandwichman to —— No, now I've got it! I'll get my sign and I'll pick out some swarthy, picturesque old Italian that looks like a Persian, and I'll tog him out in Persian costume and get him to parade up and down the street through that department-store crowd."

For Six Dollars a Week He Had Hired His Persian

Three days later, in a morning, the Art Shop man departed for business with a beating heart. For six dollars a week he had hired his Persian, for nine dollars he had had a plenty-good-enough Persian costume made, and for four dollars he had had a canvas sign painted—a total of only nineteen dollars; but in that simple nineteen-dollar experiment was locked his future, whether he would succeed or fail.

About 9:30 o'clock in the morning four customers were in the store, which was unusual for that hour. Before the four left three others arrived, and the slim but steady procession continued and increased. At times the proprietor was literally swamped with business, for he could not wait on customers quickly enough to prevent them from growing impatient and leaving without buying. Whereas formerly he counted forty or fifty customers a mighty fair day's work, now there were frequently as many as fifteen in his place at one time. By the night of that first day he estimated that he had done more business than he had done in any week—barring holiday seasons—for a year.

This happened in August, in fly-season, when trade should have been slow. In less than a week the Art Shop man had to have two salesmen helping him. When the holiday trade began he added seven salespeople, making a total of ten persons where formerly he had been able to do all his own selling, with the assistance of one young woman.

Today the Art Shop man does not send a Persian to carry signs. He has got too high up in the world for that. His customers would not like it. Once interested in

advertising he studied the subject, and he decided on a plan that in his particular case works even better. Now he buys lists of names from jewelry firms, grocers, druggists and other tradesmen who cater to the most wealthy trade. Every three months he circularizes these people with a striking and artistic folder of hand-made Persian paper ornamented with Persian hieroglyphics in an Oriental color scheme. All of this costs him much money but pays him fabulously, for his wares jumped in price from a hundred to a hundred and fifty per cent!

Not much is left today of the original Art Shop. This store now comprises two numbers on the coveted Fourteenth Street.

A footman in livery is on hand at the curb to attend to customers who come in carriages and in automobiles—all of which is the result of the experiment of a clever merchant who opened his eyes and looked and saw methods used by other merchants, and then adapted these to his own business.

It makes no difference what line a business man is in—whether he keeps an art shop, a stationery store, a grocery or any other retail store; or whether he runs a steam laundry or has a milk route; or whether he is a wholesale merchant or a manufacturer whose annual output amounts to several hundred thousand dollars—in every case when a business begins to sicken, to the expert the principle of diagnosing the trouble and applying the remedy is simply a matter of comparing his own methods with those used by concerns that are successful.

How a Young House Set the Pace

TWENTY-FIVE years ago a certain firm—which we will say was in the wholesale florist-supply business—had gobbled for itself all the trade that was worth gobbling in this line throughout the country. Those were the good old days when the merchants wrote letters by hand, and when it was enough to print on your sign the year your grandfather established your business. Later an unscrupulous wretch—who had no grandfather painted on a sign the year his "grandfather" established his business, hung it over his door and got caught at it. This revolutionized the business methods of the country at a stroke; but the florist-supply fellows did not awaken to the change. In their show window was a mangy pillow of white immortelles with "Only Asleep" worked across it in faded purple. Often the office cats made themselves comfortable on it. Whenever the dust on the windows got so thick that the monthly gas-bill ran up unreasonably a light-weight porter was set to work with a dust-pan and a broom. And this was enough; for didn't the sign state that the firm was "Established in 1816"?

About the time when this firm was at the height of prosperity an Absurdity—in the person of an insignificant rival who had raised some capital—leased a store with a plate-glass front on one of the main thoroughfares of the city. Almost before his fixtures were in place he was at work building up his show windows. The 1816 firm saw this, and in their charity felt sorry and never mentioned the rival's name except in a whisper, as is proper when speaking of the dying. For a year they were ready with plug hats ironed, waiting to go to the funeral, when the Absurdity broke further traditions with a gorgeous catalog with colored inserts.

"That's the last gasp," the 1816 men said. "Now he's desperate."

By this time any number of little rivals had taken a leaf out of the book of the Absurdity and were following him up with fine show windows and costly catalogs. Before long half a dozen or more of these were advertising in big weekly and monthly publications, reaping a tremendous harvest. Inside of two years the profits of the 1816 firm fell off more than fifty per cent. They said:

"Barnum is right: the people want to be humbugged. What's the use trying to sell absolutely straight fresh seeds when all people want is to look into show windows?" Another year or two and the firm would have gone under had not a progressive youngster aged thirty-two happened along with money.

"You gentlemen have an invaluable reputation for reliability and fair dealing, but I don't think you know much about running a modern business. I do. I've got ten thousand dollars to lose. Give me a quarter interest with a guaranty to give me a free hand at managing this business, and I'll show you something."

For weeks the deal hung fire. The idea of trusting the good name of the firm into the hands of a fly-by-night youngster who spoke of typewriting and of adding machines and of trolley cash-cars seemed dangerous; but there was precious little choice.

"We'll stay where we are, providing the landlord'll let us knock the front out of this building and put in show windows. The street is good enough for us," the youngster said. Then, following a dinner, he talked turkey to his three partners, each almost old enough to be his father. Many things of which the partners had not dreamed the youngster told them: told them about the value of advertising and of up-to-date catalog-making; told them how to play up leading seeds, how to offer prizes and premiums to win over the attention and interest of the customers.

"Where in the world did you learn to run a seed business?" one of the partners asked the junior member of the firm one day, when it was assured that the business was forging back to its old place near the top.

"Where did I get it? Where you yourself might have got it. I studied how other seedsmen were making it go; and when there was something I didn't know I went to their stores and bought seeds, and chatted as customers will, until I got all I wanted to know."

A merchant's place of business may be up to date, his advertising and his sales methods may be perfect, but there is one branch more than any other one in which he has got to be up to the times in order to thrive, and that's his collection department.

In the case of the manufacturer and the wholesaler this detail is comparatively a simple matter, for the transactions are apt to amount to such sums and are on such a cold business basis that customers expect to prove their trustworthiness when asking credit, and expect to be held accountable in case they fail to come to time.

In the case of the retailer, especially the man doing business in smaller towns where everybody knows everybody else, the conditions are different. The personal element enters here. Customers would resent having to give references in order to get the credit for having a few initial purchases, and first thing a dealer knows bills have been run up and he is in a quandary to know whether he ought to lose a customer by cutting off credit and resorting to hard measures—which in the end may be futile—or whether he had better extend a little more credit and take chances on being paid in the end.

The collection department of these merchants may not exist, excepting under their hats; but here, too, all the merchant whose business is sickening needs to do is to copy the methods of some fellow tradesman that has the trick of collecting what is due him.

Among the most difficult towns to deal with in respect to bad accounts are the mushroom towns that spring up on the outskirts of our big cities—the own-your-own-home type of town—where half the people are bent double trying to pay off mortgages on five-thousand or six-thousand dollar cottages bought on the thousand-dollars-down plan.

"Inside of Six Months Every Customer I Had Is in the New Shop"

In one of these towns, which had a population of only six thousand, three groceries, one splendidly equipped seafood market, one drug-store and one tailoring establishment failed during the recent panic in a single year. In this town was a shoe dealer who had done a splendid business but who was on the ragged edge of despair. He had more than four thousand dollars outstanding on his books, with customers coming in to ask credit day after day. And the only thing he had to look forward to was some notes that he knew he would be unable to meet.

The Grocer Advises the Shoe Man

INTO this town, not so many years before, there had come a young man who had some original ideas on how to run a grocery. He bought out a grocer who was about to fail, picked out the good accounts for himself and handed the bad ones to a lawyer to collect. He bought himself the handsomest delivery wagons he could afford and put them in charge of clerks in uniform, and made a vow to stop customers' credits at the end of the second month's non-payment—unless there were weighty reasons why he should do otherwise.

"I'm not here to feed this town, I'm here to make a living," he said to himself; and he did. Since he had started in business five grocers in the town had failed; and each time he had hired the star deliverymen of the defunct and gone hot-foot after the prompt-paying customers, leaving the rest to his competitors.

To this man went the distracted shoe dealer for advice. "That crowd up on the hill in the ten-thousand-dollar houses is the worst," he complained. "One man up there owes me nearly four hundred dollars, and he had the nerve to come into my shop this morning to charge another twenty dollars' worth of shoes for the family."

"Did you give them to him?"

"Sure I did. When a man owes you that much you can't afford to get him down on you. He's slow, that's all. I'll get my money in the end. But for two years he's been running up that bill, and I need

(Concluded on Page 41)

"You Never Bought That Kind for Less Than Five Cents I'm Going to Sell It for a Cent! Put All That Into the Ad"

SERPENTS' TEETH

By Montague Glass

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

SHOWING THAT SOMETIMES THEY BITE BOTH WAYS

ALL right, Max," cried Samuel Gembitz, senior member of S. Gembitz & Sons; "if you think you know more about it as I do, Max, go ahead and make up that style in all them fancy shades. But listen to what I'm telling you, Max: black, navy blue, brown and smoke is plenty enough; and all them copenhoogens, wisterias and tchampanyers we would get stuck with, just as sure as little apples."

"That's what you think, pop," Max Gembitz replied.

"Well, I got a right to think, ain't I?" Samuel Gembitz retorted.

"Sure," Max said—"and so have I."

"After me," Samuel corrected. "I think first and then you think, Max; and I think we wouldn't plunge so heavy on them 1040's. Make up a few of 'em in blacks, navies, browns and smokes, Max, and afterward we would see about making up the others."

He rose from his old-fashioned Windsor chair in the firm's private office and put on his hat—a silk hat of a style long obsolete.

"I am going to my lunch, Max," he said firmly, "and when I come back I will be here. Another thing, Max: you got an idee them 1040's is a brand-new style which is so original, understand me, we are bound to make a big hit with it at seven-fifty apiece—ain't it?"

Max nodded.

"Well, good styles travels fast, Max," the old man said; "and you could take it from me, Max, in two weeks' time Henry Schrimm and all them other fellers would be falling over themselves to sell the selfsame garment at seven dollars."

He seized a gold-mounted, ebony cane, the gift of Harmony Lodge, 100, I. O. M. A., and started for the stairway, but as he reached the door he turned suddenly.

"Max," he shouted, "tell them boys to straighten up the sample racks. The place looks like a pigsty already."

As the door closed behind his father Max aimed a kick at the old-fashioned walnut desk and the old-fashioned Windsor chair; and then, lighting a cigarette, he walked hurriedly to the cutting room.

"Lester," he said to his younger brother, who was poring over a book of sample swatches, "what do you think now?"

"Huh?" Lester grunted.

"The old man says we shouldn't make up them 1040's in nothing but black, navy, brown and smoke!"

Lester closed the book of sample swatches and sat down suddenly.

"Wouldn't that make you sick?" he said in tones of profound disgust. "I tell you what it is, Max, if it wouldn't be that the old man can't run the business forever, I'd quit right now. We've got a killing in sight and he Jonahs the whole thing."

"I told you what it would be," Max said. "I seen Falkstatter in Sarahcuse last week; and so sure as I'm standing here, Lester, I could sold that feller a two-thousand-dollar order if it wouldn't be for the old man's back-number ideas. Didn't have a single pastel shade in my trunks!"

"Where is he now?" Lester asked.

"Gone to lunch," Max replied.

Lester took up the sample swatches again and his eyes rested lovingly on a delicate shade of pink.

"I hope he chokes," he said; but even though at that very moment Samuel Gembitz sat in Hammersmith's restaurant, his cheeks distended to the bursting point with *gefüllte Rinderbrust*, Lester's prayer went unanswered. Indeed, Samuel Gembitz had the bolting capacity of a boa-constrictor and, with the aid of a gulp of coffee, he could have swallowed a grapefruit whole.

"Ain't you scared that you would sometimes hurt your di-gestion, Mr. Gembitz?" asked Henry Schrimm, who sat at the next table.

Now this was a sore point with Sam Gembitz, for during the past year he had succumbed to more than a dozen bilious attacks as a result of his voracious appetite; and three of them were directly traceable to *gefüllte Rinderbrust*.

"I ain't so delicate like some people, Henry," he said rather sharply. "I don't got to consider every bit of meat which I am putting in my mouth. And even if I would, Henry, what is doctors for? If a feller would got to deny himself plain food, Henry, he might as well jump off a dock and *fertig*."

Henry Schrimm was an active member of as many fraternal orders as there are evenings in the week, and he possessed a ready sympathy that made him invaluable as chairman of a sick-visiting or funeral committee; for at seven P. M. Henry could bring himself to the verge of tears over the bedside of a lodge brother, without unduly affecting his ability to relish a game of auction pinocle at half past eight, sharp.

"Jumping off a dock is all right, too, Mr. Gembitz," he commented, "but you got your family to consider."

"You shouldn't worry about my family, Henry," Gembitz retorted. "I am carrying good insurance; and, furthermore, I got my business in such shape that it would go on just the same supposing I should die tomorrow."

"*Gott soll hüten*, Mr. Gembitz," Henry added piously as the old man disposed of a dishful of gravy through the capillary attraction of a hunk of spongy rye bread.

"Yes, Henry," Gembitz continued, after he had licked his fingers and submitted his bicuspids to a process of vacuum cleaning, "I got my business down to such a fine point which you could really say was systematic."

"That's a good thing, Mr. Gembitz," Henry said, "because, presuming for the sake of argument, I am only saying you would be called away, Mr. Gembitz, them boys of yours would run it into the ground in no time."

"What d'ye mean, run it into the ground?" Gembitz demanded indignantly. "If you would got the gumption which my boys got it, Schrimm, you wouldn't be doing a business which the most you are making is a couple thousand a year."

"Sure, I know," Henry replied. "If I would got Lester's gumption I would be sitting around the Harlem Winter Garden till all hours of the morning; and if I would got Sidney's gumption I would be playing Kelly pool from two to four every afternoon. And as for Max, Mr. Gembitz, if I would got his gumption I would make a present of it to my worst enemy. A boy which he is going on forty and couldn't do nothing without asking his popper's permission first, Mr. Gembitz, he could better do general housework for a living as sell goods."

Gembitz rose from his table and struggled into his overcoat speechless with indignation. It was not until he had buttoned the very last button that he was able to enunciate.

"Listen here to me, Schrimm!" he said. "If Lester goes once in a while on a restaurant in the evening, that's his business; and, anyhow, so far what I could see, Schrimm, it don't interfere none with his designing garments which you are stealing on us just as soon as we get 'em on the market. Furthermore, Schrimm, if Sidney plays Kelly pool every afternoon, you could bet your life he also sells him a big bill of goods also.

He Negotiated the Opening of the Ice-Box Door With the Skill of an Experienced Burglar

You got to entertain a customer oncet in a while if you want to sell him goods, Schrimm; and, anyhow, Schrimm, if it would be you would be trying to sell goods to this here Kelly, you wouldn't got sense enough to play pool with him. You would waste your time trying to learn him auction pinocle."

"But, Mr. Gembitz," Schrimm began, "when a feller plays Kelly pool ——"

"And as for Max," Gembitz interrupted, "if you would be so good a boy as Max is, Schrimm, might your father would be alive today yet."

"What d'ye mean?" Schrimm cried. "My father died when I was two years old already."

"Sure, I know," Gembitz concluded; "and one thing I am only sorry, Schrimm: your father was a decent, respectable man, Schrimm, but he ought to got to die three years sooner. That's all."

II

NO SOONER had Mr. Gembitz left Hammersmith's restaurant than the *gefüllte Rinderbrust* commenced to assert itself; and by the time he arrived at his place of business he was experiencing all the preliminary symptoms of a severe bilious attack. Nevertheless, he pulled himself together and as he sat down at his desk he called loudly for Sidney.

"He ain't in," Max said.

"Oh, he ain't, ain't he?" Mr. Gembitz retorted. "Well, where is he?"

"He went out with a feller from the New Idea Store, Bridgetown," Max answered, drawing on his imagination in the defense of his brother.

"New Idea Store!" Gembitz repeated. "What's the feller's name?"

Max shrugged.

"I forgot his name," he answered.

"Well, I ain't forgot his name," Gembitz continued. "His name is Kelly; and every afternoon Schrimm tells me Sidney is playing this here Kelly pool."

For a brief interval Max stared at his father; then he broke into an unrestrained laugh.

"*Nu!*" Gembitz cried. "What's the joke?"

"Why," Max explained, "you're all twisted. Kelly ain't a feller at all. Kelly pool's a game, like you would say straight pinocle and auction pinocle—there's straight pool and Kelly pool."

Gembitz drummed on his desk with his fingers.

"Good Looks to Some People is Red Cheeks and Black Hair, Henrietta; But With Me it is Different"

"Do you mean to told me there ain't no such person, which he is buying goods for a concern, called Kelly?" he demanded.

Max nodded.

"Then that loafer just fools away his time every afternoon," Gembitz said in choking tones; "and, after all I done for him, he ——"

"What's the matter, popper?" Max cried, for Gembitz' lips had suddenly grown purple, and, even as Max reached forward to aid him, he lurched from his chair on to the floor.

Half an hour later Samuel Gembitz was undergoing the entirely novel experience of riding uptown in a taxicab, accompanied by a young physician who had been procured from the medical department of an insurance company across the street.

"Say, lookyhere," Sam protested as they assisted him into the cab, "this ain't necessary at all!"

"No, I know it isn't," the doctor agreed, in his best imitation of an old practitioner's jocular manner. He was, in fact, a very young practitioner and was genuinely alarmed at Samuel's condition, which he attributed to arteriosclerosis and not to *gefüllte Rinderbrust*. "But, just the same," he concluded, "it is just as well to keep as quiet as possible for the present."

Sam nodded and lay back wearily in the leather seat of the taxicab while it threaded its way through the traffic of lower Fifth Avenue. Only once did he appear to take an interest in his surroundings and that was when the taxicab halted at the end of a long line of traffic opposite the débris of a new building.

"What's going on here?" he asked faintly.

"It's pretty nearly finished," the doctor replied. "Weldon, Jones & Company, of Minneapolis, are going to open a New York store."

Sam nodded again and once more closed his eyes. He grew more uncomfortable as the end of the journey approached, for he dreaded the reception that awaited him. Max had telephoned the news of his father's illness to his sister, Miss Babette Gembitz, Sam's only daughter, who upon her mother's death had assumed not only the duties but the manner and bearing of that tyrannical person; and Sam knew she would make a searching investigation of the cause of his ailment.

"Doctor, what do you think is the matter with me?" he asked, by way of a feeler.

"At your age, it's impossible to say," the doctor replied; "but nothing very serious."

"No?" Sam said. "Well, you don't think it's indigestion, do you?"

"Decidedly not," the doctor said.

"Well, then, you shouldn't forget and tell my daughter that," Sam declared as the cab stopped opposite his house, "otherwise she will swear I am eating something which disagrees with me."

He clambered feebly to the sidewalk, where stood Miss Babette Gembitz with Dr. Sigmund Eichendorfer.

"*Wie gehts*, Mr. Gembitz?" Doctor Eichendorfer cried cheerfully as he took Sam's arm.

"*Unpässlich*, doctor," Sam replied. "I guess I'm a pretty sick man."

He glanced at his daughter for some trace of tears, but she met his gaze unmoved.

"You've been making a hog of yourself again, popper!" she said severely.

"*Oser!*" Sam protested. "Crackers and milk I am eating for my lunch. The doctor could tell you the same."

Ten minutes afterward Sam was tucked up in his bed, while in an adjoining room the young physician communicated his diagnosis to Doctor Eichendorfer.

"Arteriosclerosis, I should say," he murmured—and Doctor Eichendorfer sniffed audibly.

"You mean Bright's Disease—ain't it?" he said. "That feller's arteries is as sound as plumbing."

Doctor Eichendorfer had received his medical training in Vienna and he considered it to be a solemn duty never to agree with the diagnosis of a native M.D.

"I thought of Bright's Disease," the young physician replied, speaking a little less than the naked truth; for in diagnosing Sam's ailment he had thought of nearly every disease he could remember.

"Well, you could take it from me, doctor," Eichendorfer concluded, "when one of these old-timers goes under there's a history of a rich, unbalanced diet behind it; and Bright's Disease it is. Also, you shouldn't forget to send in your bill—not a cent less than ten dollars."

He shook his confrère warmly by the hand; and three hours later the melancholy circumstance of Sam's Bright's Disease was known to every member of the cloak and suit trade, with one exception—to wit, as the lawyers say, Sam himself. He knew that he had had *gefüllte Rinderbrust*, but by seven o'clock this knowledge became only a torment as the savory odor of the family dinner ascended to his bedroom.

"Babette," he called faintly, as becomes a convalescent, "ain't I going to have no dinner at all tonight?"

For answer Babette brought in a covered tray, on which were arranged two pieces of dry toast and a glass of buttermilk.

"What's this?" Sam cried.

"That's your dinner," Babette replied, "and you should thank Gawd you are able to eat it."

"You don't got to told me who I should thank for such slops which you are bringing me," he said, with every trace of convalescence gone from his tones. "Take that damn thing away and give me something to eat. Ain't that *gedämpftes Kalbfleisch* I smell?"

Babette made no reply, but gazed sadly at her father as she placed the tray on a chair beside his bed.

"You don't know yourself how sick you are," she said. "Doctor Eichendorfer says you should be very quiet."

This admonition produced no effect on Sam, who immediately started on an abusive criticism of physicians in general and Dr. Sigmund Eichendorfer in particular.

"What does that *dummer Esel* know?" he demanded. "I bet yer that the least he tells you is I got Bright's Disease!"

Babette shook her head slowly.

"So you know it yourself all the time," she commented bitterly; "and yet you want to eat *gedämpftes Kalbfleisch*, when you know as well as I do it would pretty near kill you."

"Kill me!" Sam shouted. "What d'ye mean, kill me? I eat some *Rinderbrust* for my lunch yet; and that's all what ails me. I ain't got no more Bright's Disease as you got it."

"If you think that lying is going to help you, you're mistaken," Babette replied calmly. "To a man in your condition *gedämpftes Kalbfleisch* is poison."

"I ain't lying to you," Sam insisted. "I am eating too much lunch, I am telling you."

"And you're not going to eat too much dinner!" Babette said as she tiptoed from the room.

Thus Sam drank a glass of buttermilk and ate some dry toast for his supper; and, in consequence, he slept so soundly that he did not waken until Dr. Sigmund Eichendorfer entered his room at eight o'clock the following morning. Under the bullying frown of his daughter Sam submitted to a physical examination that lasted for more than an hour; and when Doctor Eichendorfer departed he left behind him four varieties of tablets and a general interdiction against eating solid food, getting up, going downtown, or any of the other dozen things that Sam insisted upon doing.

It was only under the combined persuasion of Max, Babette and Lester that he consented to stay in bed that forenoon; and when lunchtime arrived he was so weakened by a twenty-four-hour fast and Doctor Eichendorfer's tablets that he was glad to remain undisturbed for the remainder of the day.

At length, after one bedridden week, accompanied by a liquid diet and more tablets, Sam was allowed to sit up in a chair and to partake of a slice of chicken.

"Well, popper, how do you feel today?" asked Max, who had just arrived from the office.

"I feel pretty sick, Max," Sam replied; "but I guess I could get downtown tomorrow, all right."

Babette sat near by and nodded her head slowly.

"Guess some more, popper," she said. "Before you would go downtown yet, you are going to Lakewood."

"Lakewood!" Sam exclaimed. "What d'ye mean, Lakewood? If you want to go to Lakewood, go ahead. I am going downtown tomorrow. What, d'ye think a business could run itself!"

"So far as business is concerned," Max said, "you shouldn't trouble yourself at all. We are hustling like crazy downtown and we already sold over three thousand dollars' worth of them 1040's."

Sam sat up suddenly.

"I see my finish," he said, "with you boys selling goods left and right to a lot of fakers like the New Idea Store."

"New Idea Store nothing!" Max retorted. "We are selling over two thousand dollars to Falkstatter, Fein & Company—and I guess they're fakers—what!"

Sam leaned back in his chair.

"Falkstatter, Fein & Company is all right," he admitted.

"And, furthermore," Max continued, "we sold 'em fancy colors like wistaria, copenhagen and champagne; and them navy blues and browns they wouldn't touch."

"No?" Sam said weakly.

"So you see, popper, if you would been downtown we wouldn't got that order at all," Max continued. "So, what's the use worrying yourself?"

"He's right, popper," Babette added. "You're getting too old to be going downtown every day. The boys could look after the business. It's time you took a rest."

At this juncture Doctor Eichendorfer entered.

"Hello!" he said. "What are you doing sitting up here? You must got right back to bed."

"What are you talking nonsense?" Sam cried. "I am feeling pretty good already."

"You look it," Eichendorfer said. "If you could see the way you are run down this last week yet you wouldn't talk so fresh."

He seized Sam by the arm as he spoke and lifted him out of the chair.

"You ain't so heavy like you used to be, Mr. Gembitz," he went on as he helped Sam to his bed. "Another week and you could sit up, but not before."

Sam groaned as they tucked the covers around him.

"Now you see how weak you are," Eichendorfer cried triumphantly. "Don't get up again unless I would tell you first."

After leaving some more tablets, Doctor Eichendorfer took his leave; and half an hour later Sam knew by the tantalizing odors that pervaded his bedroom that the family dined on stewed chicken, with *Kartoffel Klösse*. For the remainder of the evening Sam lay with his eyes closed; and whenever Babette approached his bedside with a tumbler of water and the box of tablets he snored ostentatiously. Thus he managed to evade the appetite-dispelling medicine until nearly midnight, when Babette coughed loudly.

"Popper," she said, "I'm going to bed and I want you to take your tablets."

"Leave 'em on the chair here," he replied, "and I'll take 'em in a few minutes."

He watched her place the tablets on the chair; and as soon as her back was turned he seized them eagerly and thrust them into the pocket of his nightshirt.

"Where's the water?" he mumbled; and when Babette handed him the tumbler he gulped down the water with noise sufficient to account for a boxful of tablets.

"I Ain't So Old and I Ain't So Sick but What I Could Take Care of Myself, Max"

"Now, leave me alone," he said; and Babette kissed him coldly on the left ear.

"I hope you'll feel better in the morning," she said dutifully.

"Don't worry," Sam said. "I'm going to."

He listened carefully until he heard the door close and then he threw back the coverlet. Very gingerly he slid to the carpet and planted himself squarely on his feet. A sharp attack of "pins and needles" prevented any further movement for some minutes; but at length it subsided and he began to search for his slippers. His bathrobe hung on the back of the door, and, after he had struggled into it, he opened the door stealthily and, clinging to the balustrade, crept downstairs to the basement.

He negotiated the opening of the ice-box door with the skill of an experienced burglar; and immediately thereafter he sat down at the kitchen table in front of a dishful of stewed chicken, four cold boiled potatoes, the heel of a rye loaf and a bottle of beer. Twenty minutes later he laid away the empty dish on top of the kitchen sink, with the empty beer bottle beneath it; then, after supplying himself with a box of matches, he crept upstairs to his room.

When Babette opened the door the following morning she raised her chin and sniffed suspiciously.

"Ain't it funny?" she murmured—"I could almost swear I smell stale cigar smoke here."

Sam turned his face to the wall.

"You're crazy!" he said.

III

DURING the ensuing week Sam Gembitz became an adept in the art of legerdemain; and the skill with which he palmed tablets under the very nose of his daughter was only equaled by the ingenuity he displayed in finally disposing of them. At least three dozen disappeared through a crack in the wainscoting behind Sam's bed, while as many more were poked through a hole in the mattress; and thus Sam became gradually stronger, until Doctor Eichendorfer himself could not ignore the improvement in his patient's condition.

"All right; you can sit up," he said to Sam; "but, remember, the least indiscretion and back to bed you go."

Sam nodded, for Babette was in the room at the time; and, albeit Sam had gained new courage through his nightly raids on the ice-box, he lacked the boldness that three square meals a day engender.

"I would take good care of myself, doctor," he said, "and the day after tomorrow might I could go downtown, maybe?"

"The day after tomorrow!" Doctor Eichendorfer exclaimed. "Why, you wouldn't be downtown for a month yet."

"The idea!" Babette cried indignantly. "As if the boys couldn't look after the place without you! What d'ye want to go downtown for at all?"

"What d'ye mean, what do I want to go downtown for at all?" Sam demanded sharply, and Miss Babette Gembitz blushed; whereupon Sam rose from his chair and stood unsteadily on his feet.

"You are up to some monkey business here—all of you!" he declared. "What is it about?"

Babette exchanged glances with Doctor Eichendorfer, who shrugged his shoulders in reply.

"Well, if you want to know what it is, popper," she said, "I'll tell you. You're a very sick man and the chances are you'll never go downtown again." Doctor Eichendorfer nodded his approval and Sam sat down again.

"So we may as well tell you right out plain," Babette continued; "the boys have given out to the trade that you've retired on account of sickness—and here it is in the paper and all."

She handed Sam a copy of the Daily Cloak and Suit Record and indicated with her finger an item headed "Personals." It read as follows:

NEW YORK.—Samuel Gembitz, of S. Gembitz & Sons, whose serious illness was reported recently, has retired from the firm and the business will be carried on by Max Gembitz, Lester Gembitz and Sidney Gembitz, under the firm style of Gembitz Brothers.

As Sam gazed at the item the effect of one week's surreptitious feeding was set at naught, and once more Babette and Doctor Eichendorfer assisted him to his bed. That night he had neither the strength nor the inclination to make his accustomed raid on the ice-box, nor could he resist the administration of Doctor Eichendorfer's tablets; so that the following day found him weaker than ever. It was not until another week had elapsed that his appetite began to assert itself; but when it did he convalesced rapidly. Indeed, at the end of the month, Doctor Eichendorfer permitted him to take short walks with Babette. Gradually the length of these promenades increased until Babette found her entire forenoons monopolized by her father.

"Ain't it awful!" she said to Sam one Sunday morning as they paced slowly along Lenox Avenue. "I am so tied down."

"You ain't tied down," Sam replied ungraciously. "For my part, I would as lief hang around this here place by myself."

"It's all very well for you to talk," Babette rejoined; "but you know very well that in your condition you could drop in the street at any time yet."

"*Schmooes!*" Sam cried. "I am walking by myself for sixty-five years yet and I guess I could continue to do it."

"But Doctor Eichendorfer says ——" Babette began.

"What do I care what Doctor Eichendorfer says!" Sam interrupted. "And, furthermore, supposing I would drop in the street—which anybody could slip oncet in a while on a banana peel, understand me—ain't I got cards in my pocket?"

Babette remained silent for a moment, whereat Sam plucked up new courage.

"Why should you bother yourself to *schlepp* me along like this?" he said. "There's lots of people I could go out with. Ain't it? Take old man Herz *oder* Mrs. Krakauer—they would be glad to go out walking with me; and oncet in a while I could go and call on Mrs. Schrimm maybe."

"Mrs. Schrimm!" Babette exclaimed. "I'm surprised to hear you talk that way. Mrs. Schrimm for years goes around telling everybody that mommer *selig* leads you a dawg's life."

"Everybody's got a right to their opinion, Babette," Sam said; "but, anyhow, that ain't here nor there. If you wouldn't want me to go around and see Mrs. Schrimm I wouldn't."

Babette snorted.

"In the first place," she said, "you couldn't go unless I go with you; and, in the second place, you couldn't get me to go there for a hundred dollars."

Beyond suggesting that a hundred dollars was a lot of money, Sam made no further attempt to secure his liberty that morning; but on the following day he discreetly called his daughter's attention to a full-page advertisement in the morning paper.

"Ain't you was telling me the other evening you need to got some table napkins, Babette?" he asked.

Babette nodded.

"Well, here it is in the paper that new concern, Weldon, Jones & Company, is selling today napkins at three dollars a dozen—the best damask napkins," he concluded.

Babette seized the paper and five minutes later she was poking hatpins into her scalp with an energy that made Sam's eyes water.

"Where are you going, Babette?" he said.

"I'm going downtown to that sale of linens," she said, "and I'll be back to take you out at one o'clock."

"Don't hurry on my account," Sam said. "I've got enough here in the paper to keep me busy until tonight yet."

Five minutes later the basement door banged and Sam jumped to his feet. With the agility of a man half his age he ran upstairs to the parlor floor and put on his hat and coat; and by the time Babette had turned the corner of Lenox Avenue Sam walked out of the areaway of his old-fashioned, three-story-and-basement, high-stoop residence on One Hundred and Eighteenth Street en route for Mrs. Schrimm's equally old-fashioned residence on One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Street. There he descended the area steps; and finding the door ajar he walked into the basement dining room.

"*Wie gehts*, Mrs. Schrimm!" he cried cheerfully.

"Oo-ee! What a *Schreck* you are giving me!" Mrs. Schrimm exclaimed. "This is Sam Gembitz, ain't it?"

"Sure it is," Sam replied. "Ain't you afraid somebody is going to come in and steal something on you?"

"That's that girl again!" Mrs. Schrimm said as she bustled out to the areaway and slammed the door. "That's one of them *Ungarischer* girls, Mr. Gembitz, which all they could do is to eat up your whole ice-box empty and go out dancing on *Bauern* balls till all hours of the morning. Housework is something they don't know nothing about at all. Well, Mr. Gembitz, I am hearing such tales about you—you are dying, and so on."

"*Warum* Mister Gembitz?" Sam said. "Ain't you always called me Sam, Henrietta?"

Mrs. Schrimm blushed. In the lifetime of the late Mrs. Gembitz she had been a constant visitor at the Gembitz house, but under Babette's chilling influence the friendship had withered until it was only a memory.

"Why not?" she said. "I certainly know you long enough, Sam."

"Going on thirty-five years, Henrietta," Sam said, "when you and me and Regina come over here together. Things is very different nowadays, Henrietta. Me, I am an old man already."

"What do you mean, old?" Mrs. Schrimm cried. "When my *Grossvater selig* was sixty-eight he gets married for the third time yet."

"Them old-timers was a different proposition entirely, Henrietta," Sam said. "If I would be talking about getting married, Henrietta, the least that happens to me is my children would put me in a lunatic asylum yet."

"Yow!" Mrs. Schrimm murmured skeptically.

"Wouldn't they?" Sam continued. "Well, you could just bet your life they would. Why, I am sick only a couple weeks or so, Henrietta, and what do them boys do? They practically throw me out of my business yet and tell me I am retired."

"And you let 'em?" Mrs. Schrimm asked.

"What could I do?" Sam said. "I'm a sick man, Henrietta. Doctor Eichendorfer says I wouldn't live a year yet."

"Doctor Eichendorfer says that!" Mrs. Schrimm rejoined. "And do you told me that you are taking Doctor Eichendorfer's word for it?"

"Doctor Eichendorfer is a *Rosher*, I admit," Sam answered; "but he's a pretty good doctor, Henrietta."

"For the *gesund*, yes," Mrs. Schrimm admitted. "But if my cat would be sick, Sam, and Doctor Eichendorfer charges two cents a call yet, I wouldn't have him in my house at all. I got too much respect for my cat, Sam. With that feller, as soon as he comes into the bedroom he says the patient is dying; because if the poor feller does die, understand me, then Eichendorfer is a good prophet, and if he gets better then Eichendorfer is a good doctor. He always fixes it so he gets the credit both ways. But you got to acknowledge one thing about that feller, Sam—he knows how to charge, Sam; and he's a good collector. Everybody says so."

Sam nodded sadly.

"I give you right about that," he said.

"And, furthermore," Mrs. Schrimm began, "he ——"

Mrs. Schrimm proceeded no further, however, for the sound of a saucepan boiling over brought her suddenly to her feet and she dashed into the kitchen.

Two minutes later a delicate, familiar odor assailed Sam's nostrils and when Mrs. Schrimm returned she found him unconsciously licking his lips.

"Yes, Sam," she declared, "them *Ungarischer* girls is worser as nobody in the kitchen. Pretty near ruins my whole lunch and I got Mrs. Krakauer coming too. You know what a talker that woman is; and if I would give her something which it is a little burned, y'understand, the whole of New York hears about it."

"Well, Henrietta," Sam said as he rose and seized his hat, "I must be going."

"Going!" Mrs. Schrimm cried. "Why, you're only just coming. And besides, Sam, you are going to stop to lunch too."

"Lunch!" Sam exclaimed. "Why, I don't eat lunch no more, Henrietta. All the doctor allows me is crackers and milk."

(Continued on Page 46)

"Well, Popper, How Do You Feel Today?"

SAY NOW SHIBBOLETH

By Eugene Manlove Rhodes

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY

I will not tell you where he lived; too much
Already has been said: it would be spiteful.
Many unkind remarks are made by such
As live in places far, far less delightful.
Be this enough: it may be plainly stated,
His mind was VERY highly cultivated.

WHILE yet a very small boy I was persuaded to earnest and painstaking study of language by hearing a report of a memorable examination. Some of you may have seen it:

And the Gileadites took the passages of Jordan before the Ephraimites: and it was so, that when those Ephraimites which were escaped said, Let me go over; that the men of Gilead said unto him, Art thou an Ephraimite? If he said, Nay;

Then said they unto him, Say now Shibboleth: and he said Sibboleth: for he could not frame to pronounce it right. Then they took him, and slew him at the passages of Jordan.

—JUDGES 12: 5, 6.

They were purists, I take it.

Forty-and-two thousand failed to pass.

The Gileadites were a strong and vigorous stock. Their spiritual descendants still keep sleepless watch at the passes of Jordan. True, they do not now hold to the strict letter of the olden penalty for lingual error, but they observe the spirit of it. It is so.

There will be need now for care to avoid misconstruction of the few and heartfelt ensuing remarks. Take the "shortened Italian a" for example—our old friend "å." For my single self I like that sound. One of my earliest ambitions was to have graven upon my tombstone this epitaph: "Påss, traveler, nor åsk who lies beneath the gråss"—perhaps "sleeps beneath the gråss" would be better. It improves the rhythm.

How to Detect Non-Bathers

I DO NOT foolishly dote upon either "å" or its variant "å," you understand; but it seems to me that either of them is intrinsically a more pleasing sound than the flat "ă"—as in this same word "flat." There are many who use this "Italian a" sound naturally. Also properly. In such cases it is good hearing. But when its use—or misuse—requires visible effort by the speaker and its delivery leaves him with a startled air—makes him gåsp, in fact—the effect is spoiled. It has become a mincing affectation. And, in any case, I must and do hereby respectfully but firmly decline to consider that, if a man should ask me for a flask,* when he might say "flåsk," he is thereby branded by either moral turpitude or social impossibility. Nor will the reverse hold true. Yet we have seen the statement that "when a man speaks of a bäth it may properly be inferred that he seldom uses a bath." And he said Sibboleth. And they slew him. You hear just such inferences every day, based on similar premises.

It cannot be set forth too plainly, too early or too often, that the grievance which some of us hold against the Gileadite is not for what he says, but for the—objectionable—way he says it. He is frequently right in his contention. But wanton and offensive sneers do not precisely warm our heart to him or yet lead us to mend our ways. Just resentment for the precisian's contemptuous treatment of the erring but too often fosters a fond attachment for the error. I think these passwords will wither, most of them; not because they deserve to perish, but because their proponents, with singular want of tact, urge them by heaping vituperation, abuse and insult upon the luckless tribesman. There is an old injunction that we must "hate the sin and not the sinner." I fear we are in danger of reversing this by hating the virtue as well as the virtuous. We are joined to our idols; let us alone.

*Ammonia: for snakebite.

"The Enlightened" Have a "Sixth Sense . . . and That Sublimated Taste Which Makes of its Possessors a Very Special Class"

True, it is only a small minority of educated people that exhibits this Gileaditish spirit—else we uncultivated would grease the loud tumbrel and burn the colleges forthwith. But it is a voluble minority—a minority that loves to speak of itself as "cultured." The disdain of this paroxysmal minority is not here exaggerated. It can hardly be exaggerated. Before we go on to consider some other test words, commonly propounded at the passes of Jordan, let me prove to you that this arrogance is past exaggeration.

For this is no slight matter. We hear much of "the menace of class consciousness, of sectional feeling." It is here; it is bitter. The wealthy and cultured "classes"—too many of them—habitually speak of "the masses" in terms of unqualified reproach and contempt; the wealthy and populous states of our Union are overgiven to referring to less favored and Populist states only by slur and slight. It is resented deeply; let no one doubt it. Then the original antagonizers become agonizers, go about wagging their heads and tearfully deploring the state of affairs brought about by their own tireless efforts. To sow dragons' teeth is doubtless a pleasing occupation, but it may bring an ill harvest.

On my desk are three books. They are there by chance and not chosen to edge this feeble remonstrance. On the contrary, a careful second reading of them convinced me that it was high time some one rose to a point of order, like Abner Dean, of Angel's. For these books are typical of the Gileadite. If there were no more of their kind they would be charitably attributed to personal misfortune. But there are thousands of the kind; and the kind is recklessly mischievous.

The three authors are scholars and gentlemen of repute—one, at least, a name of nation-wide distinction. The books, one and all, are full of valuable and interesting matter, ably set forth; one and all, they are marred by unbelievable narrowness, by malignant rancor, by a haughty intolerance—not only for verbal error, be it marked, but for any usage differing from their own and for any mode of life not conforming to their habits. One book deals with English, severely; one with Words; and the third is a Life of Lincoln. Let us now take a worm's-eye view of the Essays on English, by the chief among these three.

You are at once struck by the frequent recurrence of "this sort of person"—our sort—and "enlightened"—his sort; in fact, he writes "Enlightened" with a capital after he gets well warmed to his work: "The Enlightened," who have a "sixth sense . . . and that sublimated taste which makes of its possessors a very special class."

"This sort of person is almost as low as the one . . . with whom men and women are always ladies and gentlemen." He explains about ladies and gentlemen, then, adding naïvely that these are matters that "the unenlightened will not understand, even after everything has been explained." So there's no need of puzzling our poor heads over it. There is one phrase that seems pretty plain, however: "Whereas if a man says that he was lunching with a 'woman,' there is a dangerous little implication which would not exist did he use the word 'lady' instead."

High Slang and Low

THERE is another little implication that might be made; but let it pass. I must say, however, that some of us judge a man by his character as much as by his words; and when a man's character cannot stand the strain of lunching with a "woman" he is in a parlous state.

"Any one who speaks of The Four Hundred is, by that very fact, to be ruled out of the ranks of those who know anything at all." To say "is a fool" would be rude. Observe how adroitly he avoids it.

He has tolerant spells, however. "The slang of the clubs and of university men is also quite consistent with good taste." It may be mentioned—but perhaps you have already guessed it—that he is notably a university man and a clubman.

Just so. The metaphorical use of the phrases "to cross swords" and "to parry a thrust" are elegant, reminiscent of the days when homicide was a fashionable recreation. But the metaphorical use of "bed-rock," "rolling-hitch," "cinch" and "balance" carry with them low

He Was Raised a Pot

suggestions—of work. I do not wish to misrepresent our author or to garble his words. So I hasten to state that the distinctions made in this paragraph are quoted from another writer and that our own author may not approve of them. Judge for yourself.

Here is a little extract in his happiest manner—and by this foot you may know this Hercules.

"A slight provincial touch is given by the frequent use of 'minister' instead of 'clergyman'; and when one refers to a clergyman as a 'preacher,' the case is hopeless." Nothing provincial about that, is there? Yet if one, hearing this single sentence and having no knowledge of the author save that sentence, could not go to the ten-acre map in Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, and put his unhesitating finger within one inch of that author's home, one's case would then be hopeless indeed.

"There is another provincial usage out of which it is to be hoped the American people will, in the course of time, be educated."—Did you get that? The usage of the American people is provincial: the usage of an insular or peninsular corner of America is not provincial. The part is greater than the whole.—"They"—newspaper men—"spoke of his wife, of course, as 'Mrs. McKinley,' but they always mentioned his aged mother as 'Mother McKinley.' This was provincial and disgusting to a degree; and it is surprising that no one ever reverted to the dignified New England usage, which would have mentioned the dowager as 'Madam McKinley.'"

A Promise for Gileadites

THERE! He told you himself! I was afraid he would. Anyhow, I didn't tell. And we have gained one advantage. After this, we can have no doubt as to the exact meaning of the word "provincial." Anything is "provincial" that does not conform to New England usage. We have it from his own mouth. We are on firm ground now.

"I should hardly have thought it necessary to recall this detestable bit of social ignorance," he proceeds, "had not President McKinley himself been guilty of it during a journey of his through the South. . . . Now this form of speech is not only crude and wholly alien to the little touches which give distinction, but its mental suggestions are unpleasant, since it is a form of speech that suggests Mother Goose and Mother Bunch, and brings to mind some wrinkled, blear-eyed beldam—a wizened crone, a raucous hag."

These are wild and whirling words, my masters! It doesn't matter so much about us. You and I are no better than we should be and our shoulders are broad. But Uncle John, and Aunt Mary, and Mother Anderson, who helped us when little Jimmie died—to have them and their speech held up to contempt and derision!—it hurts, I tell you! It rankles. They were kind and good and loving; they are not "disgusting" to our memories. Nor is Mother Goose, for that matter. "But the low men hold to English, and to their kindred speech yet: I ween there be not men in world-countries none, that hold not to their kindred speech." So says Robert of Gloucester, and so say I—and despise not the kindred who use that kindly speech.

If it is not long since clear that I, now remonstrating, am but a rude, crude, rough, low and brootal person, unmistakably plebeian—just a plain, provincial American of no sublimated, very special caste—the fact is now expressly declared. I will also here state and proclaim that, if any healthy and sane he-Gileadite, between the ages of twenty and fifty, not more than ten pounds lighter or over forty pounds heavier than myself, shall, in my presence, venture to direct his insolence at these kindly, dim-eyed Ephraimite kindred of mine, I'm going to hit him once, "in Holyrood or Courts of Heaven." That's the sort of person I am. If I subsequently have to say "Good mawnin', judge!" or "Doctor, how long do you s'pose it'll be before I can get around again?"—why, I'll try to say it cheerfully.

Yes, sir. Not going to make any little declamation before I rebuke him, either.

For all these insults thou hast offered here,
Receive my answer—'tis my flying spear!

Folks that use that kind of wit should expect fitting repartee. He may strut and swell all he wants to, he may abuse me as long as it amuses him; but those "blear eyes" are faded with tears, those wrinkles are scars of Armageddon fight: he must teach his tongue to speak respectfully of them, or teach his hands to keep his head. It doesn't matter about the rest of us. Curiously enough, however much a person of this sort looks down on us, we never look up to him; it doesn't occur to us.

"Mother" called out all his rancor. Here is some more about it. Mr. McKinley said "mother" himself—"Mother" Hobson. "And when Mr. McKinley adopted it, it was so out of keeping . . . as to resemble the speech of one whose evenings in early youth were spent in some small, backwoods country 'store,' in the society of those who pendulously dangle their loutish legs over the sides of an empty cracker barrel."

Let us get back to earth. It may be well to remember that in just such a small country store Abraham Lincoln was wont to pendulously dangle his loutish legs; and that the work well done for their country and for all humanity by those who, in their early youth, so dangled—pendulously dangled—their loutish legs in just such detestable places, so far outweighs anything done by dilettanti, pendulously dangling their loutish legs from easy chairs in any club or any university, that no one—not even themselves—has ever felt the necessity of comparison.

By-the-way, how could one dangle his or her loutish legs except pendulously? I have pendulously dangled my loutish legs frequently, both from easy chairs and cracker barrels, empty or full—full cracker barrels, I mean—in large stores and in small; but never, to my knowledge, have I dangled my loutish legs like a steeple, for instance, or a yardarm, or a nebular hypothesis. I must try it, sometime. Always to dangle one's loutish legs pendulously shows deplorable lack of initiative.

This saddens one. It is enough to sadden a dozen. If the net result of a college education is to have erected, by the toil of years, and possibly by the self-denial of one's father and mother—of one's paternal and maternal ancestors—a tall, giddy and tolerably useless pedestal, whereon one is to sit for the remainder of one's life in close observation of one's personal pulchritude, like a bronze Buddha contemplating—like an introspective bronze Buddha, then—let it go at that—why, then—er—ah! Let's see. This statement seems a bit mixed. Oh, yes! Then, if sending our boys to college leads to such self-loving attitude, in Heaven's name, let's not send 'em! No—that would be a cowardly evasion. Foolish too, remembering the millions of kindly folks who remain kindly, fair-minded, considerate and just, though educated. Rather let us club together, we rough men, to endow in every school Chairs of Common Sense and of The Relative Proportion of Things—and get the best men to fill them.

The junior editor, reading this MS. as he dangles his loutish legs from the windowseat, says that I am all wrong; that the critic doesn't object to the word "mother," save as applied to dowagers, in lieu of "madam." But I maintain that there is not and never can be anything "disgusting" in any use of the word "mother"; that it is the noblest and sweetest word in the language. "Mother is growing old," a man says of his wife; or, to her, "Mother, how long since Charley Hilman went West?" So misused, the word is the final endearment.

It is even conceivable that a general—a general who protected his soldiers against embalmed meats and pasteboard shoes and their own weakness, for example—might be called "mother" by campfires: just as certain fellows of the baser sort, who stood with Thomas at Chickamauga, spoke of that gallant soldier as "Pap" Thomas. You would infer, in such a case, that "mother" was a symbol of trust and affection—not of disgust or belittlement. But, if the general were called Madam . . . ?

"A person who addresses a physician affably as 'Doc,' and who . . . will speak of him as being 'raised' in such-and-such a place—this is the sort of person also who . . . wears a celluloid collar and eats peas with a knife."

Missed me that time! I never eat peas. But, if a man who wears celluloid collars addresses a physician affably as "Doc," what would a man who wears a flannel shirt be affably apt to call him? Sawbones, maybe. Yet the best-loved man of this generation said, as he lay dying: "Pull up the curtain, Doc; I'm afraid to go home in the dark."

"The unenlightened"—and uncapitalized—"person . . . may use the expression 'Between you and I,' just as he may, if he is very benighted, say 'You was.' These slips are to be expected from those . . . who describe a housemaid as 'the girl,' which is, of course, not quite so bad as to speak of her as 'the help,' but is, nevertheless, the linguistic earmark of a class—the class that splits its infinitives and thinks that Fonetik Refawm is scholarly." This is respectfully referred to the Fonetik Refawmers, with the query whether a "help" is really a housemaid unless she wears a cap as a sort of badge of servility.

"The enlightened person may, however, speak of 'those sort of things.'" Here follows a list of things that an enlightened person may say, ending with: "when very colloquial indeed, 'It is me!'" I judge that he does these permissible things himself, maybe.

"A vulgarism,"—h-ä-ouse—"which, when they use it in the presence of a cultivated Englishman, ranks them at once in his mind with the caddish and the ignorant." Caddishness and ignorance are one and inseparable, it seems. We had not known this.

"Persons of this sort present as pathetic a spectacle to the Enlightened as do those who, in employing the broad 'a' because it is so English, introduce it ignorantly into words where the English never use it; saying, for example, 'fawncy' for 'fancy,' in which the educated Englishman always sounds the 'a' as flatly as any Philadelphian." Philadelphia is provincial, you see. Pretty much all the United States is provincial south and west of a given point. As you now note, that point is north of Philadelphia. My own idea is that the given point lies somewhere between Stapleton and St. George—or at the Statue of Liberty, maybe. That would be a good place to fix it. Even so, there would be many unrefined people within the pale.

"To receive a letter containing such words as 'Xmas,' 'tho',' 'photo.' and 'rec'd' affects one"—It affects one very badly indeed. I spare you the unpleasant details. Such letters "are usually written by the sort of men who sign their names in such abbreviated forms as 'Geo.,' 'Wm.,' 'Chas.,' 'Jas.' and 'Jno.'"

This is the method of Lady Grove, to quote Mr. Chesterton: "To terrify people from doing quite harmless things by telling them that if they do they are the kind of people who would do other things, equally harmless."

"This is the Sort of Person Also Who . . . Wears a Celluloid Collar and Eats Peas With a Knife"

Go., Benja. and Dan't

LET us look into this. I find, from the volume nearest at hand—and I mean by that the first and only work consulted—that of the fifty-five who pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor to the Declaration of Independence, no less than thirty signed with just such atrocious and detestable contractions. That is the sort of persons they were. Jefferson signed 'Th.' Franklin wrote it "Benja." Of the Constitution framers, the immortal Geo. did not even stop at Geo. He signed it "Go."—just like that! Seventeen of the thirty-nine followed his noxious example by other low abbreviations. One even stooped to "Dan'l."

We are reminded of the devil demanding credentials from Tomlinson—and that is another pathetic spectacle:

"'You have read, you have heard, you have thought,' quoth he. 'God's mercy! what ha' y' *done?*'"

You see plainly, Jas., that our author was trying to impose upon us merely his personal preference about "Wm." and "Chas." It is not a matter of good taste or poor taste; it is only a matter of his taste or your taste. It is not always so easy to see that such is the case as in this instance; but that is about what he aims at all along. Even when he is right, his ferocity defeats his purpose—if his purpose were indeed to better our speech, which is hereby doubted. Take this paper, for instance—which might have been the

most limpid Addisonian English, had it not been—were it not—only he got me all riled up!

Another little footprint. He says:

"I have always felt a genuine admiration for those among my correspondents who write out everything in full: as, for example, 'January the twenty-eighth,' 'Seven hundred and sixty-three, Albemarle Avenue,' and so on. There is a certain aristocratic suggestion of leisure about this sort of thing that appeals to me and that is thoroughly consistent."

You see? Nobility and gentry—that sort of thing. People of leisure, uncontaminated by work. Yet there is such a thing as having leisure for too much letter-writing.

I don't think I am unfair to this man. This book of his—which might otherwise have been valuable—is stained throughout by like narrowness and intolerance.

Here is a bit of unconscious autobiography:

"But who of us would not be willing to spend three hours a day in dining properly *chez* Voisin, rather than to save two hours and fifty-five minutes of that time by furtively gobbling a plate of corned-beef hash in a John Street beanery?"

He spells it out in full, you notice—even John Street. There is a certain air of aristocratic leisure about this sort of thing that appeals to one. Doesn't it? John Street, I gather, is a very low place indeed. Folk work there, possibly. Don't turn away, Wm. . . . Look me in the eye. I trust you have never furtively gobbled a plate of corned-beef hash in a Jno. St. beanery. I never have. But I will. If ever I find out where Jno. St. is—and information is hereby requested—I will hie me to a beanery, pendulously dangle my loutish legs from a stool, and furtively gobble a plate of corned-beef hash. Just to preserve my self-respect. I do not like corned-beef hash.

"Very likely there are members of the American Philological Association who habitually eat peas with their knives and perhaps drink out of fingerbowls; but their example will hardly result in the establishment of a new social canon."

You mustn't cross him; he was raised a pet. He does not wait to find out your name, your station, your dwelling place or your destination—or even if you are a real person. A purely supposititious person who supposititiously fails to agree with his notions on any subject, however unimportant, is at once questioned as to motives, breeding, morals, family and color, and becomes the target for the cheap and easy satire that belittles its object less than it degrades the user; and that displays precisely so much wit as is shown withal by pressing the tip of one's thumb to the tip of one's nose and wiggling one's derisive fingers with a certain aristocratic suggestion of leisure.

He doesn't like this Philological Association. On questions of taste, he says, it is "entitled to speak with no more weight than the Ancient Order of Hibernians or the Knights of Labor." To prove it he tells this anecdote:

"Some time ago one of our most distinguished classical professors was asked why he never attended any of the meetings of the American Philological Association; and he replied, with an air of unutterable boredom: 'Oh, because, if I go, I shall have to meet so many persons who wear black trousers!'"

That is conclusive. We may now pass on to settle other vexed subjects.

"I used to open it and put it aside under the impression that it was a publication in the Magyar or Polish or Czechish tongue, brought out for the benefit of those interesting aliens who inhabit that portion of the country; and who, when they are not engaged in organizing strikes, amuse themselves by assassinating one another—a most laudable occupation, in which I am sure no judicious person would ever be anxious to discourage them."

It was not a publication in any of these tongues, mind you. That was merely his impression. He was not discussing Magyars, Poles or Czechs. But he was not one to let his light be hidden under a bushel. Accordingly he abandoned his discourse to give us his profound and well-considered views on those aliens and upon the labor question.

And yet, Thos., there are times when I realize how this sort of person feels, and sympathize with him. There is a Spanish adjective, "bronco," meaning rough, coarse, crusty, crabbed, rude—and also hoarse, harsh to the ear. On the English tongue it becomes a noun, meaning a horse; a rough, coarse, crusty, crabbed, rude and boisterous horse—a horse of no refinement. And there is a sort of person who spells it "broncho." There are some ninety millions of such persons in this country alone. Probably the secondary meaning of the word, of hoarse or harsh, deceived them. They seem to think that a bronco is a horse afflicted with bronchitis, hay fever or phth—asthma, then. It is very annoying to me that this obstinate, unreasonable ninety million will persist in this provincial and disgusting usage, instead of conforming to the New Mexican standard. I do not hesitate to infer, believe and affirm that this sort of person eats peas with his knife; wears a celluloid collar and black trousers; is guilty of perjury, piracy on the high seas, bribery and corruption; does not write out his name, date and address in full; beats the hotels and his wife, or wives; tips his glass, but not the waiter; gambles, wins; quotes Mother Goose; pendulously dangles his loutish legs and furtively gobbles a plate of corned-beef hash in a John Street beanery—and works, maybe!

(Continued on Page 28)

We are Just a Trifle Sheepish Over Our Own Blatant Vindictiveness

The Sins of Prince Saradine

By G. K. CHESTERTON

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL F. FOSTER

When Flambeau took his month's holiday from his office in Westminster he took it in a small sailing boat, so small that it passed much of its time as a rowing boat. He took it, moreover, in little rivers in the eastern counties—rivers so small that the boat looked like a magic boat sailing on land through meadows and cornfields. The vessel was just comfortable for two people. There was room only for necessities and Flambeau had stocked it with such things as his special philosophy considered necessary. They reduced themselves apparently to four essentials: tins of salmon, if he should want to eat; loaded revolvers, if he should want to fight; a bottle of brandy, presumably in case he should faint; and a priest, presumably in case he should die. With this light luggage he crawled down the little Norfolk rivers, intending to reach the Broads at last, but meanwhile delighting in the overhanging gardens and meadows, the mirrored mansions or villages; lingering to fish in the pools and corners, and in some sense hugging the shore.

Like a true philosopher, Flambeau had no aim in his holiday; but, like a true philosopher, he had an excuse. He had a sort of half purpose, which he took just so seriously that its success would crown the holiday, but just so lightly that its failure would not spoil it. Years ago, when he had been a king of thieves and the most famous figure in Paris, he had often received wild communications of approval, denunciation and even love; but one had somehow stuck in his memory. It consisted simply of a visiting-card, in an envelope with an English postmark. On the back of the card was written in French and in green ink: "If you ever retire, and become respectable, come and see me. I want to meet you, for I have met all the other great men of my time. That trick of yours, of getting one detective to arrest the other, was the most splendid scene in French history." On the front of the card was engraved, in the formal fashion: "Prince Saradine, Reed House, Reed Island, Norfolk."

He had not troubled much about the prince then, beyond ascertaining that he had been a brilliant and fashionable figure in southern Italy. In his youth, it was said, he had eloped with a married woman of high rank. The escapade was scarcely startling in his social world, but it had clung to men's minds because of an additional tragedy—the alleged suicide of the insulted husband, who appeared to have flung himself over a precipice in Sicily. The prince then lived in Vienna for a time, but his more recent years seemed to have been passed in perpetual and restless travel. When Flambeau, like the prince himself, had left European celebrity and settled in England it occurred to him that he might pay a surprise visit to this eminent exile in the Norfolk Broads. Whether he should find the place he had no idea; and, indeed, it was sufficiently small and forgotten. As things fell out, he found it much sooner than he expected.

They had moored their boat one night under a bank veiled in high grasses and short pollarded trees. Sleep, after heavy sculling, had come to them early and by a corresponding accident they awoke before it was light. To speak more strictly, they awoke before it was daylight, for a lemon moon was only just setting in the forest of high grass above their heads and the sky was of a vivid violet-blue, nocturnal but bright. Both men had simultaneously a reminiscence of childhood, of the elfin and adventurous time when tall weeds close over us like wood. Standing up thus against the large, low moon, the daisies really seemed to be giant daisies, the dandelions to be giant dandelions. Somehow it reminded them of the dado of a nursery wall paper. The drop of the riverbed sufficed to sink them under the roots of all shrubs and flowers and make them gaze upward at the grass.

"By Jove!" said Flambeau. "It's like being in fairyland."

Father Brown sat bolt upright in the boat and crossed himself. His movement was so abrupt that his friend asked him, with a mild stare, what was the matter.

"The people who wrote the medieval ballads," answered the priest, "knew more about fairies than you do. It isn't only nice things that happen in fairyland."

"Oh, bosh!" said Flambeau. "Only nice things could happen under such an innocent moon. I am for pushing on now and seeing what does really come. We may die and rot before we ever see again such a moon—or such a mood."

"All right," said Father Brown. "I never said it was always wrong to enter fairyland. I only said it was always dangerous."

They pushed slowly up the brightening river. The glowing violet of the sky, the pale gold of the moon, grew fainter and fainter and faded into that vast colorless cosmos that precedes the colors of the dawn. When the first faint stripes of red and gold and gray split the horizon from end to end they were broken by the black bulk of a town or village, which sat on the river just ahead of them. It was already an easy twilight, in which all things were visible, when they came under the hanging roofs and bridges of this riverside hamlet. The houses, with their long, low-stooping roofs, seemed to come down to drink at the river like huge gray and red cattle. The broadening and whitening dawn had already turned to working daylight before they saw any living creature on the wharves and bridges of that silent town. Eventually they saw a very placid and prosperous man in his shirtsleeves, with a face as round as the recently sunken moon and rays of red whiskers around the low arc of it, who was leaning on a post above the sluggish tide. By an impulse not to be analyzed, Flambeau rose to his full height in the swaying boat and shouted at the man to ask if he knew Reed Island or Reed House. The prosperous man's smile grew slightly more expansive and he simply pointed up the river toward the next bend of it. Flambeau went ahead without further speech.

The boat took many such grassy corners and followed many such reedy and silent reaches of river; but before the search had become monotonous they had swung round a specially sharp angle and had come into the silence of a sort of pool or lake, the sight of which instinctively arrested them; for in the middle of this wider piece of water, fringed on every side with rushes, lay a long, low islet, along which ran a long, low house or bungalow, built of bamboo or some kind of tough tropic cane. The

upstanding rods of bamboo that made the walls were pale yellow, the sloping rods that made the roof were of darker red or brown; otherwise the long house was a thing of repetition and monotony. The early morning breeze rustled the reeds round the island and sang in the strange ribbed house as in a giant pan-pipe.

"By George!" cried Flambeau; "here is the place after all. Here is Reed Island if ever there was one. Here is Reed House if it is anywhere. I believe that fat man with whiskers was a fairy."

"Perhaps," remarked Father Brown impartially. "If he was he was a bad fairy."

Even as he spoke the impetuous Flambeau had run his boat ashore in the rattling reeds and they stood on the long, quaint islet, beside the odd and silent house.

The house stood with its back as it were to the river and the only landing stage; the main entrance was on the other side and looked down the long island garden. The visitors approached it, therefore, by a small path running round nearly three sides of the house, close under the low eaves. Through three different windows on three different sides they looked in on the same long, well-lit room, paneled in light wood, with a large number of looking-glasses, and laid out as for an elegant lunch. The front door, when they came round to it at last, was flanked by two turquoise-blue flower-pots. It was opened by a butler of the drearier type, long, lean, gray and listless, who murmured that Prince Saradine was away from home at present, but was expected hourly—the house being kept ready for him and his guests. The exhibition of the card with the scrawl of green ink awoke a flicker of life in the parchment face of this depressed retainer; and it was with a certain shaky courtesy that he suggested the strangers should remain. "His highness may be here any minute," he said, "and would be distressed to have just missed any gentleman he had invited. We have orders always to keep a little cold lunch for him and his friends, and I am sure he would wish it to be offered."

Moved with curiosity to this minor adventure, Flambeau assented gracefully and followed the old man, who ushered him ceremoniously into the long, lightly paneled room. There was nothing notable about it except the rather unusual alternation of many long, low windows with many long, low oblongs of looking-glass, which gave a singular air of lightness and unsubstantialness to the room. It was somehow like lunching out of doors. One or two pictures of a quiet kind hung in the corners—one a large gray photograph of a very young man in uniform; another a red chalk sketch of two long-haired boys. Asked by Flambeau whether the soldierly person was the prince, the butler answered shortly in the negative. It was the prince's younger brother, Captain Stephen Saradine, he said; and with that the old man seemed to dry up suddenly and lose all taste for conversation.

After lunch had tailed off with exquisite coffee and liqueurs, the guests were introduced to the garden, the library and the housekeeper—a dark, handsome lady, of no little majesty and rather like a Plutonic madonna. It appeared that she and the butler were the only survivors of the prince's original foreign ménage, all the other servants now in the house being new and collected in Norfolk by the housekeeper. This lady went by the name of Mrs. Anthony, but she spoke with a slight Italian accent and Flambeau did not doubt that Anthony was a Norfolk version of some more Latin name. Mr. Paul, the butler, also had a faintly foreign air, but he was in tongue and training English, as are many of the most polished menservants of the cosmopolitan nobility.

Pretty and unique as it was, the place had about it a curious luminous sadness. Hours passed in it like days. The long, well-windowed rooms were full of daylight, but it seemed a dead daylight; and through all other incidental noises—the sound of talk, the clink of glasses or the passing feet of servants—they could hear on all sides of the house the melancholy noise of the river.

"We have taken a wrong turning and come to a wrong place," said Father Brown, looking out of the window at the gray-green sedges and the silver flood. "Never mind. One can sometimes do good by being the right person in the wrong place."

Father Brown, though commonly silent, was an oddly sympathetic little man; and in those few but endless hours he unconsciously sank deeper into the secrets of

He Had Little Nervous Tricks, Like a Man Shaken by Drink or Drugs

Reed House than his professional friend. He had that knack of friendly silence which is so essential to gossip; and, saying scarcely a word, he probably obtained from his new acquaintances all that in any case they would have told. The butler, indeed, was naturally uncommunicative. He betrayed a sullen and almost animal affection for his master, who, he said, had been very badly treated. The chief offender seemed to be his highness' brother, whose name alone would lengthen the old man's lantern jaws and pucker his parrot nose into a sneer. Captain Stephen was a ne'er-do-well, apparently, and had drained his benevolent brother of hundreds and thousands, forced him to fly from fashionable life and live quietly in this retreat. That was all Paul the butler would say, and Paul was obviously a partisan.

The Italian housekeeper was somewhat more communicative, being—as Brown fancied—somewhat less content. Her tone about her master was faintly acid, though not without a certain awe. Flambeau and his friend were standing in the room of the looking-glasses, examining the red sketch of the two boys, when the housekeeper swept in swiftly on some domestic errand. It was a peculiarity of this glittering, glass-paneled place that any one entering was reflected in four or five mirrors at once. Father Brown, without turning round, stopped in the middle of a sentence of family criticism; but Flambeau, who had his face close up to the picture, was already saying in a loud voice: "The brothers Saradine, I suppose. They both look innocent enough. It would be hard to say which is the good brother and which the bad." Then, realizing the lady's presence, he turned the conversation with some triviality and strolled out into the garden; but Father Brown still gazed steadily at the red crayon sketch—and Mrs. Anthony still gazed steadily at Father Brown.

She had large and tragic brown eyes, and her olive face glowed darkly with a curious and painful wonder, as of one doubtful of a stranger's identity or purpose. Whether the little priest's coat and creed touched some Southern memories of confession, or whether she fancied he knew more than he did, she said to him in a low voice, as to a fellow plotter: "He is right enough in one way—your friend. He says it would be hard to pick out the good and the bad brother. Oh, it would be hard—it would be mighty hard—to pick out the good one."

"I don't understand you," said Father Brown; and he began to move away.

The woman took a step nearer to him, with thunderous brows and a sort of savage stoop, like a bull lowering his horns.

"There isn't a good one!" she hissed. "There was badness enough in the captain's taking all that money; but I don't think there was much goodness in the prince's giving it. The captain's not the only one with something against him."

A light dawned on the cleric's averted face and his mouth formed soundlessly the word "blackmail." Even as he did so the woman turned an abrupt white face over her shoulder and almost fell. The door had opened soundlessly and the pale Paul stood like a ghost in the doorway. By the weird trick of the reflecting walls it seemed as if five Pauls had entered by five doors simultaneously.

"His highness has just arrived," he said.

In the same flash the figure of a man had passed outside the first window, crossing the sunlit pane like a lighted stage. An instant later he passed at the second window; that and the third window and the many mirrors repainted in successive frames the same eagle profile and marching figure. He was erect and alert, but his hair was white and his complexion of an odd ivory yellow. He had that short, curved Roman nose which generally goes with long, lean cheeks and chin, but these were partly masked by a mustache and imperial. The mustache was much darker than the beard, giving an effect slightly theatrical; and he was dressed up to the same dashing part, having a white top hat, an orchid in his coat, a yellow waistcoat, and yellow gloves which he flapped and swung as he walked. When he came round to the front door they heard the stiff Paul open it and heard the new arrival say cheerfully: "Well, you see I have come." The stiff Mr. Paul bowed and answered in his inaudible manner; for a few minutes their conversation could not be heard. Then the butler said: "Everything is at your disposal"; and the glove-flapping Prince Saradine came gayly into the room to greet them. They beheld once more that spectral scene—five princes entering a room with five doors.

The prince put the white hat and yellow gloves on the table and offered his hand quite cordially.

"Delighted to see you here, Mr. Flambeau," he said. "Know you very well by reputation—if that's not an indiscreet remark."

"Not at all," answered Flambeau, laughing. "I am not sensitive. Few reputations are gained by unsullied virtue."

The prince flashed a sharp look at him to see if the retort had any personal point; then he laughed also and offered chairs to every one, including himself.

"Pleasant little place, this, I think," he said with a detached air. "Not much to do, I fear; but the fishing is really good."

The priest, who was staring at him with the grave stare of a baby, was haunted by some fancy that escaped definition. He looked at the gray, carefully curled hair, yellow-white visage and slim, somewhat foppish figure. These were not unnatural, though perhaps a shade *prononcé*, like the outfit of a figure behind the footlights. The nameless interest lay in something else—in the very framework of the face. Brown was tormented with a half memory of having seen it somewhere before. The man looked like some old friend of his dressed up. Then he suddenly remembered the mirrors and put his fancy down to some psychological effect of that multiplication of human masks.

Prince Saradine distributed his social attentions between his guests with great gayety and tact. Finding the detective of a sporting turn and eager to employ his holiday, he guided Flambeau and Flambeau's boat down to the best fishing spot in the stream and was back in his own canoe in twenty minutes to join Father Brown in the library and plunge equally politely into the priest's more philosophic pleasures. He seemed to know a great deal about both the fishing and the books, though of these not the most edifying; he spoke five or six languages, though chiefly the slang of each. He had evidently lived in many cities and very motley societies, for some of his cheerfulest stories were about gambling hells and opium dens, Australian bushrangers or Italian brigands. Father Brown knew that the once celebrated Saradine had spent his last few years in almost ceaseless travel, but he had not guessed that the travels were so disreputable or so amusing.

Indeed, with all his dignity of a man of the world, Prince Saradine radiated—to such sensitive observers as the priest—a certain atmosphere of the restless and even the unreliable. His face was fastidious but his eye was mild. He had little nervous tricks, like a man shaken by drink or drugs; and he neither had nor professed to have his hand

on the helm of household affairs. All these were left to the two old servants, especially to the butler, who was plainly the central pillar of the house. Mr. Paul, indeed, was not so much a butler as a sort of steward or even chamberlain: he dined privately but with almost as much pomp as his master; he was feared by all the servants; and he consulted with the prince decorously but somewhat unbendingly—rather as if he were the prince's solicitor. The somber housekeeper was a mere shadow in comparison. Indeed, she seemed to efface herself and wait only on the butler; and Brown heard no more of those volcanic whispers which had half told him of the younger brother who blackmailed the elder. Whether the prince was really being thus bled by the absent captain, he could not be certain; but there was something insecure and secretive about Saradine that made the tale by no means incredible.

When they went once more into the long hall with the windows and the mirrors, yellowing evening was dropping over the waters and the willowy banks; and a bittern sounded in the distance, like an elf upon his dwarfish drum. The same singular sentiment of some sad and evil fairyland crossed the priest's mind again like a little gray cloud. "I wish Flambeau were back," he muttered.

"Do you believe in doom?" asked the restless Prince Saradine suddenly.

"No," answered his guest. "I believe in Doomsday."

The prince turned from the window and stared at him in a singular manner, his face in shadow against the sunset. "What do you mean?" he asked.

"I mean that here we are on the wrong side of the tapestry," answered Father Brown. "The things that happen here do not seem to mean anything; they mean something somewhere else. Somewhere else retribution will come on the real offender. Here it often seems to fall on the wrong person."

The prince made an inexplicable noise like an animal's; in his shadowed face the eyes were shining queerly. A new and shrewd thought exploded silently in the other's mind. Was there another meaning in Saradine's blend of brilliancy and abruptness? Was the prince was he perfectly sane? He was repeating, "The wrong person the wrong person!" many more times than was natural in a social exclamation.

Then Father Brown awoke tardily to a second truth. In the mirrors before him he could see the silent door standing open—and the silent Mr. Paul standing in it, with his usual pallid impassiveness.

"I thought it better to announce at once," he said, with the same stiff respectfulness as of an old family lawyer; "a boat rowed by six men has come to the landing stage and there's a gentleman sitting in the stern."

"A boat!" repeated the prince—"A gentleman?"—and he rose to his feet.

There was a startled silence, punctuated only by the odd noise of the bird in the sedge; then, before any one could speak again, a new face and figure passed in profile round the three sunlit windows, as the prince had passed an hour or two before; but, except for the accident that both outlines were aquiline, they had little in common. Instead of the new white topper of Saradine there was a black one of antiquated or foreign shape; under it was a young and very solemn face, clean shaven, blue about its resolute chin and carrying a faint suggestion of the young Napoleon. The association was assisted by something old and odd about the whole getup—as of a man who had never troubled to change the fashions of his fathers. He had a shabby blue frock coat, a red soldierly looking waistcoat and a kind of coarse white trousers, common among the early Victorians but strangely incongruous today. From all this old-clothes shop his olive face stood out strangely young and monstrously sincere.

"The deuce!" said Prince Saradine; and clapping on his white hat he went to the front door himself, flinging it open on the sunset garden.

By that time the newcomer and his followers were drawn up on the lawn like a small stage army. The six boatmen had pulled the boat well up on the shore and were guarding it almost menacingly, holding their oars erect like spears. They were swarthy men and some of them wore earrings. One of them stood forward beside the olive-faced young man in the red waistcoat and carried a large black case of unfamiliar shape.

"Your name," said the young man, "is Saradine?"

Saradine assented rather negligently.

The newcomer had dull, doglike brown eyes, as different as possible from the restless and glittering gray eyes of the prince. Once again Father Brown was tortured with a sense of having seen somewhere a replica of the face and once again he remembered the repetitions of the glass-paneled room—and put down the coincidence to that. "Confound this crystal palace!" he muttered. "One sees everything too many times. It's like a dream."

"If you are Saradine," said the young man, "I may tell you that my name is Antonelli."

"Antonelli," repeated the Prince languidly—"somehow I remember the name."

"Permit me to present myself," said the young Italian.

With his left hand he politely took off his old-fashioned top hat; with his right he caught Prince Saradine so ringing a crack across the face that the white top hat rolled down the steps and one of the blue flower-pots rocked upon its pedestal.

The prince, whatever he was, was evidently not a coward; he sprang at his enemy's throat and almost bore him backward on the grass. But his enemy extricated himself with a singularly inappropriate air of hurried politeness.

"That is all right," he said, panting and in halting English. "I have insulted. I will give satisfaction. Marco, open the case."

The man beside him, with the earrings and the big black case, proceeded to unlock it. He took out of it two long Italian rapiers, with splendid steel hilts and blades, which he planted point downward in the lawn. The strange young man standing facing the entrance with his yellow and vindictive face, the two swords standing up in the turf like two crosses in a cemetery, and the line of the ranked rowers behind gave it all an odd appearance of being some barbaric court of justice. Everything else was unchanged, so sudden had been the irruption. The sunset gold still glowed on the lawn and the bittern still boomed, as announcing some small but dreadful destiny

"Prince Saradine," said the man called Antonelli, "when I was an infant in the cradle you killed my father and stole my mother; my father was the more fortunate. You did not kill him fairly, as I am going to kill you. You and my wicked mother took him driving to a lonely pass in Sicily, flung him down a cliff and went on your way. I could imitate you if I chose; but imitating you is too vile. I have followed you all over the world and you have always fled from me. But this is the end of the world—and of you. I have you now—and I give you the chance you never gave my father. Choose one of those swords!"

Prince Saradine, with contracted brows, seemed to hesitate a moment; but his ears were still singing with the blow and he sprang forward and snatched at once at the hilts. Father Brown had also sprung forward, striving to compose the dispute; but he soon found his personal presence made matters worse.

Saradine was a fierce atheist, and a priest moved him by the law of contraries. As for the other man, neither priest nor layman moved him at all. This young man with the Bonaparte face and the brown eyes was something far sterner than a Puritan—a pagan. He was a simple slayer from the morning of the earth; a man of the Stone Age: a man of stone.

One hope remained, the summoning of the household; and Father Brown ran back into the house. He found, however, that all the under servants had been given a holiday ashore by the autocrat Paul and that only the somber Mrs. Anthony moved uneasily about the long rooms. But the moment she turned a ghastly face upon him he solved one of the riddles of the house of mirrors. The heavy brown eyes of Antonelli were the heavy brown eyes of Mrs. Anthony; and in a flash he saw half the story. This was the wife that had fled with Saradine and left an avenger in the cradle.

"Your son is outside," he said, without wasting words. "Either he or the prince will be killed. Where is Mr. Paul?"

"He is at the landing stage," said the woman faintly. "He is—he is—signaling for help."

"Mrs. Anthony," said Father Brown seriously, "there is no time for nonsense. My friend has his boat down the river fishing. Your son's boat is guarded by your son's men. There is only one canoe; what is Mr. Paul doing with it?"

"Santa Maria! I do not know!" she said, and swooned all her length on the matted floor.

Father Brown lifted her to a sofa, flung a pot of water over her, shouted for help and then rushed down to the landing stage of the little island. The canoe was already in midstream and old Paul was pulling and pushing it up the river with an energy incredible at his years.

"I will save my master!" he cried, his eyes blazing maniacally. "I will save him yet."

Father Brown could do nothing but gaze after the boat as it struggled upstream and pray that the old man might waken the little town in time.

"A duel is bad enough," he muttered, rubbing up his rough dust-colored hair, "but there's something wrong about this duel, even as a duel. I feel it in my bones. But what can it be?"

As he stood staring at the water, a wavering mirror of sunset, he heard from the other end of the island garden a small but unmistakable sound—the cold concussion of steel. He turned his head.

Away on the farthest cape or headland of the long islet, on a strip of turf beyond the last rank of roses, the duelists had already crossed swords. Evening above them was a dome of virgin gold and, distant as they were, every detail was picked out. They had cast off their coats, but the yellow waistcoat of the prince and white trousers of Antonelli glittered in the level light like the colors of the dancing clockwork dolls. The two swords sparkled from point to pommel like two diamond pins. There was something frightful in the two figures appearing so little and so gay. They looked like two butterflies trying to pin each other to a cork.

Father Brown ran as hard as he could, his little legs going like a wheel. When he came to the field of combat he found he was both too late and too early—too late to stop the strife, under the shadow of the grim Sicilians

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"Paul, Prince Saradine, à Vos Ordres"

THE COMPOSITE CITIZEN

How He Can Have a Direct Voice in the Government

By Senator Jonathan Bourne, Jr.

CHIEF among the advantages of the initiative and referendum is the unlimited field afforded for individual and community development. Direct legislation establishes equal opportunity in government, for it places in the hands of every man the same machinery for accomplishment that every other man enjoys. It opens the way for men of good ideas and enables the whole community to secure the advantages arising from advanced thought.

Suppression of the individual is one of the results of delegated government; development of the individual necessarily follows adoption of popular government, of which the initiative and referendum constitute the foundation. Suppression of the individual is seen in every convention and every legislative body—city, state and national.

The great masses of the people are always more advanced in thought and ideals than a majority of men who secure positions of power in conventions or legislative halls. This has been demonstrated in numerous instances, which will readily suggest themselves to the minds of readers of this assertion. For instance, throughout the United States there is overwhelming public opinion, carefully formed, in favor of popular election of United States Senators. That opinion has existed in the minds of the people for a decade or more; yet party conventions have failed to indorse the principle and Congress has failed to submit an amendment to the Constitution in accordance with the popular will. The people of the country realize that no man can be elected United States Senator by an uninstructed legislature unless he knows the individual members to whom he is primarily obligated for his election—and, what is still worse, in many instances, unless he knows the political boss, campaign contributor or special interest dominating a number of legislative members sufficient to prevent his election unless there is agreement, express or implied, to favor and protect with national legislation the dominant interest. The people of the country desire to destroy this obligation to individuals and substitute therefor an obligation to the composite citizen; but a majority of members of the Senate have not yet advanced to this ideal of governmental accountability.

How Legislators Hinder Progress

ALWAYS there are a few intellectual leaders who are in advance of the masses of the people; but the practical workings of delegated government are such that the masses of the people are always in advance of those individuals who secure political but not intellectual leadership. "Practical politics," under a system of delegated government, brings into power men who are guided more by selfish interest than by general welfare. Popular government reverses this condition and gives power to intellectual leaders rather than to men whose success is due to skill as "practical politicians."

Occasionally there arises a man who is not only an intellectual leader but also a practical politician of such ability as to secure adoption of his ideas, even under a system of delegated government; but these instances are rare. Though working with the old tools of government, an intellectual leader in Wisconsin was able to secure practical adoption of many of his ideas. Greater and earlier success would have attended his efforts if direct legislation had afforded him a means of appealing direct to the people of his state.

The power of direct legislation under the initiative and referendum is the practical machinery of intellectual leadership. Without that machinery the intellectual leader is in most cases powerless. How often have we seen this illustrated in conventions and legislatures. Occasionally a man with advanced ideas secures a seat in a party convention, though usually men of that kind are not wanted by the leaders who make slates of delegates; but when the man of originality and progress gets into a convention he finds himself powerless. If he wishes his party to incorporate in its platform a plank embodying an advanced principle in government he formulates a resolution for that purpose; and, under the rules, that resolution goes to a committee without having been read to the convention. The committee have been carefully selected in advance after consultation among men who, because of their skill in "practical politics," are able to manipulate conventions. Members of the committee know the men to whom they owe their selection and the interests back of the organization. Their action upon the resolution submitted by the progressive delegate is, therefore, in accordance with the wishes of the interests they represent; and when the party platform is read it contains no indorsement of the new idea unless popular demand has forced its adoption. A convention is less progressive than the people; a committee on resolutions is less progressive than a convention; hence the strangulation of new ideas in a convention.

Legislatures that, in theory, represent the people generally prove to be less advanced in thought than the people themselves. Though legislators are elected by the people, they are in most states nominated by conventions controlled by "practical politicians" backed by campaign contributors. Hence members of a legislature feel an obligation to certain known individuals and their first act is to coöperate with those individuals in the organization of the legislature. This organization includes the appointment of standing committees, which appointments are usually made after consultation with the same "practical politicians" who controlled the nominating conventions, with the result that important committees are so constituted as to make protection of special interests certain. Then, when the legislator with advanced ideas introduces a bill for promotion of the general welfare as against special interest, the bill goes to a committee representing special interest and there remains until the close of the session; or, if reported at all, comes to light too late for action or with amendments that change its character. This procedure has been witnessed in every legislature in every state. Applying to a legislature the statement in the last preceding paragraph—a legislature is less progressive than the people; a "graveyard committee" is less progressive than a legislature; hence the strangulation of new ideas in a legislative body.

On the other hand, direct legislation encourages individual development. Under the initiative any man can secure the submission of his ideas to a vote of all the people provided eight per cent of the people sign a petition asking that the measure he proposes be so submitted. There is no opportunity for secret strangulation. In practical operation eight per cent of the people join in introducing a bill before the legislative body composed of all the people. Under the Oregon system the bill is printed in full in a pamphlet, with a title exactly like the title that will appear upon the official ballot at the general election. The friends and opponents can insert in the pamphlet arguments supporting or opposing the measure, paying therefor the cost of paper and printing only. These pamphlets are printed by the state and a copy mailed to each registered voter fifty-five days before a general election or twenty days before a special election.

The Initiative in Oregon

IN ORDER that readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST may understand exactly how the people of Oregon vote upon measures submitted to them, I reproduce here a copy of that portion of one of our official ballots containing the title of one of the measures, with the place indicated for the voter to mark his ballot. If he wishes to vote for the bill he makes an X before the word "Yes" and if he wishes to vote against it he makes an X before the word "No":

A bill for a law to amend the direct primary law by extending its provisions to Presidential nominations, allowing voters to designate their choice for their party candidates for President and Vice-President; for direct nomination of party candidates for Presidential electors; for election by party voters of delegates to their party national nominating conventions, each voter voting for one delegate; for payment of delegates' actual traveling expenses, not exceeding two hundred dollars for each delegate, and extending the publicity rights of candidates in the state nominating and general election campaign books.

Vote YES or NO.

356. Yes.

357. No.

Since the voter has a full copy of the bill with the ballot title fifty-five days before election, he has ample opportunity to familiarize himself with the bill and title before he goes to the polls. Members of legislatures are frequently compelled to vote upon bills in which amendments have been inserted after the bills were printed and whose contents cannot, therefore, be thoroughly understood. It is

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Billy Fortune and the Able-Minded Lady

By WILLIAM R. LIGHTON

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE P. HOSKINS

II

IF I COULD have my way about it I wouldn't let anybody tell anybody any lies whatever. No, honest I wouldn't. I don't see why a man that's handy at inventin' lies couldn't just as well spend his time makin' up the truth. Wouldn't it give you a fine, easy, comfortable feelin' not to have any of your yesterday's lies hangin' on to your mind today or tomorrow when you wanted to tell a different one? Don't that bother you? It does me.

It would be a heap humdrum, though, wouldn't it? Haven't you knew some right capable liars that would've been plumb tedious tryin' to tell the truth? And wouldn't it be a pity to ruin a good man for the only thing he's good for? Can't a real live liar mostly find some way out of it besides turnin' religious? I always could. No; I don't know as I'd change things from the way they are after all.

I reckon I was a liar, wasn't I? I'd said "Yes'm" to both of 'em, the Able-Minded Lady and the girl; and each of 'em had meant a different thing. And I'd meant both of 'em when I said 'em. Of course you might say each of 'em was true when I said 'em; but one or the other was bound to turn out a lie after a bit. Ain't that good arithmetic? And if one of 'em was a lie wasn't I a liar? That's the way it would have struck me, mebbe, if I'd stopped to think about it.

Never mind. You fix it up to suit yourself. I don't care. It didn't worry me none then, that part of it. I was too busy. A careless liar is just the very busiest man in this busy little old world when his lies start to crossin' each other's trails. And the funny thing is that when you turn a brisk young lie loose it never seems to have any place to go to, so it just wobbles around; and if there's two of 'em loose on the same subject they're just bound to run up against each other pretty soon, like a couple of strange pups, and commence to frisk around together. Mine did.

I took that Daphne girl's letter and sent it off. Started it off, I mean. The mail stage run right past the end of our lane three times a week; but I knew if old Uncle Jacob was to pick such a lookin' letter out of our box he'd scatter the news all over the country. So I packed it five miles across the range the first chance I got and give it to a nigger sheep-herder that couldn't read, and paid him four bits to tote it over to the next stage-line on the other side of the hills and to keep his mouth shut. One of the best ways I know of to stop the talk is not to let it start. I thought I'd fixed it real well too. A nigger that spends his time herdin' sheep out in the lonesome sagebrush didn't seem to me as if he was liable to keep anything on his mind so very long anyway.

"See here," I says to him: "it's right particular that you hurry up and forget this just as soon as you get her sent, because it's to my girl down to Cheyenne and there's another chap that's fair frothin' at the mouth with jealousness about it. See? And there's likely to be more of 'em, every week or so, at four bits a clip, if you manage this one right. But if you don't do the way I tell you the other lad's goin' to drop in on you some night and cut your throat all the way round, besides mine and the girl's too. He's red-headed and awful rough in his habits. See?"

I guess that was a sort of a foolish way to start out to make him forget about it, wasn't it? But I kind of wanted to impress it on him that he had it to do. That seemed the best way I could think of because I knew a nigger always hates to have his throat cut. How was I to know that this was a terrible dumb nigger? You'll notice that between my brightness and the nigger's dumbness we got the business some balled up.

He took the letter from me, settin' on the tongue of his sheep-wagon and lookin' at it a while. Then he tucked it down inside the front of his torn old blue-flannel shirt.

"Ya-as, boss," says he, "I'll sure remember."

"You will, will you?" says I. "Well, all right, Pink, so long as you remember that that ain't what I told you to do at all. It's up to you now."

It was the middle of the afternoon when I got back home and the widow and Daphne Meadows was settin' out on the back porch step, soakin' in the warm sun right beside each other. From away down in the barn lot I could see 'em while I was throwin' off my saddle; but I had to take another look to make sure. "Well, now what?" I says to myself. It was the first time the girl had come out in plain sight when the Able-Minded Lady was around. There she was, just like I'd seen her the last time. But that wasn't the trouble. The widow, she was the one to blame.

She'd shucked her corduroys and her boots and her straight, tight wad of hair. I don't know where she'd dug it up, but she had on a dress. I wish I could tell you about that dress. It was none of your pale blues. She knew too much to put pale blue on her bigness. I don't know what color it was. If you're used to gettin' up before day you've noticed somethin' like it along the edge of the sky, when the stars are just beginnin' to blink out, warm and soft and quiet, before it's started to turn pink and gorgeous. It don't look so bad, does it now? Well, that's what she had on, and it suited her. I know it did, because when I'd turned out my pony I started up the path to the house without knowin' what I was goin' for, but just lookin' at her.

The closer I got the more I couldn't make it out. If she'd made that dress herself she must have had a real slick picture to go by. You can tell. The sleeves only come down to her elbows and there was considerable drop-stitch up in front so as to show her neck. The color of it wasn't like the girl's neck, just pretty white and pink, but brown and warm and healthy-lookin'. Answer quick, now: Which color do you like the most in a woman's neck? Yes, I reckoned it would make you stop and study. And she had on a real nice pair of shoes, the patent-leather kind, with a couple of shiny buckles on 'em. And her hair—I didn't know she had so much—a big stack of it all fussed up on top of her head, with a red geranium stuck in it from the box in front of the dinin'-room window and all full of warm, healthy-lookin' shadows in the sun. Nor I hadn't ever noticed she had such red lips, nor her straight teeth, nor the funny way her black eyebrows turned up at the corners, nor heaps of little things like that. She'd certainly fixed herself up awful different. And listen: Right then, with the woman of her showin' that way, I didn't blame that bunch of husbands of hers, not a speck.

I didn't know what I was walkin' up to the house for; but I couldn't think of anything to go back for, neither, so I just kept on. The widow, she was watchin' me comin', with her head leanin' back against the post and a kind of a lazy shine in her eyes, like she knew I was noticin' and it tickled her.

Both of 'em kept right still till I got up close. It ain't often I feel bothered by a woman, but I did then, with my hair all roughed up by the wind, and the dust on my boots, and my shirt tore where the wire had grabbed it and not a blessed thing in my mind to say. I was real grateful when the Able-Minded Lady spoke first.

"Miss Meadows," she says, "I want you to know Mr. Billy Fortune. He's my foreman and everything else about the ranch just now. Miss Meadows is my niece," she says to me, "and she's come out here for her health." She said it just as if me and the girl was a couple of rank strangers and our knowin' about each other was to start from right then. That helped some too. It let us start one of those nice, bright lines of talk about how glad we was to meet up with each other, and such a lovely day, and me hopin' her health would get better right soon, and her guessin' it would, thanks. I hate that kind of conversations; I never seem able to get 'em broke off after they're agoin'. This one seemed as if it was liable to run on for quite a spell, but the widow helped us to let loose of it.

"Billy," she says in a minute, "while the weather holds so good I want Daphne to be outdoors all she can. It'll do her more good than anything. You can take her horseback with you while you're ridin' fences once in a while. You won't mind that, will you? This afternoon we're going down the creek a ways and take our supper along. We'll start as soon as you can hitch up to the mountain wagon. The chores can wait till we get back."

It was a pretty place we went to—a spring, and big pines, and a high pile of gray rocks up one side with some old-lookin' cedars growin' out of 'em, and lots of different things scattered around to interest you. I got the horses staked out, and then the widow made me come and set down with 'em where she'd fixed up a snug little nest for the girl with some cushions and shawls in between two big rocks. It seemed to be just the very place where she belonged, with the wind shut away from her and the sunshine all over her, and nothin' to do but just be comfortable while other folks took care of things. It wouldn't have seemed right, somehow, to see her bustlin' round. You've knew that kind, haven't you? And mebbe you've knew the other kind too—the big, strong, able ones that fixes the shawls and cushions and then gets out and rustles the pine knots for buildin' the fire to make the coffee with. The widow she had the fire goin' when I got back to 'em, and she was layin' out the lunch on a big flat stone beside the spring. After I'd brought some more wood she straightened up and looked around.

"I've always been fond of this place," she says. "Right here in this very spot was where me and my first husband stood when he asked me to marry him. I always remember it when I come here. It's funny the way love makes such things seem different to you, ain't it?"

That seemed as if it sort of needed an answer, didn't it? But neither me nor the girl said anything. She was lookin' in the fire, with her little soft chin tucked down in the wrap she had around her shoulders so a body couldn't tell what she was thinkin' about. The thing that struck me was somethin' it wouldn't

"He's Red-Headed and Awful Rough in His Habits. See?"

I Was Takin' a Little Snack When Here He Come

hardly have done to say to her, I expect. I was thinkin' she must have the geography all speckled over with places that seemed different to her by this time, not countin' any but her husbands. But you can't be rude to a lady, can you? Me and the girl just kept still and waited. The widow she bent over and give the coffee a stir.

"They say it's love that makes the world go round," says she. "And that's gospel-true, ain't it, Billy?"

What right had she got draggin' me into her reflections when there was another woman around? A man can't do himself justice that way. My sinful soul! Didn't I know that what she said was the truth? Hadn't I been in love, all my whole life, with hundreds and hundreds of 'em? If it had been just me and the Able-Minded Lady I could have held up my end of the talk. But let me tell you something: When there's two of 'em present the only way to play safe is just to act ignorant. So I couldn't do nothing but grin.

"Yes'm," says I, "I guess so."

After that the widow begun to fix the plates for us with the cold meat and the pickles and truck. It was a still sort of a supper, with the girl mostly doin' her own meditatin' to herself and me and the widow ramblin' along about gettin' the new corrals built, and the last of the colts branded, and some more help, and suchlike. Neither one of us seemed to be takin' much interest. By and by she stuck the dishes back in the basket and got up.

"It's gettin' late," says she. "We've got to go pretty soon. But I'm goin' to see what it looks like just once more from the top of the rocks before we start home. You stay here, Billy, till I come."

We watched her goin' up the rough side of the hill with her dress held up around her ankles, takin' those long, easy steps of hers. Somehow she wasn't one of the women a man would think of helpin' by the hand over the rocks, no matter what kind of clothes she'd have on; the chances are he'd have to go some himself to keep up with her. I was wonderin' what kind of a climber her first husband had been when the girl spoke to me.

"Isn't Aunty a fine-looking woman?" she says in her soft little kitten's voice.

I turned around and looked at her. She'd waked up out of her study, lettin' her shawls drop away from her and settin' up straight. There was a new shine in her eyes and the pink was comin' up in her cheeks bright and strong, like when the day's just takin' a good start on a clear morning. A man certainly can't explain himself, can he? A minute ago I'd been thinkin' the very thing the girl was sayin'; but Aunty was out of sight by this time and the girl was awful close.

"I ain't noticin' Aunty much right now," says I.

She got the least bit pinker and a cunnin' little dimple come out at the corner of her pretty little bit of a mouth. I guess she wasn't cross with me. But it didn't make her bashful none, either, because she kept her eyes on me steady.

"Billy, come here," she says after a minute. "Come over close. Right there, with your back up against this stone where I can look at you. There, there! That's close enough. Now, then, I want you to tell me the truth about something, will you?—something awfully important."

The dimples had all gone away; but the pink hadn't, nor the brightness. You could see she wasn't jokin', even if it does sound like a joke for her to ask me that. How could she know I was one of the best plain and fancy liars in Wyoming?"

"Why, yes, I will," says I, "if it ain't too important."

"This is what I want to know," she says: "I want to know if you're respectable. There's nobody I can ask but you, and I want you to tell me exactly. Are you?"

"What?" says I. "I don't quite get you."

"I mean," says she, "have you got a good reputation?"

"Who? Me?" says I. "Oh, yes, ma'am! I certainly have." That seemed the best thing for me to say, didn't it? I certainly have too—for several things. There's hardly anybody can throw and tie a steer quicker than me; and they say I'll take bigger fool chances than 'most anybody in a game of draw. And I can roll a cigarette with one hand, settin' in the saddle with my horse on a dead run; and—oh, lots of different things. She hadn't told me just what kind of a reputation she was inquirin' about.

Her next question kind of stuck in her throat, but she got it out after a bit, with the pink in her cheeks turnin' to red. "Billy," says she, "would it be safe for a girl to fall in love with you?"

You tell me what you're used to sayin' when a pretty girl asks you that question, will you? I don't mind ownin' up that she had me worried. It struck me at first that mebbe her bad health had gone to her head; but she didn't look like one of them kind of invalids. And she had me plumb satisfied that she wasn't just foolin'. I couldn't make out what she was after nor what to say to her. I had a notion to tell her that lots and lots of 'em had been perfectly safe tryin' it; but that didn't seem like just the right answer, did it? Confused? Yes, sir, I was confused. Before I'd got it straightened out in my mind what to say the girl saved me the trouble.

"This is what I mean, Billy," says she. "I told you the other day about my sweetheart and about their sending me up here to get me away from him. They think if they keep me away from him I'll forget about being so fond of him. I know I won't though. Not forever. I love him so much that I'll just die if I can't have him. But I want them to think I'm forgetting him. Do you see?"

Wouldn't that get you? I leaned my head up against the cool rock, shuttin' my eyes. I felt as if a quiet little cow-pony had took a sudden notion to buck me off and I'd lit upside down on the hard ground. Soon as I could hear good again this is what she was sayin':

"You won't mind, will you, Billy? I want her to think I'm fallin' in love with you. You'll let me, won't you? Billy dear, you will, won't you?" The dimples was croppin' out again, fit to coax the heart out of a wooden Indian. "It won't be so hard for Aunty to believe," says she. "You're not at all bad-looking, you know. And don't you see how it will be? When Aunty tells them what's happening they'll have to take me back home again to get me away from you!" And then this was the way the talk went on, with her doin' every last bit of it and me not sayin' a single word.

"Aunty's coming back!" says she. "Oh, Billy, listen—quick! You'll do it for me, won't you? I'll do anything in this world for you if you will. Just when we're around where she is, you know, we're to act as if we were falling in love with each other—or just going to begin to. You know, don't you? Only you must be nice about it. She's where she can see us now. You might reach out and put your hand on mine, just for a teeny minute. No, no—don't squeeze! There—let go. Oh, Billy, thank you!"

Ain't a woman a funny proposition? She's funnier than a man some ways, ain't she? No, it ain't the girl I'm thinkin' about now; it's the Able-Minded Lady.

Wasn't that just the very thing she'd told me to do herself? And wasn't I doin' it for all she knew? I certainly was. Comin' down on us from the hill and catchin' a look at us, me holdin' on to the Daphne girl's little hand, what way did she have of tellin' that it was nothin' but a show we was makin' up for her? Wouldn't you think she'd have been real pleased with me for doin' what she'd said she wanted me to? Of course! Yes; only she wasn't.

She come down on a snort. "What are you loafin' for, Billy?" says she. "Didn't I tell you to get that team hitched up? Do you want to have us till dark night gettin' back?" All the lazy softness was clean gone out of her voice and she was talkin' bass again; and when I looked up at her face the thing I noticed first wasn't her red lips nor her turned-up eyebrows, but her great big sunburnt nose and her square man's chin. "My soul!" says she; "ain't there one of you that knows how to act responsible when a body's back's turned? Have I got to whirl in and hitch up the team myself? For goodness' sake stir around!"

All the time I was doin' it I had to keep my back turned toward her to hide the dry grins; and all the way back to the house I set up on my seat lookin' straight between the horses' heads—and even at that I was scared that my grin would show around in the back behind my ears. They sure had me amused, them two.

It was just about as lively a ride as that first one. Once or twice I could hear the girl purrin' somethin' soft, like she was tryin' to coax Aunty to be friends with her; but the Able-Minded Lady snapped her off short, sour as an old hen with the earache. All the way in she was tappin' with her shoe on the boards in the bottom of the wagon; and when we got there I hadn't hardly got the harness off before she'd changed back to her boots and corduroys and was out in the lot with the milkpail. She never said a word to me all the time we was chorin' round, nor not till a good bit after I'd got through and was settin' in the bunkhouse by myself, cleanin' up my six-shooter.

Then she come to the door and stood a minute lookin' in before she set down on the step. When she spoke to me her voice had quieted down a good bit, just to a sort of a dead level.

"It seems hard to find the extra men, don't it?" says she. "But we'll have to get 'em somehow. One man can't do all the work, it don't matter how hard he stays with it. There's five thousand posts to get out and all that new line to string along the creek, besides the mendin'. If you hear of any men when you're ridin' around get 'em."

"Yes, ma'am," says I, and kept on with my cleanin' while I waited. Of course I knew that wasn't what she'd come out to say to me. She took her time to it; but by and by she hooked her big hands around her corduroy knee.

"Billy," says she, "aren't you figurin' on amountin' to anythin' in this life?"

I let the cylinder pin drop on the floor. That wasn't what I was expectin' her to say either. While I was huntin' the pin it give me time to think. It had been years and years since anybody had put that question up to me. Not but what I'd thought about it a lot to myself when I'd be off on the range with no folks around, after I'd come back from one of my whizzers with my money gone, and nothin' tastin' good and nothin' to do but a mess of hard work. But after a man gets about so old and has been jarred out of a million or so of them kind of dreams he kind of quits tellin' 'em out loud to folks after he wakes up. What's the use?

"Amountin' to anythin'?" I says to the widow. "Why, yes, I've figured on it some. But I never had a very good head for figures."

"Tut!" says she. "That's the way you always do—just monkey with your words. Can't you be serious at all? How old are you?"

"How old?" says I. "Me? Let me think. Dear, dear, how time flies! Why, if I live long enough I'll be thirty or so in a few years."

But I couldn't head her off. She was just bound to have it her way.

"Are you going to be satisfied your whole life long," says she, "with just driftin' around from one job like this to another, and never gettin' ahead any—workin' as hard as you do for your money and then losin' it all in a night or two with your skylarkin' and your cards? Does that actually content you?"

I didn't want to hold any prayer-meetin' with her. "Content me?" says I. "To lose? No, ma'am, it don't. I ain't ever goin' to be real contented till I make a great

big winnin' sometime. That's what I keep a-playin' for. This steady losin' is nothin' but what they call vanity and vexation."

She clucked her tongue as if she was gettin' sort of wore out with my foolishness; but she come at me again on another slant. "Some of these times you'll be wantıng a wife," says she. "Then what?"

Oh, that was it, was it? It wasn't me she was frettin' about, but me and my wife—me and mebbe a little blue and pink and gold wife. She'd put me up to the devilment; but now she was beginnin' to feel responsible. That was it, wasn't it? But I wasn't goin' to give her any satisfaction.

"'Then what?'" I says after her. "There's a bully way out of that. Marry her—or else don't."

She give one of her short laughs, as if she seen it was no good tryin' to drag anythin' out of me backward that way. "Oh, well!" she says, and she got ready to get up. "I don't know why I'm pesterin' myself about you. Dear knows I've got affairs enough of my own. Anyway," says she, "I read somethin' once that's seemed right reasonable to me since sometimes. It said that such things are in the lap of the gods. Can you sense that?"

"Sense it?" says I. "Yes, indeedy! Ain't that awful good English? But that just shows! If my wife's in the lap of the gods it don't look as if I needed to worry much about my morals, does it?"

She wouldn't take any more notice after that. "Good night," she says real short; and with that she went up to the house.

I was terrible busy after that for three or four days, so there wasn't a minute for broodin' about anythin' but work—in the saddle from gray mornin' till black night and rollin' into bed so dog-tired that my head was no more use than a bunch of feathers for contrivin' any excitement. One man tryin' to spread himself around over forty thousand acres is tolerable apt to keep a-goin', especially if he knows that winter's hangin' close somewheres. I did.

We'd been siftin' the whole country for help in between times, and one day I found him just when I'd most quit expectin' him.

I liked him fine too. I knew I was goin' to long before I could see him plain, when he was a full mile up the trail. You tell me how that is, will you? But you've had it happen with you, haven't you? Not often; but often enough to know it's true. Yes, sir; me and that lad never was meant to be strangers.

I'd been cuttin' posts all morning, and along in the middle of the day I was takin' a little snack I'd brought along in my saddle-bag when here he come, just roundin' the top of the next rise from up Douglas way. This is the way I figured him out, a little scrap at a time, while he was comin' up to me:

A fine rider, and one that thought a lot of horses, because he knew how to make fast time while he was changin' off gaits every little bit to keep his critter from wearyin'. Young, by the light swing of him in the saddle. A big man, by the length of his stirrups and the rise of his shoulders above the pony's head. New to the country, by the way he was lookin' around once or twice to get his bearin's. Goin' a good ways or else huntin' a job, by the big pack he was carryin' behind him. Traveled a lot and seen a lot and not afraid of anything he ever went against, by the lift of his head and the slant of his hat. Redheaded, just by plain eyesight—not the color of a new brick, but the color of a great big lot of old copper. Careless about his looks and not much for beauty anyway, but cheerful and reckless and comical and friendly and all them things. The face of a man that wouldn't never wait for somebody else to suggest what ought to happen. The face of a man you could tie to in anything from a toot to a funeral. Yes, sir, I liked him.

He swung down from his pony, shakin' the stiffness out of his legs and grinnin' at me.

"Hello!" says he. "Say, I'll match nickels with you to see whether you're Billy Fortune."

"You win," says I. "I might have knew you would. You look lucky."

"I certainly am," says he. "I've come all the way from Douglas to find you; and a man don't ride that far in this country unless he wants to find what he's huntin' for. And now here you are."

"Yes, here I am," I says. "That's awful true. Now will you tell me why you're so plumb pleased with findin' me?"

"I want work," says he. "Steve Brainard sent me down here. I've been around Douglas a couple of days and Steve Brainard told me ——"

"Steve Brainard's a liar," I says.

He give me a quick eyin' over, as if he didn't just grasp me. "Steve didn't tell me ——" he commenced.

"Yes, he did!" says I. "Yes, he did too. And Black's Jim told you a lot more. And what them two couldn't think of Bud Anderson told you. And every blessed word that gang said to you about me and the widow is a big pack of lies."

He'd started grinnin' again before I'd got to the middle; and by the time I'd got through you could have heard him miles away. I knew by the sound of his laugh that we was goin' to stay friends.

Any lastin' friend of mine has got to laugh hearty. This lad's was a big bass roar that seemed as if it made the hills tremble.

"All right," I says after a bit when he could listen. "Now that part's settled. But what about the job? If you've been frolickin' with that Douglas bunch for as much as two days you'll be needin' one right bad and you'll not be choosin' the pay too particular. Would thirty dollars a month look good to you?"

"Would it?" says he. "Man, if I could be sure of havin' a thirty-dollar job here with you for this winter I'd be willing to swim through seas of blood for it. You don't know!"

I laughed at him. "Man," says I, "if you knew how bad I've been wantin' you you'd know you couldn't get away only through blood now. Every man certainly needs some he-folks around, don't he? What's your name anyway?"

"Slater," says he. "Ben Slater. I'm Ben to some, and Red to some, and Buck to some. You can take your choice. I'm mostly Ben to my best friends."

"Then it's Ben," says I. "Buck is too much like sheep-herdin'; and Red don't half do you justice. That sure is some hair you've got."

I divided my snack with him and then we worked together—and talked. By the middle of the afternoon we'd been knowin' each other for years and years, like a couple of men will sometimes when they suit each other. No, sir; I didn't have any fault to find with him. He was a prince-boy and he'd lived a man's life all over the map and it hadn't soured him, but just left him ready for more. That's the way it ought to be.

I was right pleased to think of takin' him back to the bunkhouse with me when it come around time to knock off work.

On the way in we went past the nigger's sheep-camp and it made me think of somethin'.

"Ben," says I, "you set here on your horse a minute and take your hat off like you was coolin' your head. I'll tell you after a while." And then I rode over to where the nigger was stoopin' over, puttin' the biscuit in his Dutch oven for supper.

"Pink," says I, "act careless now, just as if you knew your life depended on it. Mebbe it does too. Don't be in a hurry, but just turn around casual and take a good look at who's behind you."

He wasn't so very casual about it, but stiffened up and jerked his head around to where Ben was settin', with his mop of red hair blazin' in the sun. I could tell what the nigger was thinkin' by the way his eyes commenced to pop.

"Yes, that's him," I says. "Didn't I tell you he was some red? But the hair on the outside ain't a marker to the bloodthirstiness that's inside when he gets on a tantrum. I don't know what he's here for; but I'm just showin' him to you this way so you'll know it's him if he should get to hangin' around. You'll see you've got to be careful, son, about how you handle them letters."

What did I tell him that for? Oh, I don't know. It just come in my mind. It seemed a pity to let that hair go to waste without makin' any use of it. Besides, there's nothin' like bein' prepared for what may come up. Anyway, there was a nervous nigger left to cook his supper when I went back to Ben.

"Ben," I says to him when we was rackin' along toward home, "tell me this—are you fond of variety?"

He give me a sideways look with a comical glimmer in his eye. "Variety?" says he. "Variety? Billy, I'm a cross between a Dutch father and a Spanish mother, and the woman that wet-nursed me was Irish. I've seemed to have a hankering for variety ever since."

"Well, then, you've broke into the right society for it," says I. "Them boys at Douglas told you some things about the way I'm fixed down here. I know they did; they was just bound to. But they're a clumsy lot. I don't care what they told you, it ain't as funny as the truth nor half as full of chances. There's a whole

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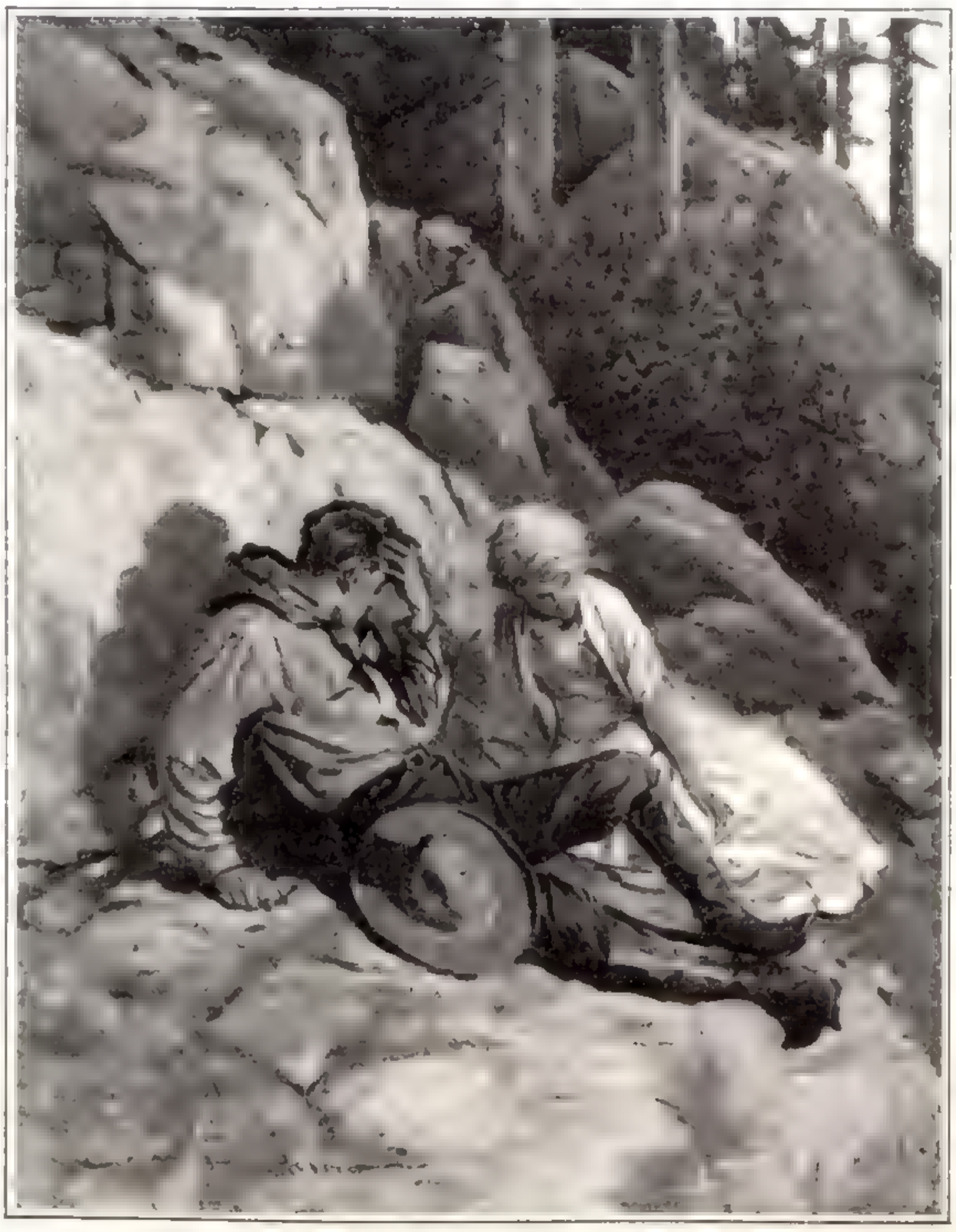

"Billy," Says She, "Would It Be Safe for a Girl to Fall in Love With You?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 TO 427 ARCH STREET

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers.
To Canada—By Subscription $1.90 the Year. Single copies, five cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $2.75. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 22, 1911

Farmers and Reciprocity

LAST year's elections certainly raised a strong presumption that farmers of the Middle West were highly dissatisfied with the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill. We do not know how else to interpret the rout of Standpat Republican candidates in the Mississippi Valley. But a number of organizations claiming to represent these same farmers are fighting Canadian reciprocity, which is the first tangible step yet taken in the direction of real tariff reform.

This relation, they say, would force our farmer to meet the competition of Canadian products duty free, though nearly everything he buys would still be charged with the high tariff tax, thereby giving an unfair advantage to the Canadian competitor, who can purchase supplies that are not charged with a high tariff tax. The only advantage under the agreement would go to the protected manufacturer, who would get an enlarged market for his products. As they see it, the farmer would be still further sacrificed to the protected manufacturer.

If this were the whole case perhaps there would not be much to say for the reciprocity agreement. But it is only the beginning of the case. This agreement definitely breaks the vicious circle by which the high protective system has so long been maintained—vastly to the harm of the farmer. If farmers of the Middle West can be persuaded that their prosperity depends upon protection against Canadian grain, there will be little trouble in persuading them that they must vote continued protection to steel, wool, and so on, because the only way they can get protection is by joining hands with other people who want protection—and the only way the other people can get protection is by joining hands with the farmers. This hand-joining has been going on for fifty years. The other people have got the chestnuts; the farmer has got the cinders. Let him step out of the vicious circle, and the whole forty-per-cent system falls to the ground. Canadian reciprocity will take him out of the circle.

The Household Bank Account

A DISCUSSION among bankers, as to whether banks should refuse small household checking accounts—those, say, where the average amount on deposit falls below two hundred dollars—naturally reminds us of this financial conundrum: Why does a savings-bank account encourage thrift and a checking-bank account discourage it?

If any middle-aged reader, who has gone through a typical American experience, is inclined to deny this fact, let him hunt up the household expense book covering the period when he changed from a savings account to a checking account. Let him look back with amazement and despair to a time when the family exchequer was managed on a cash basis. In the sight and feel of real money there is something subtly precious, which only very powerful and vigilant imaginations are able to attach to a check. To all healthy minds, uncorrupted by possession of superfluous wealth or by over-indulgence in alcohol, parting with real money is painful. As the crisp bill leaves your hand a little ghostly sigh accompanies it. You are then tangibly, consciously paying away the fruit of your labor or your strife. A particle of your life has visibly passed from you. The insidious character of the check arises from the fact that it enables you to spend money without any of this funereal and chastening suggestion. None of the awe and mystery of the banknote belongs to a check. It is a thing you yourself made in half a minute, with a bit of paper, ink and a pen. In spending real money you are subject to the constant discipline of remorse; but in spending money by check this steady restraint is removed. You merely have one fit at the end of each month.

Reform Near Home

TOO MANY people reform means doing something at Washington or at the state capital—something in connection with election laws, or the tariff, or civil service, or the railroads and the trusts. Perhaps to a majority of people it means doing something restrictive; getting after somebody with a sharp stick; shutting up disorderly saloons, suppressing gambling, punishing bribe-givers, and so on. Here is a man, living in a city of medium size, to whom it means something rather different. He writes: "I am an ordinary, busy, practical man, and should be glad to do something to help better my own locality if I knew what to do. Most men are so busy with their own work and families that they cannot take the time to do much in the various organizations that are working for civic betterment—or thinking about it. In a political way, about all they can do is to obey orders from some organization at election time. Yet there must be helpful things near at hand that they could and would do if the things were pointed out. Why wouldn't it be practical for the chamber of commerce in a city to appoint a small committee in each ward to report on people and conditions there? Perhaps we could help some fellow two blocks away to get a job. We could remove unsightly, unpleasant things in our own neighborhood, and so on."

You are interested, let us say, in prison reform; but has it occurred to you to look into your own county jail, or town lockup, or the precinct police station a block away, where innocent prisoners may be kept in filth? You telephone a charitable organization to send a wagon to your house for discarded but serviceable clothing. The organization hauls the clothes downtown, and then sends them out by another wagon to a family living around the corner from you. Bribery at Albany stirs your indignation; but you only laugh upon hearing that the candidate for sheriff left a bundle of bills at a certain saloon the day before election. If every one did his best to better his own ward, the other reforms would accomplish themselves.

The Idolatry of Property Rights

THAT the laws in this country governing compensation to workmen for bodily injuries received in industrial accidents were barbarous, up to two or three years ago, no one who is competent to speak upon the subject will deny. In annulling as unconstitutional the new and more enlightened act that the New York legislature passed last year, the highest court of that state says: "We entertain an earnest desire to present no purely technical or hypercritical obstacles to any plan for the beneficent reformation of a branch of our jurisprudence in which, it must be conceded, reform is a consummation devoutly to be wished."

But the court holds unanimously that compelling an employer to compensate an employee in a hazardous occupation for injuries received in an accident, regardless of the conditions surrounding the accident, amounts to taking the employer's money without due process of law, which both the state and Federal constitutions forbid. It adds: "If such economic and sociological arguments as are advanced in support of this statute can be allowed to subvert the fundamental idea of property, then there is no private right entirely safe."

A society in which every private right is in jeopardy must obviously be a pretty flat failure. Under the old order, which this decision reinstates, there is no adequate protection to the workman in respect of his life and limb, nor to those dependent upon his earnings, yet society managed to survive a great many years in a tolerable state of security and civilization. Many other private rights were fully protected. But, according to this view, as we understand it, if we put the employer's money in jeopardy we strike at the foundation of social order. In other words, the salvation of society depends more upon the protection accorded to the employer's money than upon that accorded to the crippled workman and his dependents.

The Long Fire-Death List

AT THE Iroquois Theater, in Chicago, which burned with appalling loss of life, there was an asbestos curtain, but it wouldn't come down; there were many exits, but some of them were locked. The building had been constructed and equipped, that is, in view of the well-known fact that fire and panic may happen in a theater. Yet nobody took this possibility with the least seriousness. The devices provided in view of it were not in working order. When the fire happened, the audience could scarcely have been in a more helpless position if fire in a theater had never before been heard of in the history of the world.

Survivors of the shirtwaist factory fire in New York have testified that some of the doors were locked. There was a stairway, but the employees, used to taking the elevator, scarcely knew of its existence. The fire-escapes were inadequate and impeded. A hundred and forty persons lost their lives, just as though fire in a factory were no more to be expected than a tidal wave in Nebraska. Everybody, of course, knew the liability.

In thousands of buildings throughout the country, not only in cities but also in towns and villages—very likely in your town—people habitually congregate for work or amusement under a standing liability to death by fire and panic that nobody takes seriously. When the fire happens certain officials may be blamed and the ordinance may be amended. But there is no security in officials and ordinances unless the constant liability to fire is taken as a serious thing to be guarded against by constant vigilance.

Insurance for Travelers

EVERY time you travel you incur some liability to injury or death by accident. When you buy your ticket for a twenty-four-hour journey, if you hand the obliging agent a quarter in addition to the price of the ticket he will write you a policy of insurance by which, if the train is wrecked, your heirs will receive five thousand dollars in case of your death, or you will receive twenty-five dollars a week for a year if you are totally disabled, or ten dollars a week if partially disabled. A part of the quarter undoubtedly remains with the obliging agent for his trouble in writing the policy. The remainder goes to the insurance company. Only a small part of those who travel take accident insurance. If all travelers took it the company no doubt could afford to sell its policies for considerably less than a quarter each, or for a few pennies added to the price of each ticket the railroad, with an agent's commissions to pay, could well afford to insure all travelers.

The liability to fatal or disabling accident is heavy for the individual. But when this liability is collectively borne it becomes of almost impalpable lightness—merely the matter of a few pennies. This is the principal reason that we can have no patience with anybody who hinders the shifting of this accident liability from the individual to the collective shoulders.

Capital and the Opera

BETWEEN grand opera in this country and high finance there is an intimate connection. Our leading operatic organization has long been backed and managed by some of Wall Street's most eminent financiers. Now grand opera, so far as the management is concerned, cannot be classed as a gainful occupation. Scarcely ever does an operatic season produce a profit. Almost always it produces a loss; and the chief function of the backers usually consists of coughing up checks in several figures to cover the deficit. Mr. Hammerstein attempted valiantly to make opera pay its own way; but he, too, complained loudly of his deficit. It appears, however, that Mr. Hammerstein was paid the tidy sum of one million two hundred thousand dollars in consideration of his agreement to withdraw from this unprofitable field and keep out of it for ten years. Most men think they are lucky to get out of a losing venture without being paid anything whatever for doing it. Most men, also, would look at one million two hundred thousand dollars a long time before handing it over to another man as an inducement to stop his losing money. But Mr. Hammerstein was a competitor, and it seems that Capital—incarnate in the operatic backers—cannot nowadays endure the notion of competition, even in losing money.

Triumphant Monopoly

IN THE first quarter of the current year the stock market was notably dull. Prices of stocks, in the main, varied but little, and there was little trading in them. One reason alleged in explanation of this condition was that nearly everybody felt inclined to wait for the Supreme Court decision in the Oil and Tobacco Trust cases. Nobody cared either to buy or to sell until it was known whether the court would hold that those powerful concerns were unlawful combinations in restraint of trade and order them into dissolution.

But to this rule of dullness there are two very interesting exceptions. While most other stocks were stagnant, the two referred to advanced respectively sixty and sixty-eight dollars a share, and these two stocks were precisely the ones immediately involved in the pending Supreme Court decision—the stocks, that is, of the Standard Oil Company and the American Tobacco Company. This was not because anybody felt certain that the court was going to hand down a decision favorable to the companies. It was because somebody knew that, no matter what the court's decision might be, our oil and tobacco monopolies would continue on their flourishing and profitable way.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Caught in Cook County

WHAT HO! Long ere this, without doubt, some person who has that privilege has been to the Honorable William Howard Taft, has clutched him firmly by the top button and exclaimed: "Harkee! Bill; it's two long years agone since T. R. was President—and how comes this Walter Fisher business, being as you are President now in your own right?"

'Tis even so. How comes it? Many a publicist has spent dizzy hours wondering how it was T. R. came to overlook that Fisher bet; and now a period of similar cogitation must ensue wherein the publicists will puzzle to find out how Taft came to make it. You see, Fisher is a regular T.-R. kind of an appointment and a most irregular kind of a Taft one. Fisher has seven children, whereby he should have scored heavily with the Colonel; but nobody ever heard Taft putting forth any burning thoughts concerning race suicide or its reverse. Moreover, Fisher is a vice-president of the National Conversation League—of course I meant Conservation, but I reckon Conversation will do—a pal with T. R.'s bosom friend, Gifford Pinchot, who, if memory serves, isn't as strong at the White House as he used to be—or as strong for the White House either.

Morning exercises at the Fisher household are interesting. Papa Fisher lines up the seven children and asks: "Who is the greatest man in the world?" Present company being politely excepted, the seven usually split four to three for Theodore and Gifford—sometimes one way and sometimes the other; which shows where the Fisher family gets off. Still, it is all right. Variety, even in Cabinet officials, is a good thing. Here we have had R. Achilles Ballinger for two years and now we have started anew with Walter Fisher. Inasmuch as Mr. Ballinger, in his policies and practices regarding various matters that come under the ken of the Secretary of the Interior, is the exact, not to say the diametrical, opposite to the policies and practices concerning which Mr. Fisher has been enunciating ever and anon, we may look for a happy succession of days wherein Mr. Fisher will undo whatever Mr. Ballinger has done; and at the end of two years we may expect the *status quo* to be reasonably well established and the department about where Ethan Allen Hitchcock left it—before Jimmie Garfield got his hooks fastened in.

It is not quite clear whether the joke is on Ballinger, on the Department of the Interior or on Fisher; but there is a joke lurking about somewhere, perpetrated by that eminent jokesmith, Mr. Taft. Mayhap the joke is on the Ballinger baiters.

Likely as not, Mr. Taft, having failed in keeping Mr. Ballinger in the Cabinet, said to himself: "I'll pick out one for them who, next to Gifford Pinchot, is the most conspicuous exponent of their cult—and we shall see what we shall see." So he picked him. And we shall see what we shall see, retaining always in correct perspective the system of the department, against which Mr. Ballinger went and against which Mr. Fisher is now engaged in hurling himself.

He Gets Around in About Eighty-Five

HOWEVER, let everybody cheer up. Many another gallant young knight has ridden fearlessly against the system and many another will so ride. It is all a part of the great game. Two years from now Mr. Fisher, if he stays so long, will have had a fine experience and we shall still be talking in a desultory manner of Alaska coal and forest reserves and water-rights, and other interesting topics connected with our natural resources. When asked about his plans, Mr. Fisher said: "I have no statement to make except that I have accepted this office with a deep appreciation of its obligations and of its opportunity to accomplish practical and constructive work." And isn't it the truth? There are more opportunities for practical and constructive work—with the emphasis on the practical—in the Interior Department than in any other place in the known world.

The new Secretary of the Interior is a tall, raw-boned citizen. He has long arms and long legs—and a long head and a long record as a reformer. As a reformer Mr. Fisher may well be termed a stemwinder. Always an earnest and progressive youth, he early determined to be a crack reformer; and in pursuance of this ambition he went to the place where there were ample opportunities for the practice of his specialty—that is, Chicago. Since landing in that town in 1888, he has done all kinds of plain and fancy reforming—not, perhaps, completing the job, but making a dent here and there.

He Has Done All Kinds of Plain and Fancy Reforming

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Fisher was born in Wheeling, West Virginia, in 1862, on the Fourth of July, and educated at Marietta and Hanover colleges. His father, the Reverend Daniel Webster Fisher, was president of Hanover College for many years. A year after Fisher landed in Chicago he was made special-assessment attorney. His job was harmonizing what the city wanted to do in the way of sewer, street and other improvements with the ideas of the citizens who were taxed for the same. He became so expert at it that he could make a taxpayer give three cheers for the right of eminent domain and pleasantly receive a tax levy for all kinds of fixings on his property.

Presently he developed into the Municipal Voters' League, a Chicago institution that keeps tabs on the common council and other similar bodies, and makes Hinky Dink and Bathhouse John and all the rest of them toe the mark. They made him secretary of the league and then president. That was in 1906, before he became identified with the traction fight in Chicago. Carter Harrison had demanded a fifty-year franchise for the roads, but the people wanted more. Dunne was elected mayor on a municipal-ownership platform, but he did not get municipal ownership. Instead, after a long squabble, Dunne appointed Fisher special traction counsel for the city. The street-car affairs of Chicago were in a frightful muddle and had been since the days of Yerkes. Fisher completed a plan whereby the city was to receive revenue from the franchises and drafted the ordinances to make his plan effective. He fought his plan through the council, back and forth and up and down, against tremendous opposition both in the council and out. The plan was not completed until a few months ago, but it finally won, being sustained by the people and providing the city a revenue of a million and a half dollars a year where there was formerly nothing paid.

Mr. Fisher drafted the Mueller law, which permits municipal ownership of railroads in Illinois, and was active in the litigation over the so-called "Mueller certificates" as counsel for the city. He took part in the investigations into the Western Indiana land graft and the Illinois Central car-repair graft, and has been concerned in many like services to the state and city. His greatest reputation as a lawyer rests on his skill in condemnation proceedings, although he has been counsel for many large concerns, notably the National Wholesale Dry-goods Association, before the Interstate Commerce Commission. President Taft made him a member of the Railroad Securities Commission, of which President Hadley, of Yale, is president.

Conservation has been one of his studies and he has gone deeply into the legal phases of the control of water-power and waterways vested in state and Federal governments. He was president of the Conservation League of America, of which President Roosevelt was honorary president and Secretary Taft and William J. Bryan honorary vice-presidents. That organization was merged into the National Conservation League, of which former President Eliot, of Harvard, was made president and Gifford Pinchot and Fisher vice-presidents. Pinchot subsequently became president of the league and Mr. Fisher still is one of the vice-presidents.

Secretary Fisher is a man of high ideals, great intelligence, unwavering courage and intense enthusiasm. He is likable, approachable, good company, unaffected and not burdened with too serious an outlook on things in general. He belongs to that noble band of Sigma Chis of which George Ade and John McCutcheon are the chief hand-shakers. He is a member of a lot of clubs and a resident of the same ward in Chicago from which came Secretary Dickinson and Secretary MacVeagh to the Cabinet.

And, harking back to the why of his appointment, there is this to be said: Fisher is an expert golfer who gets around in about eighty-five on an average. President Taft always did say Secretary Ballinger's golf game was not what it should be.

Hope Short-Lived

A MISSOURIAN from the Ozarks recently went to the city to see the sights. He had never been in a big city before. He walked down the street, looking in the windows and enjoying himself hugely. At one place he saw a sign reading, "Woman's Exchange."

The mountaineer hurried into the store, which was filled with various specimens of feminine handicraft.

"Is this the Woman's Exchange?" he asked.

"It is," answered a very tall, very gaunt and very spinsterlike person behind the counter.

"Be you the woman?" and he eyed her keenly.

"I guess I am."

"Wal, I guess I'll keep Sal," he said apologetically, hurrying out.

A Strange Account

A NEGRO sharper started a bank in Georgia, in one of the smaller towns, and the negroes who lived thereabout were much taken with the idea and scrimped to get a few dollars to start an account.

One man made a deposit of five dollars. Six months later he came into the bank and said: "I wants my five dollahs."

"You ain't got no five dollahs heah, suh," said the banker, who acted as paying and receiving teller, cashier, president, and carried the money in his pocket.

"I ain't?"

"No, suh."

"But I done put five dollahs in this yer bank six months ago."

"I know that, suh, I know that; but th' intrust just natur'ly done eat it up."

Too Much Cohan

AN ENGLISH theatrical manager visited a theater where George Cohan was rehearsing a company in one of his own plays.

"Who wrote this piece?" asked the Englishman.

"I did," Cohan replied.

"Who wrote the songs?"

"I did."

"Well, who wrote the music?"

"I did."

"Who is producing it?"

"I am."

"Who is going to play in it?"

"My sister and myself."

"Well," shouted the Englishman desperately, "who painted the scenery? Surely you didn't do that too?"

"Oh, no," Cohan replied sweetly. "Papa painted that."

His Succulency—the Oyster

What the Chesapeake Might Add to the World's Food Supply

By Harry Snowden Stabler

Dredge chains rattle, the frozen spume,
Knuckles cracked open and red,
And a crazy kind of a dream of bloom
In a crazy kind of a head.
Blows and blasphemy, meat that walked,
Bread that was all but stone,
And the horrible hunger for sleep that stalked
Through blood and muscle and bone.
—THE BENTZTOWN BARD.

YOU may not be shanghaied on an oyster boat out of the port of Baltimore as readily as you might have been say five years ago. Neither can you go down the Chesapeake Bay and get a jag of oysters as easily as you might have done even two years ago. But since, by chance, you might lose out on either one of these two propositions, they are "coupled in the betting," so to speak; for the industry in the upper half of these waters is dying with the romance. It has been dying for twenty years or more.

To ninety-nine people out of every hundred that is startling, not to say incredible. The story of it constitutes a tale of lawless rapacity, stupid greed and worse politics, which would be a matter of mere local importance were it not for the fact that the Chesapeake Bay is a national asset of enormous and peculiar economic value.

The foremost biologist of his time likened this great "river valley" to the Nile, the Ganges and the Euphrates, which by reason of their fertility were the cradles of separate and successive civilizations. Although this comparison was that of an enthusiast and an optimist, it was also that of a scientist who in his lifetime hatched from artificially fertilized eggs more oysters than there were inhabitants in the United States at the time of the tenth census. To avoid any appearance of muckraking in contrasting the industry as it is carried on in the Chesapeake with that in the Northern field, it might be well to follow a bugeye, whose captain is known to the writer.

The Tale of the Oysters That Lived in a Pocket

HE CAME up to Baltimore with a jag of oysters and, having sold them at a loss in a glutted market, was half way home when he had to run for shelter before a sudden storm. The bay at that place was about eighteen miles wide, but he got under the lee of a small point and dropped anchor in about three fathoms of fairly smooth water.

As the squall subsided, his "cull boy" dropped over a casual line, instantly bringing in a big white perch. Another and another followed in quick succession. Then over went the tongs; for all kinds of fish wax fat over a natural bed or bar of oysters. To the captain's surprise and delight he found the bottom covered with them—from big full-grown bivalves, six inches in length, down to the smallest—all in prime condition.

In an unsuspected, unfamiliar part of the bay he had run across a "patch" or "pocket" of about eighteen or twenty acres of natural oyster bar—a veritable gold mine. It was his just as long as he could keep the location of it a secret, and no longer. Being an old hand at the game he did keep it for a while, dodging those as wise as himself, going to it under cover of darkness and each time selling his catch at a different point along the bay. Feeling sure that he had a safe thing, as the bed was old and untouched, he had taken only the finest barrel stock—nearly a thousand bushels of them first and last, which he sold at an average of eighty-five cents—when one day about sundown the man came in sight of his gold mine. There were four or five dredgers, tacking this way and that across it. From a distance they looked like dancers doing a slow waltz over a ballroom floor, now and then stopping to bow to one another. And the captain of the bugeye concluded that the jig would soon be up.

It was. Within a few days there was practically not an oyster left on that bed—big and little, all had been taken. In their mad game of devil take the hindmost they stripped it clean, not even taking care to return the cultch—old shells, stones, and so on—that another set of spat or spawn might be caught upon it to grow another supply at some future time. Although this happened several years ago that bed is still barren, and so it will remain. That captain, his children, and probably his children's children, will never see it replenished fully until it is planted with seed oysters or strewn with cultch to catch the spawn drifting over it from other places.

Now there are in the upper part of the Chesapeake Bay—in Maryland waters alone—approximately one hundred thousand acres of these depleted, barren bottoms—vast underwater farms upon which the wild oyster at one time grew in plenty, but which have been destroyed in this manner. This is an area nearly as great as all the cultivated bottoms in New York, Connecticut and Rhode Island waters put together.

Figures are usually tiresome, but the few in this article are going to jar some people, for most of them have never been made public. Moreover, the public knows next to nothing about the oyster.

In nine of the twelve tidewater counties of Maryland there are more and better oyster bottoms than there are in the whole state of Rhode Island, whose income from this industry is estimated to be one hundred and eighteen thousand dollars for the single year of 1910.

It is not the intention here to "start something" by discussing the relative merits of the natural fat oyster in different regions. That is a matter of pride and prejudice—with a few facts on the side. So the word "better," as applied above, refers solely to the fertility of these Chesapeake bottoms and the comparative ease with which they could be made to yield a return far greater than any of the Northern bottoms.

This whole bay—nearly two hundred miles in length and from six to thirty-five miles in width—is comparatively shallow and landlocked; even the estuaries, inlets and small bays are rarely frozen over in winter for any length of time. There is no enormous expense of dragging by steam power huge tangles over wide areas of bottom to destroy the terrible "fivefingers," and the drumfish is seldom found farther up the bay than the Patuxent.

Tonging in a Bit of Quiet Water, San Francisco Bay

Held in Bondage by a Bay

THE waters of the bay receive the drainage of Maryland and Virginia, nearly all of Pennsylvania and about one-third of New York, bringing to its bottoms the rich sediment from field and forest out of which grow the microscopic plants the oyster feeds on. This is his natural habitat, in more ways than one the most productive body of water for its size in the world.

Those who live along these shores have never had to work hard for a living. It requires scarcely any labor to raise enough vegetables to live on in the summer; it is even less of an effort to catch all the fish and crabs one cares to eat. And in the winter there has always been the hitherto supposedly inexhaustible supply of oysters to be had for the trouble of taking them. This is the real work—when one feels like it—and a ready cash market always available. Since it is not human nature to work any harder than one has to, the very fertility of this region has been, in the opinion of many intelligent thinking men, a handicap instead of a blessing.

For, to go back to the captain of that bugeye, he simply pitched in with the rest, got what he could and quit the place, chuckling at his luck in having beaten the others to it. His point of view is quite natural, in that it is the same as that of his ancestors, who in this slipshod, hand-to-mouth fashion took oysters in the Chesapeake for nearly three hundred years without doing any apparent damage. But about fifty years ago three things happened: Some clever Yankee oystermen

Another of a Season's Shucking, Baltimore, Maryland

discovered true oyster culture, which is nothing more than the capture of the young bivalves on collectors and the rearing of them to maturity; secondly, they invented a process of steaming them and putting them up in sealed cans like tomatoes or corn; and lastly, transportation facilities began to make tremendous strides, and oysters instead of being transported by wagon began to be shipped by rail.

Since then the Chesapeake has been fished ruthlessly and incessantly. It became one of the most important factors in building up what is now a great industry in the Northern waters by furnishing seed oysters for planting, after the natural resources in the North came near the vanishing point through the same methods. The canner, who prefers the small oyster—the smaller the better—had to come farther South. And now the upper half of the Chesapeake produces a little over three million bushels of oysters whereas nearly twenty million bushels were taken twenty years ago.

It is a common thing to hear one speak of the cold-blooded, dry-as-dust scientist, though as a matter of fact he is always an enthusiast, always a dreamer. Else how could he have the patience to search out the deeply hidden why and how of things, unless his mind's eye saw beyond the actual point of vision? He has, it is true, been too fond of picturing the oyster industry under conditions nearly approaching the millennium, so far as man is concerned; as well as picturing a continuous ideal condition, so far as concerns Nature herself.

But it is certain that the tonger and the dredger will never lie down together, like the lion and the lamb, nor will the planter hobnob with either of them. And, as at present, there are bad seasons in the oyster business as in farming. The two industries are alike in many ways. A continued drought hurts both; for the farmers' produce dries up for lack of rain, and the rivers then carry little oyster mud to the sea, leaving the bivalves poor and thin.

It may be seen, therefore, that a bad season is almost invariably a simple question of food supply. And yet, while this paper was being written, one of the best-known men in a certain oyster field stated, in a newspaper interview, that he believed the oysters in that section to be suffering from some strange disease. Thinking the man knew what he was about, the statement got past the editor, and was followed by a cartoon showing an oyster bottom: One bivalve felt symptoms of pneumonia, another feared it had diphtheria, and so on—and Doctor Fish was depicted puzzling over the situation. It was, on all sides, one of those instances of crass stupidity from which the industry has too often suffered. The condition of the oysters in that section was simply that of partial starvation from purely natural causes. The incident is mentioned merely to offset the very great harm already done by the original story.

Nevertheless it was predicted almost to a nicety just twenty years ago that the present condition in the Chesapeake would occur unless the oystermen changed their habits. They have never changed unless they have been forced to do so. And although their lives are picturesque and romantic they are not anything else—in the Chesapeake.

With the appearance of the open season the tongmen, who live at some distance from the water, fit out rude shanties along the shore nearest to the beds or bars they intend to work. Perhaps half a dozen or more of them will build a raft or scow, tow it into a creek or inlet, and build a more pretentious shanty upon it, stocking it with provisions for the coming winter. They usually work in pairs; the crew of a skipjack or bay canoe consists of two tongers and a "cull boy," whose duty it is to break with a hammer the culteh from the marketable oysters.

The tong itself is a very primitive affair, looking not unlike a pair of garden rakes with their teeth set toward each other. Each rake is fitted to a handle anywhere from ten to thirty feet in length. These shafts are cross-joined by a pivot iron, so that the implement opens and shuts like a pair of scissors. It requires great skill and some strength to operate one of them successfully. Much in the way that a cowpuncher delights to put a tenderfoot on the back of a bucking bronco, the oysterman delights to have a green hand try the tongs. It usually means a ducking.

The two men work from opposite ends of the boat, one on each side. They stand on the gunwales, their heels hooked in the coaming of the washboards or on a narrow platform running the full length of the boat. It is a curious sight to see a fleet of these tiny vessels with a man upright on each gunwale, as delicately balanced to the rise and fall of the boat as a bareback rider in a circus. In slack or still water it looks easy, but add a strong tide to a two-foot dip and rise and one can imagine how difficult it would be to touch a certain spot on the bottom, even a few feet below the surface. Yet any of these men can use a pair of twenty-four-foot tongs in twenty feet of water and tell by sense of touch whether the grab is a full one or not.

There is no prettier sight on a clear winter morning than a bunch of these tongers racing out of a cove or inlet on the way to the beds. With them, as with every one else in the business, it is a case of devil take the hindmost. Light or heavy weather, it is always a race for the best positions over the beds and for the first full load; a race to the "buy boat" and a race to unload. Then, last of all, comes the race back to homes or shanties.

What a Planted Bed Looks Like

The "buy boat" is an important and picturesque factor in the tongman's end of the business. Her captain is always a speculator, for it is his business to buy at the lowest figure and sell to the distant packers at the highest price obtainable. In markets as uncertain as those on the Chesapeake are now, the difference between profit and loss is very close at times. Often half a dozen of these "buy boats," usually schooners or bugeyes from forty to sixty tons burden, may be seen lying to near an oyster bed over which a hundred or more tongers may be at work. The signal that a boat wants to buy is a half-bushel oyster basket or pennant run up to the maintopmast head. Usually all the other "buy boats" follow suit at once, and if the market is brisk the queer competition begins. Another captain signals his willingness to pay one cent more per bushel than his competitors by running a second basket up to his maintop.

Then ensues a scramble on the part of the tongers to reach him, until another puts up a third basket. The excitement increases as one basket after another goes up. Each of the "buy boats" may have five or six extra baskets or pennants swinging aloft before the game is over.

With the tonger's mortal enemies—the dredgers and the scrapers who are small dredgers—it is quite a different proposition. They carry a crew of five to twelve men, including captain, mate and cook. They use an apparatus almost exactly like a lady's metal purse, the mouth of which is held open by an iron frame. To the bottom bar of this frame is fastened a row of iron teeth, which tear the oysters loose from the bottom. The dredges—or "drudges," as they are called—are attached to ropes by chains and are dropped overboard, one on each side. The vessel then tacks back and forth across an oyster bar, dragging these huge purses after it. At regular intervals the "winders" are manned, four men to each, and the dredges are drawn on deck.

On a bitter cold day, when the spray is flying and the vessel plunging, winding in these heavily loaded dredges is work of the hardest kind, and dangerous too; for when the dredge strikes a snag on the bottom, as it sometimes does, the windlass cranks fly back, revolving with frightful rapidity and suddenness. Men have been instantly killed by them, while broken bones are more or less common. These dredges are terribly destructive when used wrong, but when used right, with decent restraint, they are really a benefit to the beds, as they break up the clusters of oysters and allow them freer growth, exactly as the farmer's harrow breaks up the lumps in his field.

When oysters were much more plentiful in the Chesapeake than they are now it was so hard to get crews to man these dredge boats that all sorts of schemes were resorted to in procuring them. The stranger out of work or the hobo panhandling in the neighborhood of the water front, after having taken a drink in some saloon often awoke out of a doped and dreamful slumber to find himself fifty miles or so down the bay. It was not necessary for him to know an oyster from a bunch of beets, just so he had the strength to "heave and wind" a dredge.

Of this phase of the business a recent writer says: "During the quarter of a century or more since the grim and grizzled pioneer and the polite but dreadful cowboy with his six-shooter have become extinct, they have been celebrated as typical Western characters in a deluge of magazine literature by Eastern writers; and the flood continues unabated to this day. The equally picturesque bad man in their midst has entirely escaped their attention, perhaps because he has so recently been with them. It remains for some Pacific Coast writer who has never crossed the Coast Range to exploit the wild oyster pirate of the Chesapeake. There will be color for his tale in the facts when he obtains them, and fiction will not be necessary."

Many of these dredge captains, especially some of those out of Baltimore, bore reputations unsurpassed by any pirate that ever trod a deck. It was not altogether their fault either, for the owners of these vessels often instructed the captains to "get a crew and get oysters, or get another job." This meant, of course, that they had to do their work with any kind of a crew; dredge day and night, in fair weather or foul, driving the crew to "heave and wind from sun to sun," and then at night to cull and sort the jag.

It is fair to say that only a relatively small number of the men who made up these crews were actually shanghaied. Many of them answered cunningly worded advertisements in New York and Philadelphia papers and came "to farm somewhere down the bay." Others shipped as waiters, bartenders, barbers, and so on; and one that the writer knew of made his first and only trip on a dredge thinking he was going as a bootblack. He was soon black, and blue too, from the mate's boots, which of course had never seen any blacking. After three months' work this man, with his hands and feet badly frostbitten, was flung ashore on Tangier Sound without a penny; and for years, a mental and physical wreck, he panhandled up and

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down the bay with but one single purpose—to find a certain captain and kill him.

Since the Federal authorities took hold of this phase of the industry in 1906, conditions have greatly improved. It has, however, been very hard to break up the practice of holding a man who has signed for one trip only—"just to see how he will like it." He rarely does. On the contrary, he usually develops a great big grouch. According to his disposition his anger may grow or lessen as he sees the hold gradually filling with oysters; for he is probably calculating how much of a "beating up" the captain can stand when the trip is over. But to his rage and disgust this captain with a full cargo merely swings alongside of another vessel called a "run boat," and orders his crew to get busy transferring his catch aboard of her. That task being finished the "run boat" goes up to market, the "lay boat" goes back to the oyster beds, and the man realizes that unless he is lucky his single trip may last the best part of the season.

These dredgers are the Ishmaels of the business, for the hand of every man—the tonger, the scraper (who uses a very light dredge), the planter and the police—is against him, even as his is against them all. He likes nothing better than a good chance to raid the shallower waters set aside by law for the others. They are much easier to work.

The Possibilities of the Chesapeake

It is this irresistible desire that has led to those famous oyster wars in which scores of people have been killed. That they were not mere stage battles is shown by the affair that took place years ago when a large fleet of dredgers came into the Rappahannock River in Virginia and raided the tonging grounds. Of course the small boats had no chance in the fights that ensued. They were driven off and kept away for weeks. It happened that the Virginia Legislature was then in session and it voted to supply the tongers with cannon and small arms. But the dredgers had completed their work and gone long before relief came.

This raiding is generally done at night, preferably in weather in which only the most daring would venture out. The skipper loosens the top of the piece of numbered canvas tacked on his mainsail and covers his name-board, thus concealing his identity—for all of these vessels are about of the same rig and build. Gathered in a cove or river at night, it only needs one man to start the whole fleet off by trying to sneak out on a little private venture of his own; for what one does they all do and the devil take the hindmost!

Not long since, in a talk with one of these oystermen whose views represent eight-tenths of them, the writer argued that the upper half of the Chesapeake Bay should be producing thirty or forty million bushels of wild and cultivated oysters a year, instead of the three million, or a little over, produced now.

Leaving out the adjectives, his reply was: "You must be one of those scientific fellows and you are just naturally bughouse like the rest of 'em. That's a rainbow you're painting."

Though both distinctions were disclaimed the admission was readily made that much harm had been done the industry by painting rainbows about it. The assertion was backed up, however, by figures and by comparisons.

"But where would you sell 'em?" the oysterman demanded.

He would not believe that, for instance, in 1907, four years ago, one firm in New York shipped sixty-six thousand barrels of oysters to California alone; or that by up-to-date methods of introduction, selling and advertising, such as the northern planters have adopted, the country could easily be made to consume all the oysters the bay could produce. Also that a greater market could be opened up in Europe, where the oyster is a real luxury and where the cost of cultivating it is many times greater than in America. He scouted the idea that as far back as twenty years ago the demand for Chesapeake oysters was greater than the supply; but when the figures were shown him he was curiously noncommittal as to why the demand has fallen off.

It so happened that this oysterman was a small truck farmer during the summer, and when the question was put to him, "Would you go into your field and cut down your partially ripened wheat to sell it for fodder?" he answered "No."

"But you do go on the natural oyster beds and take the small ones as well as those that are full grown, don't you? And isn't either one of these acts as bad and foolish as the other?"

"Yes," he admitted reluctantly, "it does look that way. But the oyster beds are public property; they always have been free."

"You mean you feel free to break the 'cull' laws by taking everything off these beds that could be called an oyster?"

"Well, everybody does it, and I've got as much right to make a living as the rest of 'em. It's a poor one at that, with oysters selling at twenty-five and thirty cents a bushel."

"Then why don't you make a better one? Instead of marketing these half-grown oysters why don't you rent the ten acres of shallow water or one hundred acres in the open bay that the Maryland law allows you, and plant them and put your whole time upon them? You know the practical side of the business, and the shellfish officials would be glad to put you wise to the up-to-date methods of cultivation. They would even help you to select your grounds. The raw bar stock you can grow on thousands of acres in the bay that are now useless will bring anywhere from two to six dollars a barrel."

"Yes, I know. But there are several things against all that. If I were to go in to planting ten acres, which ain't enough for me to put all my time on anyhow, I'd lose all my friends and maybe my oysters too. They'd swipe every one of them if they got the chance. And I've never heard of anybody fool enough to take up a hundred acres in these waters."

The oysterman's grim chuckle that accompanied this last statement brought forth the question:

"And you would swipe the planted oysters, especially the hundred-acre lot, if you got the chance?"

"Sure thing. You see this planting business means an oyster trust as soon as it gets going good. And you know," he added, pointing to his neck, "where the poor man is going to get it then. Just look at New York and Connecticut."

"But," was the answer, "up there the best of the bottoms are owned or practically owned by the individuals, and they are gradually falling into fewer hands. But here the state owns all these bottoms, and as the permanent survey of them is nearly completed they could be rented under terms that would make an oyster trust next to impossible. Or you could form producers' associations, like the potato growers down in Virginia who make their own markets and keep in touch with them. You could then be independent of the laws."

"Oh, the laws are good enough for us just as they are."

Inadequate Oyster Laws

This is true. Not one of the hundred thousand acres of natural bottoms that have been stripped clean may be rented to the cultivator under conditions that are reasonable, though it is known that many years—generations perhaps—must elapse before Nature can do what man could do in three or four.

Of natural beds in the upper half of the Chesapeake there are yet about two hundred thousand acres on which the oysterman gets his living. The cull laws being broken with impunity, these beds are going the same way. In addition to these there are two hundred and fifty thousand acres of splendid bottoms that could be put in good condition for growing oysters at a comparatively small cost. In all of this immense natural wealth of resource there are only twenty-five hundred acres of bottoms rented for cultivation in Maryland, for the reasons set forth in the talk with that oysterman. Therefore the state, instead of deriving any net income from the industry in which she formerly held first place, now pays annually nearly forty thousand dollars for so-called inspection and policing.

The first is a farce, the second totally inadequate. But for her eighty thousand acres of cultivated lands, from which she derives an income of nearly that many thousand dollars, Virginia is in the same condition or worse. The bottoms have not been surveyed properly and the laws have been revised, revoked, amended and generally tinkered with until they are simply chaotic.

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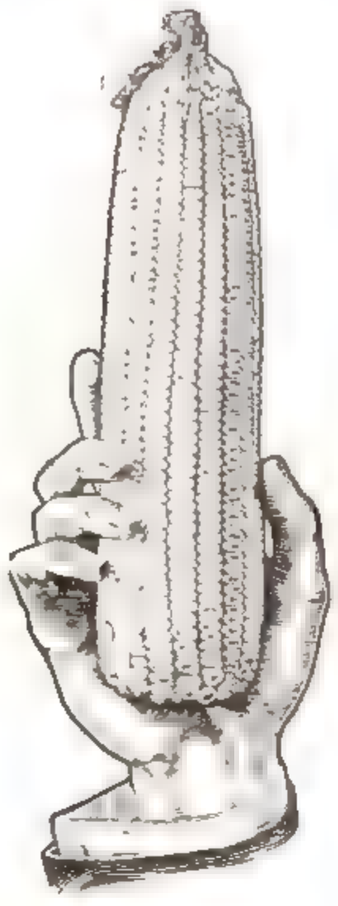
For one more plate
Of *Campbell's Soup,*" he said.



This Kind of Corn

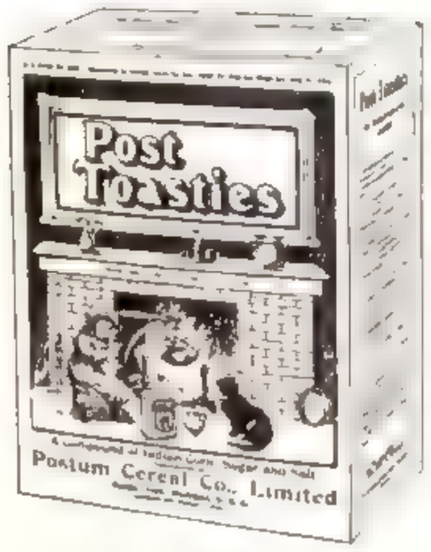
Cooked, sweetened, rolled into thin, fluffy bits and toasted to a crisp, appetizing brown, becomes

Post Toasties

A tempting, wholesome food for the whole family.

It is fine served right from the package with cream and sugar or fruit.

"The Memory Lingers"



Postum Cereal Company, Limited,
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited,
Windsor, Ontario, Canada

All over the lower part of the bay may be seen watchhouses—sometimes half a dozen in sight at once—built on piles over the water. In each of these a man guards his planted beds with a rifle or sawed-off shotgun. It may be guessed from the few facts herein set forth that the Chesapeake Bay oyster is deeper in the political mire than it ever was in its rich native mud beds. And yet, strange as it may seem, there was something in what that oysterman said about rainbow painting. Many a thousand dollars has been lost by indiscriminately dumping a lot of seed or half-grown oysters overboard in any kind of water, and paying no further attention to them.

Accompanying this article is the photograph of a facsimile of a planted bed, and the text describing it is as follows: "These oysters were grown on barren bottom in Barataria Bay, Louisiana, on an experimental plantation of the Bureau of Fisheries. Six hundred bushels of clean oyster shells per acre were planted May 25, 1906, and the oysters were taken up May 29, 1908, when not more than two years old, at which time it is estimated there were twenty-five hundred bushels of oysters per acre. The oysters shown were taken from an area of bottom equal to that of the model, which, therefore, exhibits the actual density of growth."

In a conversation with the writer, Doctor Moore of the Bureau corrected this estimate to between fifteen hundred and two thousand bushels. This in a sense is a rainbow, even in the corrected figures. The experimental plantation was less than half an acre in size, of selected land and with no other beds near it. It is believed that no extensive areas of land under water could produce such an enormous yield, simply because there would not be food enough to support them. One-fifth of such a crop would mean an immense revenue to the planter. But the size and shape of the oysters shown give one an idea of what cultivation means.

A Louisiana Experiment

Profiting by the experience of the New England states, Louisiana not long ago adopted sane practical laws. She gave an oyster commission sole jurisdiction over her entire coast, endowing it with ample police powers and requiring the oystermen to observe the cull laws and other essential regulations, which under the old régime were disregarded with impunity. During the first five years under the new act the increase in production was at the rate of one hundred and fifty-four per cent. Less than one million bushels of oysters were taken in Louisiana in 1897; in 1908 the crop was nearly four millions.

If the bottoms of the Chesapeake Bay were cultivated as intensively as those in Rhode Island, at half the rentals paid in that state, the income to Maryland and Virginia would give every child in the two states a good education and pay five per cent on enough bonds to build modern highways throughout their territory.

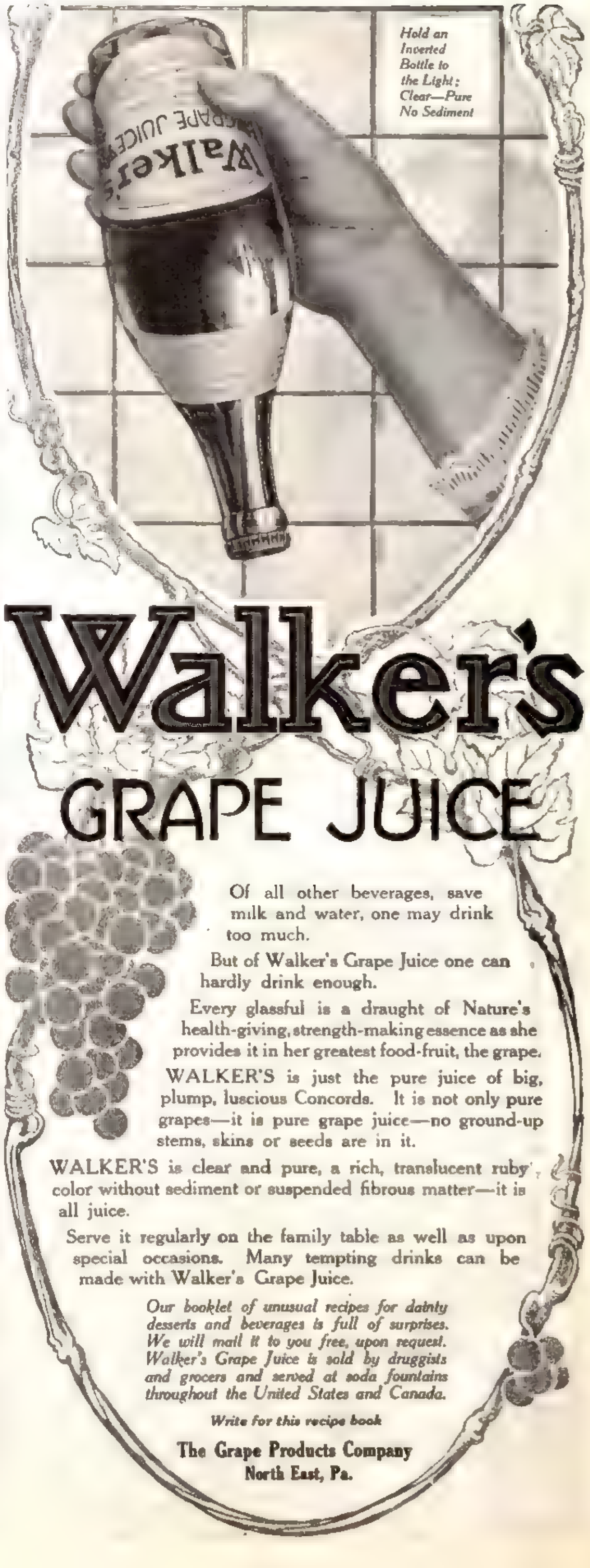
With grazing lands in the West becoming scarcer each year and the prices of meats rising in consequence, the eighty million bushels of oysters the Chesapeake could produce would be a tremendous factor in the country's food supply. The country at large needs and would soon consume all of this splendid, nutritious food it could get.

"I believe the time is now fast approaching when the increase of population on the earth, and the question of food supply which must arise as a necessary consequence, will compel us to pay most serious attention to the utilization for this purpose of what has been termed the 'watery waste.'

"For man to overfish and then to wait for the bounty of Nature to replenish, or failing that to seek new fishing grounds, is, it seems to me, an act to be put in the same category with the doings of nomadic peoples wandering from place to place in search of pastures."

These are not the words of an American or European scientist. They were spoken before the International Congress of Arts and Sciences at the St. Louis Exposition in 1904 by Professor Mitsukuri, of the Imperial University of Tokyo—a man whose country, well within the memory of men now living, was a *terra incognita*, and whose education was completed in sight of the Chesapeake Bay.

Editor's Note—This is the third of three articles on the oyster by Harry Snowden Stabler.



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But of Walker's Grape Juice one can hardly drink enough.

Every glassful is a draught of Nature's health-giving, strength-making essence as she provides it in her greatest food-fruit, the grape.

WALKER'S is just the pure juice of big, plump, luscious Concords. It is not only pure grapes—it is pure grape juice—no ground-up stems, skins or seeds are in it.

WALKER'S is clear and pure, a rich, translucent ruby color without sediment or suspended fibrous matter—it is all juice.

Serve it regularly on the family table as well as upon special occasions. Many tempting drinks can be made with Walker's Grape Juice.

Our booklet of unusual recipes for dainty desserts and beverages is full of surprises. We will mail it to you free, upon request. Walker's Grape Juice is sold by druggists and grocers and served at soda fountains throughout the United States and Canada.

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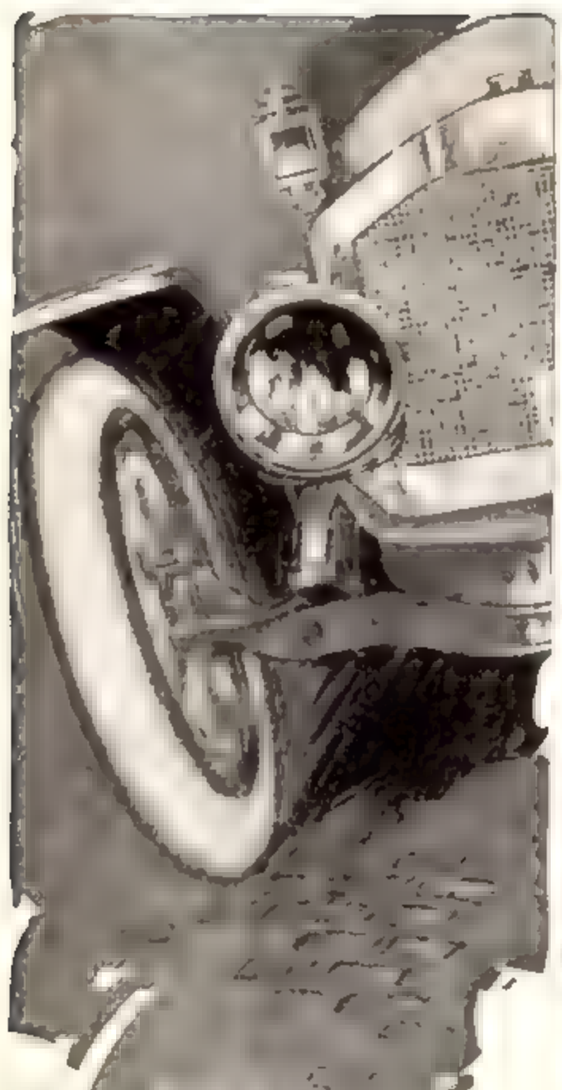
The Grape Products Company
North East, Pa.



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Safe for *mistress, maid or chauffeur.* You can keep any quantity in house or garage. It does not settle in the can. You get all you pay for, and use every drop.

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Write for interesting booklet "The Care of Metal Surfaces"

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Spotzoff Department
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SAY NOW SHIBBOLETH

Continued from Page 15

Whatsoever things are false, whatsoever things are unjust, whatsoever things are impure, whatsoever things are vile, whatsoever things are of ill report—these things do I unhesitatingly impute to him. I can't prove it. I don't know anything about it; but I feel it in my bones. And thereunto do I set my hand and seal. Done on January the second, nineteen hundred and eleven.

If one turns one's eyes from the Astors and the little asteroids to consider carefully in what desert corner of the Universe our petty provincial system wanders darkling on the dim frontier of chaos, a fleeting spark for one brief split-second of Eternity—one would hardly think it worth one's while to be such an insufferable, unmitigated, complicated and complacent ass as I am about that "bronco" word—would one? For consider that in the worlds beyond Aldebaran and Antares they may not use the word bronco at all—or madam either.

The book on Words is written in a more tolerant spirit. It is fair to believe that the writer's honest purpose was to help his readers to better usage. But inherent superiority cannot be completely suppressed, even by retiring modesty. It peeps out: "Abominable"; "execrable"; "ignoramus"; "no one but a low fellow will say that"; "a vulgar colloquialism befitting a clodhopper."

A clodhopper is one who hops clods—in plowing. The term seems to be a euphemism for "farmer." That he who hops a clod is necessarily a low and despicable fellow is, for many, not the least of those truths they hold to be self-evident. I think the inference is hasty. I think that never to have hopped a clod is but a negative virtue at best. I have known men who hopped clods with nimbleness and precision, but who, nevertheless, were estimable men—solvent, even—and who personally knew what their own thoughts and opinions were without consulting the authorities or looking in the morning paper.

His instruction is right in the main, but he slips sometimes. "View-point is the correct and elegant expression, unless we would countenance such vulgar words as washtub, cookstove and the like." He does not give us the elegant word for washtub. I wish he had supplied it. I should like to get one.

Shall We Marry or Wed?

"The masses. This expression is thought by some to be as vulgar as the object it describes." Let us pass over the implausibility of such reference to some eighty-nine and a half millions—some say more—of our people, as "the object," or even "objects." For a question arises in our minds—if an object may be said to have a mind—whether this wholesale scorn is not at least as disrespectful to the Creator of that object, or objects, as to the object, or objects, which He created? Either this sweeping disdain is unjustified or He erred in not calling expert advice before creating this object, or objects. He might have heard of something to His advantage.

On the whole, I believe "objects" is the better word. It seems to concede to us a certain amount of personal identity.

Paste this in your hat, please. "Vulgar" means "of or pertaining to the mass or multitude of people: common, general, ordinary, public; hence, in general use: vernacular." The evil meaning attached to the word has been forced upon it by such scornful patricians as have felt it necessary systematically to advise the worlds that they were not common or ordinary. That a word or a man is vulgar is no more proof that such word or man is vile than that a vulgar fraction is vile. A vulgar man may be objectionable—but not because he is one of a multitude of people. That is not a criminal matter. It is not even a matter for sorrow. When you meet a man overgiven to the use of "vulgar," in its deprecating sense, shun him. He is a Gileadite; he will slay you. If it is not feasible to avoid him at least let him do all the talking. Keep your mouth shut. You are safe then—unless you wear black trousers.

"He married his wife in Honolulu. Well, such a man is only fit to live on some far sea-island." Far from—er—where? I wonder. What has the place where a man lives to do with his fitness? Where is the moral Meridian of Greenwich? Honolulu is no farther away from any place whatever—*and I make no exceptions*—than any place whatever is from Honolulu. I say it deliberately; and I will so maintain it with my life. I seem to have a dim remembrance of a parable wherein it was said: "I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come." But the Giver of that parable lived in a far land Himself.

Surely this is literalism gone mad. To "marry" originally meant to take a husband; true. It means to wed now—and has meant just that any time these four centuries. There is no such thing as the "sanctity" of language: a word means what it means, not what it once meant or what it might mean. So cruelly to exile a man, or even a person, for using a word in its universally accepted sense throws a strong sidelight on the animus of the hypercritic. True, in the strictest literal sense a man who marries a wife thereby assists her to commit bigamy. A bride is not a wife until she is married. Theoretically, a man marries a maid, widow or divorcée: in practice we say "he marries a wife" just as we say "he takes a wife." "Thou shalt not take a wife of the daughters of Canaan." No misunderstanding results. It seems hard to be consigned to outer darkness for using a term so convenient and so unambiguous.

Our Coarse and Wretched Ancestors

The Life of Lincoln, which we now take up, is in many respects a valuable work. Its usefulness is heavily discounted by the opening pages, which are given to an indiscriminating attack upon the threefold nature of the early settlers of Illinois and Indiana. He imputes to them the lowest motives; he puts the worst possible construction on their every act. He leaves "not even Launcelot brave, nor Galahad clean." Lincoln himself does not escape rough handling; and as for his family, they are pursued with fire and sword—no city of refuge avails them.

That the pioneers built log huts before building palaces is a shameful thing; the forest was their personal misdemeanor; the privations of the foregoer are his reproach. Decency, cleanliness, morality, truthfulness, honor, common honesty, the author denies to them, directly or by implication. Indeed, of all possible virtues he grants them only two: "an ignoble physical courage" and "a sort of bastard contempt for hardship." These are his prudent words. For myself, I think that a sort of bastard contempt for hardship would do nearly as well in a pinch as a legitimate contempt for hardship, with a church register rampant tattooed on its torso. Honestly, don't you think he went out of his way to be offensive?

What sticks in his gizzard most, however, was that these men were migratory. He doesn't approve of that. He rings all the changes on this theme: "Restless"; "shiftless vagrants"; "the natural idler"; "nomads"; "rovers"; "waifs and strays from civilized communities"; "adventurers," forever "moving on." He intimates pretty strongly that they "moved on" to avoid paying their debts. He does not explain how they could have settled the West if they had stayed at home. He evidently thinks they might have been better employed. It is a pity. He blames them severely. "Wretched"; "brutal"; "squalid"; "frontier ruffians of the familiar type"; "uncouth"; "coarse"; "vulgarity"; "utter lack of barriers establishing strata of society"—these are but a few expressions culled from a dozen pages.

I want to do a little inferring now. I feel that I have a right to infer a little. My inference is that this author has lived so long among the noble oaks and the solid citizens, many of whom have never left their native parish, that he has acquired a wrong notion of this matter. I do not know his birthplace. I do not here hazard a guess. But I think I could find him if I had to.

There! I have done the man an injustice. He does credit these people with another virtue—a notable one. He says:

"Finding life hard, they helped each other with a general kindliness which is impracticable among the complexities of elaborate social organizations."

"Just read this signed guarantee."

"This goes with every suit I make from *Shackamaxon* guaranteed fabrics.

"You notice this guarantee covers everything about your suit from beginning to end:—fit, style, making, wear, color—everything.

"I know what these *Shackamaxon* fabrics are.

"Every thread is pure fleece-wool of the highest grade—the long pliable perfect fibre from live sheep.

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WHITE CAT Union Suit with Closed Crotch

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Closed in the crotch like a pair of drawers.

This corrects the disadvantage in other union suits. No bunching thickness, no gaping and sagging in the crotch.

Combines the comfort of a pair of drawers with the perfect fit and ease of a Union Suit.

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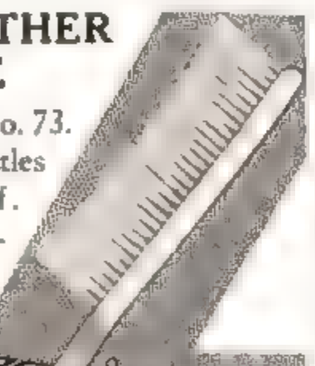

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You are not limited to one shape when you buy a Brisco-Kleanwell. There are *ten*. See the samples in our case at your dealer's. The brush you buy is

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Make your little girl a present of a Dolly's Kleanwell—a tiny toothbrush. Sent on receipt of 4 cents.

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penetrate to the scalp. The finest of imported brushes. Made in all styles, woods and prices.

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The question naturally arises: Is a stratified society that finds kindliness and helpfulness impracticable, superior to a society in which kindliness and helpfulness are spontaneous and inevitable?

We have noticed that. Our sort of objects seldom receive help or kindliness from really cultured people—or common politeness either. They invite us to say Shibboleth, generally. Then they slay us.

"Troughs served for washtubs when washtubs were used." Exactly. It is difficult to imagine troughs serving for washtubs when washtubs were not used. That would be a useless extravagance—as he would realize if he had ever hollowed out a log with an adz. But perhaps he meant that they did not wash their clothes. On examination, it is likely that such was his meaning. It seems probable too. People living so far away commonly do not wash their clothes. That is well known.

For myself I deem and say that this stock was as good as any that ever came over in a Mayflower loaded mast-high with Chippendale and Sheraton—well, furniture anyhow. Maybe it was Cloisonné and Valenciennes. I don't really know about furniture. Chippendale and Sheraton are lovely words, so I used them.

The trouble with this sort of people is that they are that sort of people. They are puffed up with vainglory and presumption. A little astonished at themselves, too. They ignore the fact that language is a tool, made by those who use it—made by that use—and that it changes. They make no allowance for the growth of idiom, or for the modifications of a living tongue. Modifications are made by modifying—never otherwise. Like other man-made instruments, language was at first more complicated than was needful. We have outgrown most of the cumbrous and clumsy inflections now; we are simplifying the spelling in our slow, easygoing way, and have been simplifying it for centuries: I think we shall simplify our pronunciation in time. The Greeks, when two letters came together in a word to make an ugly and difficult sound, systematically changed or dropped one of them to make a smooth and flowing sound. They had a beautiful and sonorous word for this euphonic process too. I wish I could remember it. It is a bully word. Never mind—we are going to do the same thing. We are doing it. The dictionaries haven't caught up with us yet—that's all.

Ground and Lofty Tumbling

Cultured people give the words oil, noise and boy, as ô-ll, nô-ise and bô-i, with a fur-lined mouth and the accent on the first sound—not exactly in two syllables, but, say, a syllable and a half; ice, mine and by are rendered ä-ēē-ce, mä-ēēne, b-ä-ēē, with a pinched nose; the more carefully sheltered of them pronounce out, bound and now as thus: ä-ōōt, bä-ōō-nd, nä-ōō, with the lips closed—accent same as above.

I think these elaborate pronunciations will die out after a while—not because they are not proper but because it is not convenient to frame to utter them. The last hiss now but a few devoted adherents.

The next to go, as I judge, will be the Norman "u"—except as an initial sound and in some of the easier combinations. We can all pronounce "amusing" rightly enough. Lute, except as "loot," is too hard for us. This is a relic of the attempt to foist Norman-French upon England. The old aristocratic flavor still clings to it. Duke, lute, new, as dï-ōōk, lï-ōōt, nï-ōōw, serve as social insignia, verbal strawberry leaves. But the most enthusiastic practitioners of this admirable sound find it a difficult accomplishment. Attempted after d, j, l, n, s, t or th, the results are deplorable. It will have to go, I think. We, the Ephraimites, the masses, the bourgeoisie, *hoi polloi*, the plebeians—the workers, in fact—desire it. We cannot frame to utter these distinguished words.—Good word that, bourgeoisie—eh? A bit difficult to frame it, however. A bourgeois, I gather, is one who supports himself by his own exertions and doesn't put on airs.

When a person approaches you with one of these linguistic feats observe him closely. If he is pale, breathless, astonied, shun him. It is but fair to say that many excellent people use any or all of these sounds—naturally, unconsciously and without consternation. This warning—and these comments—are not for them.

Fictionists will lose a valuable asset when this "ū" sound is abandoned. It is

"Onyx" Hosiery

TRADE MARK

Stamped on a Hose means—

THE MAKER'S BEST EFFORT
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Our purpose is to have you put this statement to the test.

A trial of a pair of "*Onyx*" Hose at any price will convince you of its truth.

We have put twenty-five years of Time, Thought, Labor, and much Money in making "*Onyx*" Hosiery right. Hosiery that people want, and in which they will realize their greatest expectations.

We advertise because we know that the "*Onyx*" Brand is right; because it has great merit; because we know it will satisfy you, and we want you to know it.

The "*Onyx*" Brand resorts to no "catch-penny" devices to win your favor—it relies solely on its superior quality, its purchase is not surrounded with annoying conditions.

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MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN
IN SILK, LISLE AND COTTON

At 25c, 35c, 50c, $1.00 and Upwards per Pair

EVERY PAIR IS WARRANTED TO BE FREE FROM DEFECTS, TO GIVE REASONABLE WEAR, IF OTHERWISE, MAY BE EXCHANGED

"Onyx" Hosiery is a great success—success invites imitation, therefore, see that you get the hose with the "Onyx" trade-mark stamped on every toe

To do justice to yourself, ask your dealer for "*Onyx*" Hosiery. A few of the best numbers are herewith described for your guidance.

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Women's "ONYX" Gauze Silk Lisle in black and all colors, with "GARTER TOP" and Spliced Heel and Toe; very sheer, exceedingly strong.

25c per pair

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Women's "ONYX" Black, Tan and White Gauze Lisle, with "DUB-L TOP" and "DOUBLEX" Heel and Toe; a very desirable quality.

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Women's "ONYX" "DUB-L TOP" Black, White and Tan Silk Lisle with "DOUBLEX" Splicing at Heel and Toe, feels and looks like silk, wears better.

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409 G. The Gauze weight of this celebrated number with all its merits

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Women's "ONYX" Pure Thread Silk with Lisle Sole and Lisle Garter Top—Black and all colors—a wonderful value.

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1133

Women's "ONYX" Black Silk; Seasonable Weight; "DUB-L TOP"; Lisle Sole; High Spliced Heel—an unusual quality.

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Misses' "ONYX" Seamless 1 X 1 Ribbed Silk Lisle Hose; Black, White, Pink, Sky, Tan and Red. Sizes 5-10; all

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Men's "ONYX" Silk Lisle, Black and all colors; Gauze weight; Linen Spliced Heel and Toe and Double Sole; a remarkable value.

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Men's "ONYX" PURE THREAD SILK with Lisle Heel and Toe, in Black and the following colors: Tan, White, Gray, Navy, Purple, Helio, Suède, Green, Burgundy and Cadet. Best pure silk sock made at the price.

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Sold at the leading shops. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will direct you to the nearest one, or send postpaid any number desired. Write to Dept. E. P.

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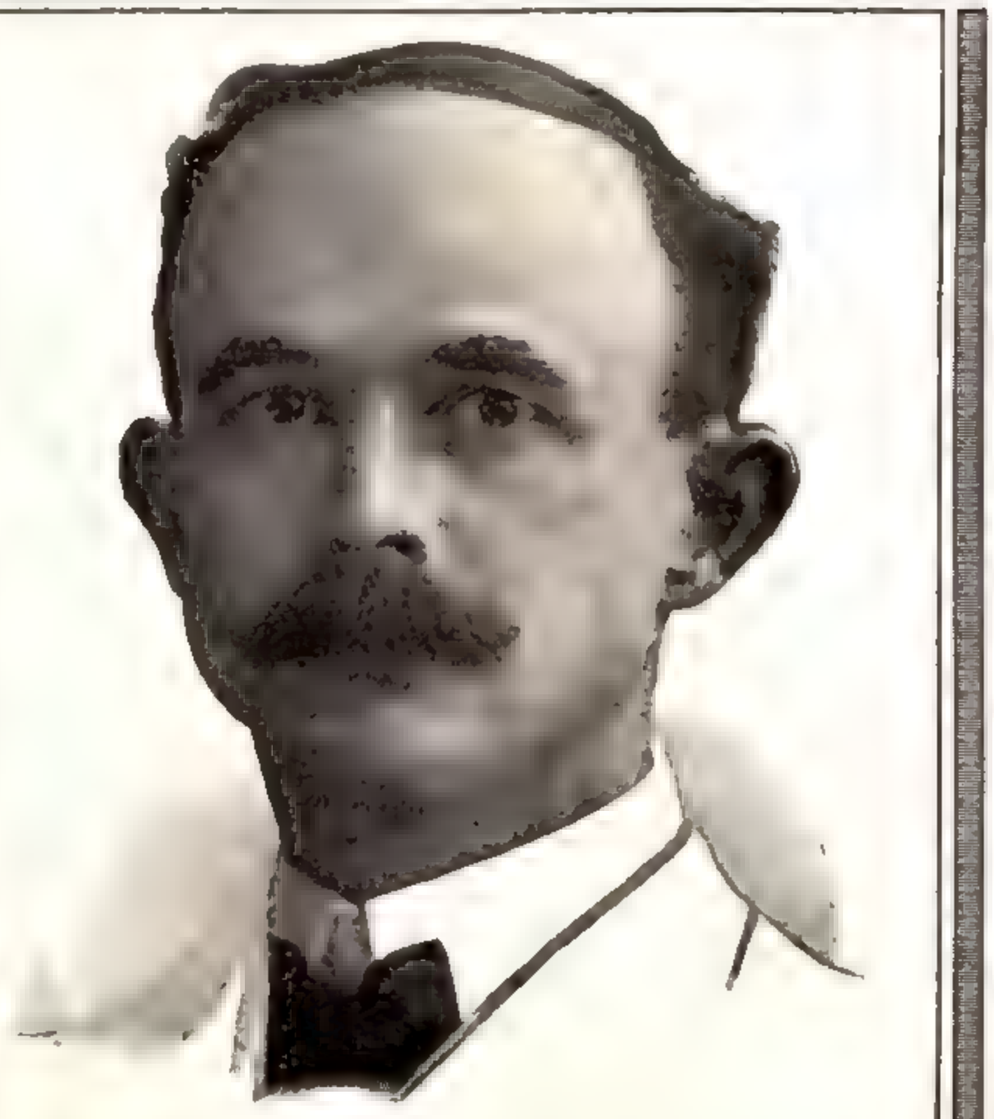

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"It is quick and easy to strop, and the expert stropping that it does puts on an edge that gives me a delightful shave. I hope it meets with the success it deserves."

SHAVING SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

$5 for an AutoStrop will represent your total shaving expense for years, as a single blade often lasts six months to a year. Consists of silver-plated self-stropping razor, 12 fine steel blades, and strop, in handsome case. Price complete, $5.

If Razor does not give satisfaction dealer will refund your money. He has our authority to do this.

If you put off getting an AutoStrop Safety Razor, you'll forget to get it. Get one today, while you're thinking of it.

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AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR
STROPS ITSELF

an old standby. You seldom read a story by a young writer without hitting upon "literachoor" or "literatoor." The thing interests him and he has but lately learned how one in his station of life should pronounce the word. "Brootal," too. Brootal seldom fails to win a smile. "Noo York" is another mirthmaker. And there is unfailing cause for merriment in the idea of "calling" the midday meal "dinner."

Some novelists and story-tellers are offensive in their dialect writing. Others use precisely the same phonetics without hurting any one. It depends on the spirit in which the spelling is done. If the context is marked by haughty superiority, pride, disdain, arrogance and contempt, it is probable that no kindness is meant by the dialect. James Whitcomb Riley has grieved no Indiana heart by his loving mockery.

(Just a word of digression, boys and girls of literatoor: When your illiterate writes a letter, and you print it in your text, please do not permit him to keep up the dialect in that letter, with a proper apostrophe in each fitting place. It isn't consistent; it isn't sensible; it isn't artistic. It is a blemish. We've all seen this done—too often. Manage to have him misspell without his own knowledge of it—surreptitiously, as it were.)

We'll skip three or four French and German sounds, produced by holding the vocal organs rigidly in position for the sound of one letter and then attempting to give the sound of some other letter—not any other letter, you understand; some particular letter. The resultant disaster will be the required sound—perhaps. Let us hurry on.

Arbitrary elegancies, such as "clark," "shedule" and "Cleopatra," are blessed words indeed; but no one takes them very seriously. There are place-Shibboleths, however, over which there is much ink shed. Such a word is "gallery." Why is "gallery" taboo? It is of good and direct lineage, French and Spanish; brought here by French and Spanish settlers in Louisiana "holding to their kindred speech." Why are porch, portico, piazza and the Dutch "stoop" admitted, while "gallery" is so rigorously barred? Answer: It is the "favor of makers." It is because New Orleans has produced few lexicographers.

One more, and we are done. "Creek" is, I believe, pronounced "creak" in lexicographer-land. I am entirely willing to pronounce it that way. Most of our millions, however, pronounce it "crik." That does not prove that this is a better way to pronounce it: it only proves that it is pronounced that way. Also, that it will probably continue to be pronounced that way. "Been" was once pronounced "bean." It is not, now. Why? Because the dictionaries changed? I rede you, Nay. The dictionaries changed, for that a perverse and stiff-necked generation provincially pronounced it "bin"—because they wanted to, maybe; or perhaps because it is a little easier to say. That is a way dictionaries have. A dictionary does not create; it records. It is not a master; it is a tool. When we seriously decide that we want to have a tool changed, we change that tool. That is a way we have.

A Constructive Program

So let us not be unduly hurt or angered by these continual little slurs and slings at our manners and our hopes and our people, Thos. Tonight, as we furtively gobble our plates of corned-beef hash, let us laugh over it. We have had our little say; we are just a trifle sheepish over our own blatant vindictiveness—a little ashamed of the childish perversity with which we cling to our sins.

We can afford to smile. The future is ours—yes, and the present too. "The real language of a people is the spoken word, not the written." We can forgive the Gileadite, even, if he will only show a little respect for helpless age and for the dead. For us—the living—let him scold. Poor fellow, he is beaten. He is conscious, too, that his class has never done that part of the world's work for which it has been fitted by its splendid opportunities. His class has been too much engrossed hitherto. But I think it will do its part, and do it nobly, sometime. I think that time is drawing near. Heaven speed the day!

Have I any "constructive program"? I have: a simple one—not, I think, unreasonable; but it is not new. When pointing out to us our verbal faults, our teachers are under no bond to make and publish morose inferences as to our complexion, age, clothes, weight, height, disposition or ultimate destination. In noteworthy books dealing with the subject—and they are needed, for our errors are not right and our deficiencies are not accomplishments—you may find such phrases as these: This term is better than that one; This word is incorrect; That is not the preferred usage; Avoid this error. And, for more emphasis: This blunder is only too common, but it cannot be justified; This usage is indefensible—care should be taken to avoid it. The authors of such books make no mention of our vices, our sins, our crimes, our bad manners or our clothes—judging, possibly, that we are sufficiently informed on those subjects. They confine themselves to the use or misuse of words and leave us to adjust those other matters with our God and our tailor.

. . . . . .

There is another class of educated men and women besides this one at which we have glanced so lightly—a larger class, abler, wiser. Of the many who might well serve for a type of "this sort of person," let me select one for the gratitude I owe him for many pleasant hours of instruction—instruction not only sane and sound but delightful. Ephraimites, let me nominate, as our first Professor of Common Sense, Mr. Brander Matthews: a man broad-minded as well as learned, tolerant of faults not his own, giving cheerful recognition to usage not his own, yet able withal to render a reason with any for the faith that is in him. May his tribe increase!

Prize Travelers

THE Hungarian Ornithological Society is trying to find out something more definite about the migrations of birds by the adoption of a new device. It catches them and fastens on their legs metal bands that bear an inscription. Anybody who kills or traps the bird is requested to return the band to the society.

This idea has worked out very successfully. For one thing, it has brought in a lot of information about the long journeys taken by storks, which, leaving Europe in the wintertime, fly far south into and beyond the tropical zone of Africa. They may not be regarded by native Africans with the sentimental appreciation accorded to them elsewhere, but are none the less highly appreciated because of their huge appetite for grasshoppers. Parts of the Dark Continent are fairly devastated at intervals by plagues of grasshoppers; and the multitudes of storks that flock to the scene on such an occasion have earned for them, in Africa, the name of "locust birds."

Not less interesting have been some experiments recently made at Bird Key—a small coral island belonging to the Dry Tortugas, sixty-six miles west of Key West, which is occupied by a colony of over twelve thousand noddy and sooty terns. They are so crowded that their nests, built in cedar bushes and dune cactus, are often less than a foot apart.

The place is extremely hot, the temperature at the breeding season varying from one hundred and twenty-four to one hundred and forty-three degrees Fahrenheit, in the daytime.

The first experiment was made with six noddies, which, after being marked with oil paint for identification, were carried on a launch to Key West and liberated. Within a few hours they were back on their nests, having had no trouble in finding their way home.

Next, three noddies and two sooties were captured and marked—their nests being likewise marked. They were taken, via Key West, to Cape Hatteras and liberated twelve miles east of the cape. Within a few days they returned and were found on their nests, having traveled eight hundred and fifty miles as the crow flies, or ten hundred and eighty miles by way of the coast. Two noddies and two sooties were carried to Havana and released. They got back the next day.

The experiments are being continued in the hope of shedding some light upon the problem of what is commonly called the homing instinct. In one of the cases above mentioned the birds were taken hundreds of miles beyond the northern limit of their normal range, and they were set at liberty in a region of which they could have known nothing; yet they returned quickly to their nests. The question is, How did they find their way?

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Snider's
Tomato
Catsup

IT is not only an unsurpassed relish for meats, fish, game, vegetables, etc., but is a most convenient seasoning for dishes requiring a tasty puree, and saves labor.

(Try this recipe, using **Snider's**)

Tomato Rarebit

2 tablespoons butter; 2 tablespoons flour; 1 cup thin cream; ½ cup Snider's Tomato Catsup; 2 cups cheese measured after grating (or running through chopper), 2 eggs slightly beaten; salt.

Melt butter in sauce pan, add flour. Pour [illegible] Stir the cheese [illegible] Serve [illegible]

Helen Mar Thomson

The pantry should always contain a good supply of **Snider** *process* **Pork and Beans** and a bottle of **Snider's Chili Sauce.**

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The T. A. Snider Preserve Company
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All Snider products comply with all Pure Food Laws [illegible]

$4.00 Purchases This Cut Glass Bowl

You can get this Prima Donna Cut Glass Bowl for only $4.00 at any Clark dealer's. A bowl as large (8 in. diameter 3½ in. deep) usually costs from $6.00 to $8.00. A striking feature is the beautiful tesselated rim—distinctive with the Prima Donna cutting.

Master hands and extreme care [illegible] and let the rare brilliance of Clark's Cut Glass [illegible]

→ *Clark* ←

CUT GLASS

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The tracings are as exquisite, varied and delicate as frost imagery. The lustre suggests the blue-white radiance of diamonds. All our choicest designs are copyrighted.

If there is no Clark dealer near you, send $4.00 direct to us.

T. B. CLARK & CO., Honesdale, Pa.

The Senator's Secretary

NO MATTER how rapidly the spotlight moves, it never moves rapidly enough to elude Champ Clark. Champ is always in the exact center of the illumination and if there happens to be no outside light working Champ turns on one of his own.

You see, Champ is a naïve sort of person—oh, naïve as the very dickens! frank, ingenuous, candid, and all that. When an admirer sidles up to Clark and says, "Mr. Clark, I hope to see you President next time," Mr. Clark genially but enthusiastically replies: "You don't hope that half as much as I do." Champ may be defined as a receptive candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination in 1912, with acceptive, but not with deceptive, slants. I feel warranted in saying if the nomination shall come to Champ he will accept it; and if, peradventure, the nomination shall hesitate about coming to Champ, Champ is the boy who, laying aside all other employments, will go out after the nomination with birdlime, traps, shotguns and other implements of acquisition.

He is pretty well placed, too, so far as keeping in the public eye is concerned. He has the Speakership of the House of Representatives, without the responsibilities, but with all the emoluments and with all the advantages for publicity. He did not have to appoint committees, thereby escaping the wrath of each and every Democrat who did not get a chairmanship. He is not on the Committee on Rules, and cannot be held for anything those rules may proscribe or admit in the conduct of the business of the House. He can make speeches and enunciate principles and uphold standards in any pleasing way that may occur to him; and when it comes to dissent among the proletariat he can stand gracefully aside, point to the Committee on Committees, the Committee on Rules, the fact that he is merely the presiding officer, and disclaim responsibility until the cows or the votes come home.

Three Willing Candidates

Though naïve, there is nothing coy about Champ. He doesn't dissemble, dissimulate, disquabulate or digress. He is right out in the open about this Presidential nomination business; eager to have any reporter or constituent, or anybody else, mention the possibility to him, and ready with the admission that if the unterrified Democracy shall express a desire for him he will respond. Indeed, the unterrified Democracy need not go so far as to express a desire. All the O. D. needs do is to hint, or intimate, or even glance in his direction, and Champ will be there—on the spot and on the job.

Geographically, he is in fine position. He comes from Missouri—not too far south for the northern Democrats and not too far north for the southern Democrats. Politically, he is as regular as a chronometer. Should circumstances—or the nomination—veer Champ's way, he will have a ringing O. K. from William Jennings Bryan, unless, perchance, William Jennings reserves his own O. K. for himself. Moreover, Champ is a well-known citizen. He was that before he became floor leader for the minority and advanced to the shorn, but still distinguished, Speakership. For many years Champ has stampeded around this country, lecturing at Chautauquas and for lyceums; joint-debating with General Grosvenor and the late Senator Dolliver. Also, he has stumped on many a stump and been stumped by few; and, since the landslide last fall when Champ's warm and personal friend, Uncle Joe Cannon, got his, along with a few score of Cannon folks in the House, if there has been a day when Champ has not been in the public prints somewhere, by way of comment, discussion, quip or other verbal message concerning Clark, it has escaped the notice of vigilant perusers of the press.

There is one little handicap to Champ's ambitions. Joseph W. Folk, of his own state, is also campaigning for the Democratic nomination in 1912 and putting in some good licks. It is quite possible Joseph W. could get an O. K. from Bryan also, but the advantage Clark has is that

"Yungfelo"
= THE CLEVEREST CLOTHES IN AMERICA

[illegible] the distance [illegible] and [illegible] "Reggy"

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$21 Special "Reggy"

Top-notch model of Kirschbaum famous hand-tailored "Yungfelo" Suits—a 1911 style creation. Designed in our new department equipped solely for producing clothes for young American gentlemen. And distinctively different from those shown by any other maker.

"Reggy" fabrics (many exclusive) are all-wool. Striking, yet tasteful in tone and pattern—chosen to best express the artistic "Reggy" lines.

Tailoring and finish are comparable only with highest grade custom workmanship—the Kirschbaum standard.

The Kirschbaum "Yungfelo" label under the inside breast pocket is your guaranty of *all wool* fabric and absolute satisfaction.

Special "Reggy" Features

Coat—[illegible] 2 or 3 buttons. Extra wide [illegible] lapels, low opening. Kirschbaum hand-worked [illegible] shaped to waist. [illegible] watch pocket in breast pocket. Boutonniere elastic under left lapel.

Vest—One button shown above coat opening. Side buckles, meeting smooth fitting back. Vestee of coated [illegible] match cloth.

Trousers—Extra wide at thighs, narrow at bottom. Concealed bill-pocket; pencil-pocket in left hip pocket. Watch-guard in velvet watch-pocket. Fancy hanger. Button and hole on hip pocket. Tunnel belt-slides. Buckle guard.

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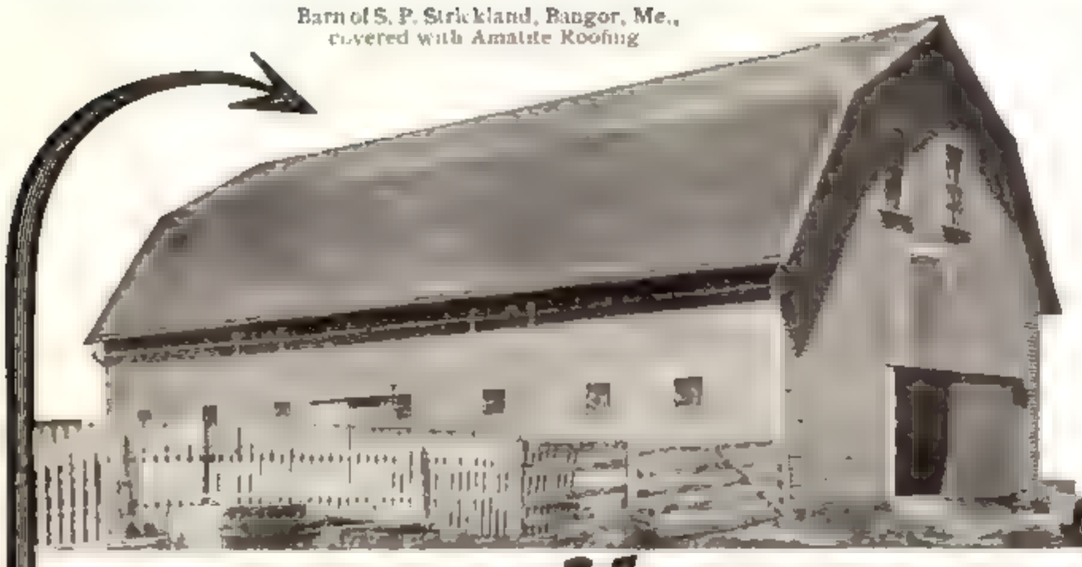

Barn of S. P. Strickland, Bangor, Me., covered with Amatite Roofing

Amatite Roofing

A Roof That Needs No Painting

Amatite has a *real mineral surface* which needs no painting.

The above illustration shows the barn of S. P. Strickland, Bangor, Me., which was roofed with Amatite three years ago. The owner's opinion of it is expressed in the following letter which we recently received:—

"Gentlemen:—The Amatite Roofing purchased three years ago and placed on my barn, has given most satisfactory service. The Roofing is unusually attractive in appearance, and as a [illegible] is the most durable and satisfactory made. The fact that it requires no painting appeals to me very strongly, and this feature makes it by far the cheapest ready roofing on the market. Yours very truly,

(Signed) S. P. STRICKLAND."

Every practical man will see at once that painting roofs is an expensive nuisance. If the roofs fail, the manufacturer always claims that they are not painted often enough, or that you did not use the right kind of paint or something of that sort. After Amatite is laid there is nothing more to do to it.

If we sold Amatite at a price 20% higher than the old fashioned "Paint-me-often" kind, you would be justified in buying it. You would more than save the extra cost by eliminating the paint in after years. Amatite, however, costs *no* more than other first-class roofings, and it gives twice as much weight of roof per square foot.

A sample of Amatite showing the mineral surface will be sent free on application. Address our nearest office.

Everjet Elastic Paint

Do you realize the economy of using black paint when possible? Everjet costs half as much as other first class paints. Tough, durable, heat-proof and water-proof. For wood or metal.

Creonoid *Lice Destroyer and Cow Spray*

Vermin in the cow barn and hen house costs you money. Prevent insect worry by spraying regularly with Creonoid, a cheap, powerful disinfectant. It repels flies, mosquitoes and hen lice. It kills germs and prevents the spread of contagion.

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Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder for the feet. It relieves pat ful, swollen, smarting, tender, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the great comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain relief for ingrowing nails, perspiring, callous and tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. TRY IT TO DAY. Sold everywhere, 25c. Do not accept any substitute. Sent by mail for 25c. in stamps.

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE sent by mail. Address,

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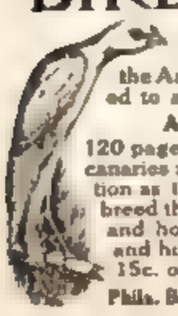
BIRD MANNA



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A BOOK ON CAGE BIRDS.

120 pages, 150 illustrations, a plate of fancy canaries in their natural colors. Full information as to song and rare canaries. How to breed them for profit. Hints on their diseases and how to cure them. All about Parrots and how to teach them to talk. Mailed for 15c. or Manna and Book together for 25c.

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Columbia, Rambler, Cleveland, Tribune,

Contain many distinctive features of great merit not found in other makes.

The Pope Daily Service Bicycle

A new proposition. Send for full particulars about this magnificent wheel and our convenient method of selling it.

CAUTION! Thousands of very low grade wheels with fancy paint and deceptive names are being sold at high grade prices. If you see a name plate that you do not know beware! Everyone knows Pope Quality. Pope wheels are safe to buy and ride. $30 to $100.

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Save $25 to $50 on any make of Typewriter. Our Factory Rebuilt Typewriters are perfect in quality, condition and looks. Durable and reliable in construction and are sold in every way. Buy from the largest factory in the world with branch stores in many cities. We guarantee for one year, supply lists, [illegible] and ribbons at one-half usual prices. Write for catalogue and address of nearest branch office.

American Writing Machine Co.
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Your comfort—even your health—depends upon the selection of your shoes. Your local dealer will serve you best when he sells you comfortable—stylish

Smith-Wallace Shoes

CHICAGO

SMITH WALLACE SHOE CO. STERLING QUALITY

Clark is naturally in the full glare of publicity, while Folk has to make his own full glare—not, of course, referring to the glare he makes when the aspirations of Clark are mentioned to him. Those little state difficulties must be composed in whatever way they may be. They are of no immediate concern to the public at large, albeit neither Champ nor Joseph W. will admit the public is at large, but closely confined within the thraldom of Mammon, the predaceous plutes, the criminal trusts, and all and sundry that come within the catalog of the people's woes.

Champ Clark is a man who has a way with him. Uncle Joe specialized on being homely and homespun for many years, until they got on to him for being the fastidious old millionaire he is; but nobody can accuse Clark of being anything but a man of the people, so far as having such increment as a man of the people should have. Champ is as plain as an old shoe and works at it all the time. He puts on no airs, talks in the vernacular, dresses in the vernacular, and cautiously refrains from exhibiting any frills. He has studied that familiar sort of discourse so long that he never lapses, even though he was once a college president.

Champ knows that about ninety per cent of the voting population of this country are plain folks; and, having an accurate comprehension of the value of ninety per cent as set off against ten per cent, he keeps his ear so close to the grass that occasionally he gets a cricket in it. To hear him tell it, you never will catch him riding in any official automobiles or parading around in a plug hat. Not Champ! He rides in the street cars and sticks to the broad-brimmed soft felt. And when he talks he uses no fancy expressions. He has his part down pat.

Hair-Trigger Oratory

Still, they have been digging around in Champ's speeches and have found a few specimens that disclose Champ's trend of thought on occasions. The fact is that Champ is a sort of a hair-trigger orator. He is very likely to say whatever comes into his head; and when he gets to denouncing he denounces for fair. He has the courage of his conversation. There is that little bon-mot about Mr. Cleveland that somebody resurrected a few days ago. Champ let it loose in debate in the House one day, saying: "The election of Grover Cleveland to the Presidency was the greatest calamity that has happened to the human race since the fall of Adam." As any one can see, Champ considered the election of the last Democratic President a whale of a calamity. The difference between Champ and a lot of other people is that though the other people thought it—people of Champ's political angle—Champ not only thought it but said it!

Clark probably doesn't think that now. He was searching his soul for a few terse words and a terse incident to illustrate his position on the Cleveland question when he did say it; and being of a hyperbolic temperament he thought it would be just as well to go the limit, and he went that limit. Champ is likely to say things like that and has already said a good many. His language wasn't conferred on him for the purpose of concealing his thoughts, but for expressing them. Hence, he is likely at any time to say that every Republican is a horsethief; that an antagonist would rob a grave or that the return of the Republicans to power would be worse than the extinction of the Christian religion; and conversely that the present influx of Democracy is the grandest thing that has happened to the people as a whole since the surrender at Yorktown or the evacuation of New York by the British. It is his way, you understand. If he shall get into the White House and shall retain his powers of expression under that deterrent of anything but conventional conversation, we may look for some state papers that will be emphatic, whatever else they may be.

Meantime just what is going to happen in Congress in extra session assembled is beyond conjecture. The standpat and Administration Republicans are going about with doleful tales of the tragedies that will ensue. They all concede there will be a fearful muss. Senator Murray Crane, being by nature a conciliator, weeps bitterly when he recounts the troubles the future has in store for the Senate, with its slight Republican majority, and for the country, which, by action of the misguided

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is made to suit all tastes, both as to type and style. Its materials are highest grade. The webbings are of the best quality, and will retain their strength and elasticity, giving maximum service. Metal parts are of brass, rust proof, and heavily nickeled.

THESE THREE TYPES

cover any man's needs for all seasons or occasions. The "Cord" is the original staple "Boston Garter"; "Needraw" for summer wear (no metal next the skin); "Pad," a recent type excelling in comfort and growing in favor.

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For sale everywhere. Sample Pair, postpaid. Cotton, 25 cts. Silk, 50 cts.

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The man before the desk works with his hands and is paid for his *labor*.

The man behind the desk works with his head and is paid for his *knowledge*. It is merely a question of KNOWING HOW.

The first step in "knowing how" is simply a matter of cutting out, filling in and mailing us the coupon shown below.

In return we show you how to improve your position or to secure a more congenial occupation and better salary, without loss of time, without neglecting your present work or obligating yourself to pay more than you can comfortably afford.

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Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position, trade or profession before which I have marked X.

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One of the most convincing facts of our advertising is that the consumers of the country want quality. The best grocers everywhere are recognizing the superior merits of our canned fruits and are seeking

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"The kind that is NOT lye-peeled"

If your grocer cannot supply you, send us $7.50 and we will send you, charges prepaid, to any point in the U. S. reached by rail, an assorted case containing 24 cans of HUNT'S SUPREME QUALITY CALIFORNIA CANNED FRUITS, the finest canned fruits in the world.

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Children thrive on it.
'Ralston' is the purest, most wholesome food a child can eat.
A good, solid, commonsense health food of natural wheat color, with all the nutriment of the whole wheat left in. Easily digested. Children never tire of it. 5 saucers to each 15c package when cooked.
Purina Whole Wheat Flour
makes delicious toothsome bread, muffins, rolls, etc. Try it too
Ralston
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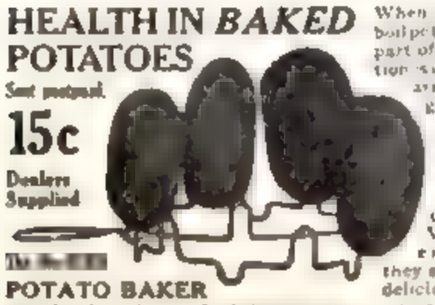

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POTATO BAKER

provides the only way for baking potatoes perfectly, and it relieves you of all trouble. It holds the potatoes up so they can bake *evenly* on all sides! No turning by you. No burning of potatoes or your hands and arms. Bakes seven potatoes at a time.

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people, has been deprived of the fostering care of the Republican party in the House of Representatives and turned over to irresponsible Democrats, who have the temerity to undertake to revise the tariff.

Nobody knows what is coming out of it and nobody can predict anything but trouble—that is, political trouble. Over on the Senate side they are scared blue. There are a good many Democrats in the Senate who are not so anxious to revise a tariff that they are sending out bulletins concerning their feelings on the matter. The dear old sacred policy of high protection is not without its admirers among the Senate Democrats. Likewise, although the Insurgents think the tariff should be revised, they want to be real careful about it—and not revise it in such a way that the revision will hurt their particular constituencies. The standpat Republicans grow faint with horror at the thought of revising the tariff in any respect—except upward—and what will happen when a Democratic House throws a tariff bill at this bunch of timid souls—which cuts the duties on wool and cotton, for example, down to the minimum and then some—is frightful to contemplate.

While the Democrats are still more or less undecided as to what they can accomplish, but are fully determined to do as much as they can, the depressed Republicans, on both sides of the Capitol, are mostly concerned in figuring out ways for obstruction. They cooked up a neat little plan on the House side to embarrass the Democratic Committee on Committees by refusing to name the Republican members for the minority ends of the committees, on the hypothesis that inasmuch as the Democrats, being in the majority, had established a Committee on Committees, that organization should appoint both majority and minority members, and unless it did so the Republicans would refuse to name their committee members. It is too early, as this is written, to say how that scheme worked out or whether it was pressed. It is merely cited here to show the frames of mind of the regular Republicans who are left in the House.

Extra-Session Plans

So far as President Taft is concerned he has given up hope of getting a reciprocity and tariff-board bill through and having nothing done with the tariff until next December, when the tariff board will have a report ready on the wool and cotton schedules. He realizes the Democrats are going to do as they please, without any regard to his wishes or feelings in the matter; and he is prepared to put his back to the wall, grit his teeth and make the best of it, or do the best he can with what he gets from the Congress. The regulars, figuring on what fighting they can do as minority members, are saying the Congress will be here until next August or September and may run clear through to the regular meetingtime on the first Monday in December. It is held by some authorities that the Democrats, having passed the reciprocity bill and the tariff-board bill in such shape as seems advisable, will put in several tariff bills changing various schedules, notably the wool and cotton schedules, and some food rates; will fight for them, pass them, put them up to the Republican Senate, and then consent to recess until late in the fall, or adjourn, claiming their record is clear—that they have made good with the people so far as they are able. Various statesmen, with vacation plans in mind, think it would be a good plan to take a recess until October along about June first—and so it goes.

The only thing that is clear is that there will be much trouble and travail before it is all over, and that no political prophet on earth can tell how either Democrats or Republicans are coming out of it all.

Meantime Champ Clark will be presiding—only that and nothing more. He will not be mixed in it. He will gain no enmities because of committee appointments. Nobody can call him down about rules that may not work out. He had no apparent hand in framing whatever tariff legislation may be proposed. He will be sitting up there on the dais, seeing to the parliamentary and peaceful conduct of business and keeping an eye on that nomination for 1912.

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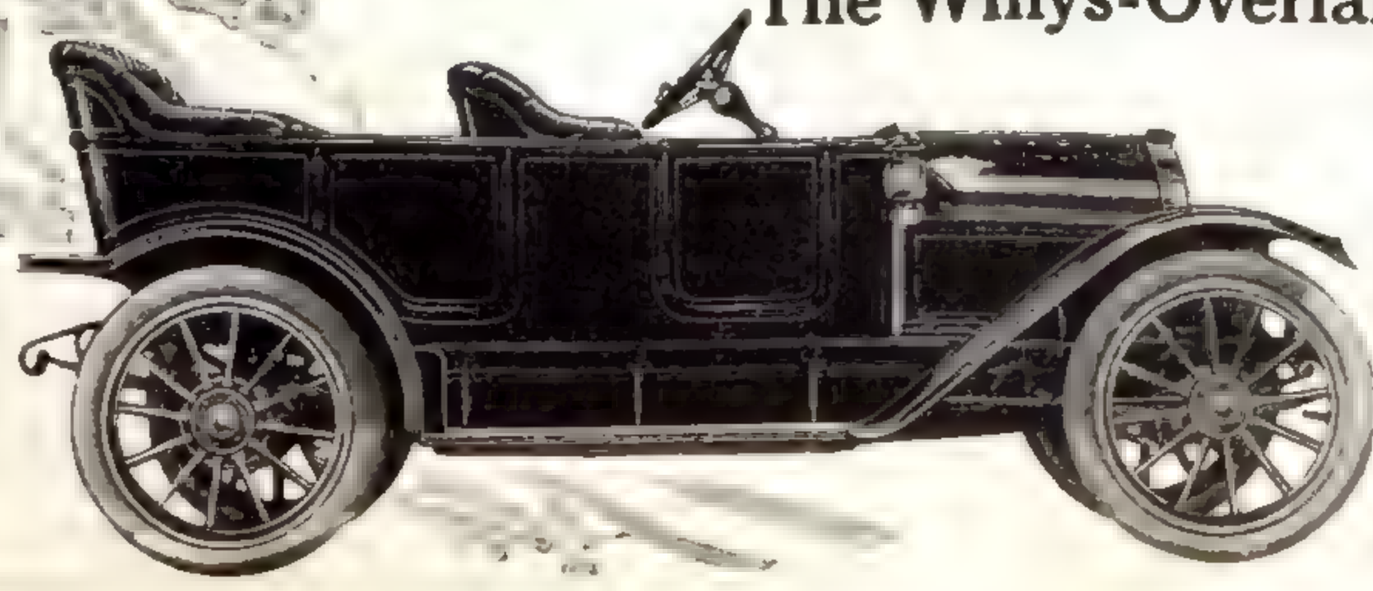

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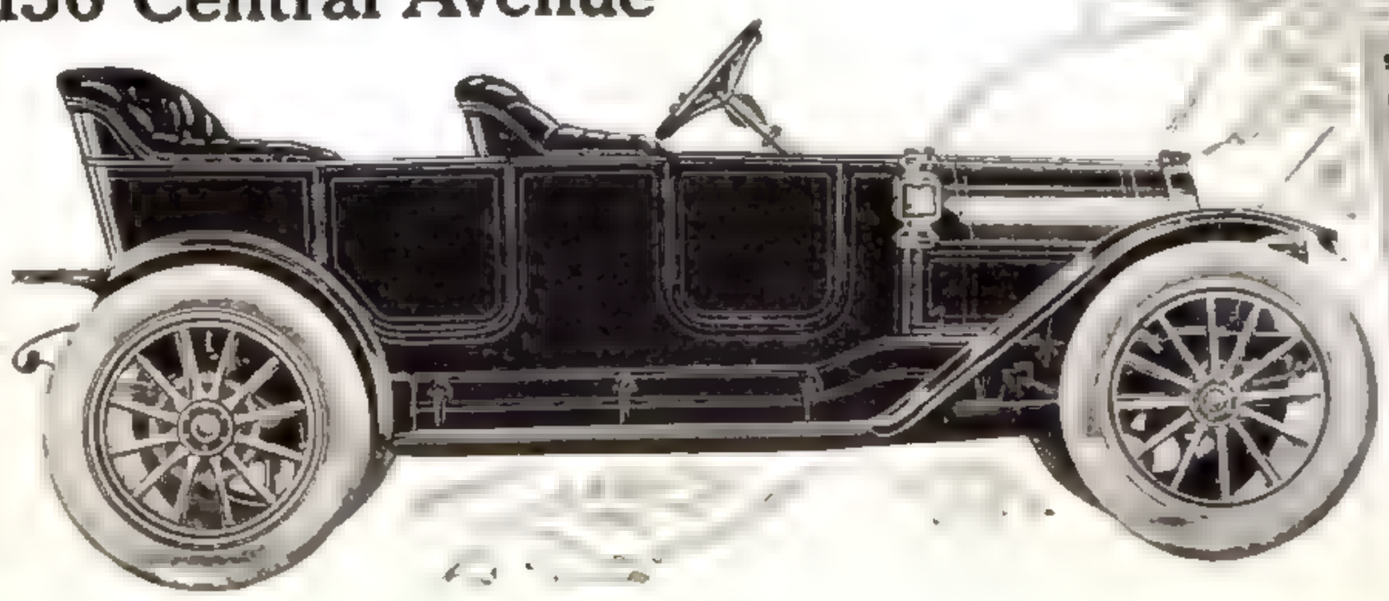

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The Dramatic Foundry

By EMMETT C. KING

Stock Companies as Schools for Actors

"SAY, what do you think of our manager putting an extra matinée on Lincoln's Birthday, when we already have two a week?" an actor playing in a Broadway company asked of another actor who was playing in a Brooklyn stock company.

"It's a shame," answered the Brooklynite. "There's where I have the better of you; we never have any extra matinées in our company."

"You don't? How's that?"

"Because there are only six working days in a week and we have a regular matinée every day."

Notwithstanding this assertion I heard of a stock company, playing the regulation twelve performances a week, that put in a morning matinée on Thanksgiving Day, making three performances for the day and thirteen for the week—no doubt about thirteen being an unlucky number for that company.

Although twelve performances are the limit in the East, fourteen are allowed and played in most of the Western towns, where the two Sunday performances will yield about one-third of the total receipts of the week. Of course all stock companies do not play twice a day, but the majority of them do; and it is with the "two-a-day stock" that this article will deal.

There is scarcely a town of fifty thousand inhabitants in the United States that has not had, at one time or another, a two-a-day stock company. So, with the external workings and results of such a company the majority of my readers are quite familiar; but what do they know of how these results are accomplished? Probably they have never thought of that side of it; or if they have, have given it up as an unsolvable problem. They may well have done the latter, for it is difficult for one who has not actually been through the experience to explain the exact method of procedure whereby the company plays twice every day, rehearses every morning, and produces a new play each week. There have been companies that played twice a day and put on two plays every week. How this is done I am not going to explain, for the very simple reason that I have never been able to figure it out myself.

Has it ever occurred to you, while sitting in front at a two-a-day house, how much work, both mental and physical, it requires to rehearse every morning—and sometimes the better part of Sunday—play every afternoon and evening, and study a new part every week? Have you ever calculated the hours these people put in and compared them with the hours put in by union laborers? Just listen then to this.

What it Means to Act Twice a Day

The actor in a two-a-day stock company must be in the theater by nine-thirty in the morning—toward the end of the week the call is often made for nine. If he gets out at twelve-thirty he is lucky. To be ready for the matinée he must be in the theater by "half-hour time"—one-thirty. By Tuesday or Wednesday, when the play is running smoothly, he will get out about five o'clock—but we shall only count the regular hours. The evening performance will require the same amount of time, making a total of ten hours' work. Just two hours longer than union hours, you will say, with better pay and easier work. But wait.

You open in your new play at the matinée on Monday afternoon—Sunday afternoon if you are in the West. Tuesday morning, after playing one part twice, you begin to rehearse the play for the following week—going through one play in the morning and a different one in the afternoon and evening. You must commit this new part to memory. When are you going to do that? Your entire time is taken up from nine-thirty A. M. to eleven P. M., excepting just enough time for meals.

Of course the utility and general business people get a short part now and then that they can study during their waits. They can, therefore, get along with a paltry matter of nine or ten hours' work—sometimes; not always. But the leading people have parts that run from fifty to one hundred and fifty pages in length, and these require time and concentration. Not only must they learn the words that they are to speak, but they must memorize absolutely the business of the play—which means the action. Besides this they must learn the cues that precede their lines or business.

How is it possible to do this and play twice a day? I am not sure that I can tell you; but, having put in several years in the two-a-day houses—one of them a fourteen-a-week theater—I shall try.

The method differs, of course, according to whether you are a quick or a slow study the theatrical term for capacity to memorize lines. Some actors study in half the time that others do. To some the committing of a new part is torture. They must put in every hour and every minute that they can command, and go over the part hundreds of times. Others can absorb words as a sponge does water.

One of the most phenomenal studies of which I ever heard was that of an actor who managed his own company, directed the stage and played the leading parts. In addition to this he was a great Bohemian, and would sit up at night as long as any one could be found to keep him company. In spite of all this he would come to rehearsal on Thursday letter-perfect, when the other members considered themselves lucky if they knew their parts on Saturday. Such people are veritable marvels and cannot be considered here in explaining the routine of the average stock actor.

Learning Parts no Pastime

If you possess just a normal study your method of procedure will be something like this: At the Tuesday morning rehearsal you read your part, of course. The chances are that you have never seen it before. Tuesday night you read it over before retiring. Wednesday morning you take it to breakfast with you, prop it up against the carafe and study it while you gulp down your eggs and coffee. You walk up and down the stage at rehearsal, during the scenes in which you are not concerned—if you are a leading man or woman there will be very few of these—and mumble over your lines. When your scene is called you read from the part.

During the matinée performance you carry the part in your hand, again mumbling over the lines until your cue comes to go on. You drop the part in the entrance, if you are a woman, and if you are a man you cram it into your pocket, and go on the stage to play a scene in a different play from the one you are studying—don't lose sight of that. This routine you continue during the matinée and repeat at the evening performance.

Between matinée and night you indulge in a reckless form of amusement—you go for a trolley ride, accompanied by your part for next week. This never leaves you. Even if you are not in a situation to study it you will sometimes give a start and feel in your pocket for it. An expression of abject terror will come over your face and startle the friends with whom you may be dining. You rush to your overcoat and plunge your hands into the pockets. With a sigh of relief you return to the table. "I thought I had lost my part," you explain, as you drop back into your chair.

On the car you put the part on the inside of a newspaper to hide it from the other passengers—who wouldn't know what it was if you handed it to them. Then you read a line and look up at the roof and repeat it to yourself. You become so absorbed that you do not realize that every one is looking at you and wondering whether you are a dangerous or a harmless lunatic; for nothing looks so idiotic as a man or woman holding a conversation with an invisible being who is somewhere up in the air at an angle of forty-five degrees from the person visible.

"Everybody perfect on Saturday!" the stage-manager calls out at the Friday rehearsal. Then you begin to realize that all the time you have been pretending to hold converse with invisible beings you have really been figuring on the Giants' chances

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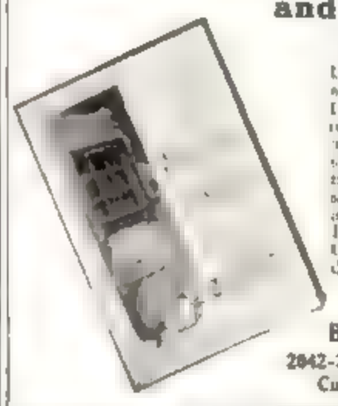

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of beating the Cubs, or some other matter of national importance—and in consequence you don't know a blooming thing about your part.

The stage-manager rakes you over the coals at the Saturday rehearsal for not being perfect, and says if it happens again there will be a rehearsal on Sunday. Having been thus rudely awakened from your dream you begin to study—really study. You cancel your engagement with your best girl for Sunday and spend the day and evening walking the floor and raving like a madman; and Monday you know your part.

At the matinée Jack Jollyboy, who has not been conscientious and has not cut out the Sunday's pleasures, stops in the middle of your big scene, turns his back to the audience and whispers to you that he is stuck and that you must go on. You flounder around and try to blend the cue he should have given you with your own lines, making an unintelligent jumble of your best climax.

Then it is that the actor in front, who has only two matinées a week and has come in on a pass, says:

"Did you ever see anything as rotten as that leading man? It's a wonder he doesn't cut out drink and study a few lines." And again your equilibrium is jostled when Jollyboy comes to your dressing room and says: "Much obliged, old chap, for pulling me out of that hole. I never worry about my scenes with you—I know you'll pull through." Wouldn't you feel like saying right out loud: "Damask curtains and plush-lined alarm clocks"?

A young actor, who always knew his lines, was much annoyed by one of the older members of a stock company who, when he forgot his lines, would turn his back to the audience and tell the youngster to go ahead. The younger man resolved to show the other fellow up, as on the occasions mentioned it appeared as if the junior player had forgotten his lines. The young man studied the context of all the scenes he had with the other person and resolved that when the older man attempted the former trick he would prompt him so that the audience could hear it. When they reached the scene where trouble was expected the old man, instead of sticking in his lines, spoke the speech that belonged to the other actor. The scene went to pieces and the audience blamed the young man.

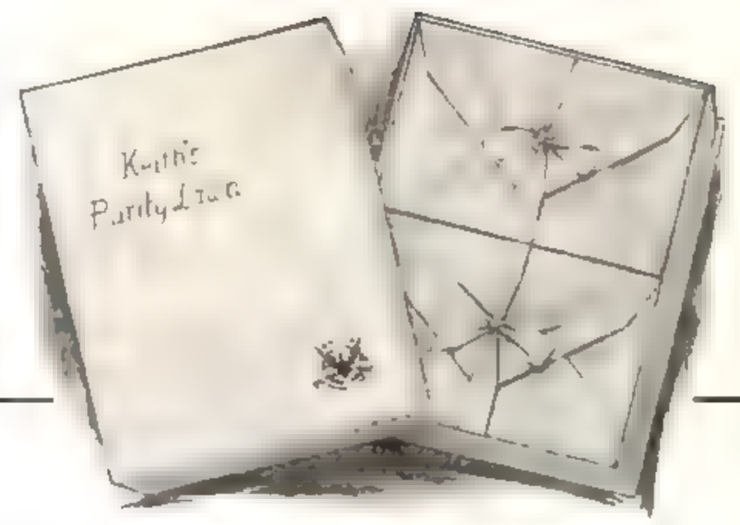
The Old Problem of Clothes

The time that the two-a-day stock actor gives to his work depends primarily upon three things: the length of the part, his method and his "swallow." A conservative estimate would be about fifteen hours a day, in the theater and out. All the rest of the time he can do as he likes. Although this seems quite a strenuous existence I can only recall, among all the stock actors I have known, two or three who went crazy, one who committed suicide, and one who dropped dead.

The whole thing is a question of temperament—that much abused word. If the actor can systematize the work—study just so much, trusting that somebody will pull him out of a hole if he falls into one—he will get along fairly well. But if he is conscientious and studies for himself and the other fellow he is likely to become an insomniac. When this happens he is liable to lie awake half the night with the lines of the play running through his head, or else to repeat them in his sleep; with the result that he has little rest.

I have only pictured the man's side of the case; the woman's is far worse, for she requires so much more time and is at so much greater expense for clothes than is the man. If a man has two or three suits of street clothes and a dress suit he is fixed to dress for anything. If the play has three scenes in which evening clothes are required the man wears his one suit in all—he can wear nothing else. But the woman must have a different evening gown for each act; and she cannot wear any of these in the next play, or for some time after. When she does wear them they must have been changed so that they will not look the same.

How the women manage to dress in the stock companies—for they do dress well—is another question I cannot answer. In this as in the two-plays-a-week proposition I have had no experience; and I am only telling things here that I know. I do know of a woman who kept a sewing machine in her dressing room and made all her own gowns, although she played twice a day. On one occasion she fashioned a handsome



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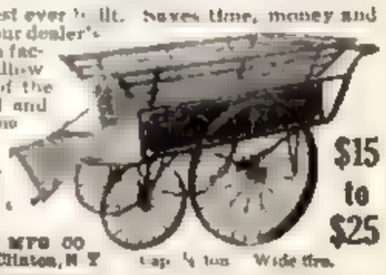

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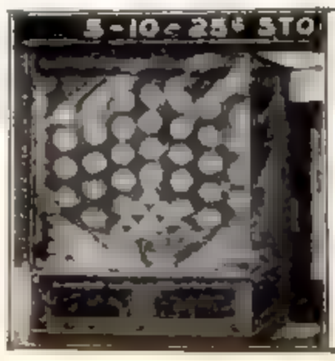

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Price 50c

PALMOLIVE CREAM

Send us twelve 2-cent stamps and the band from a jar of Palmolive Cream and we'll send you a set of six beautiful artist's proofs, size 11¼ x 14½ (ready for framing), made from original paintings in oil, portraying several historically famous Oriental queens

B. J. Johnson Soap Co.
382 Fowler Street
Milwaukee, Wis.

1911

evening gown out of an old lace curtain, and it "looked all right from the front."

Notwithstanding the hard work in the stock companies, any number of actors and actresses prefer it to the work on the road with its one-night stands. One great thing in its favor is the opportunity it gives the actors of having some home life which, in spite of the prevalent idea of the actor's Bohemian tendencies, the majority of them crave above everything else. Then, too, they make friends and have an opportunity for social intercourse, all of which is lacking on the road.

It's a great thing for a girl to have her mother with her; and it is about as cheap for two people to have a little flat as it is for one person to live in a hotel—to say nothing of the comfort of having the mother around and of having her assistance in preparing that alarming array of stage gowns.

Many actors have wives that they are really fond of—yellow journals to the contrary notwithstanding—and children. The stock system permits them to be together; and many actors endure the hard grind of the two-a-day system in order to have their families around them—again controverting the largely prevalent opinion that there are no happy marriages in the profession.

Before the Lights Go Up

Really humorous things often occur in the foundry during the course of a season, and they tend to lighten the labor. The opening performance of a new play is always a time of trials and often of most ludicrous situations. Nerves are stretched taut and every sense is on the alert; for every faculty is needed to pull the actor through this first performance.

On the opening day the actor goes to the theater half an hour earlier than usual. He is not sure as to how he is going to make up for his part, and it is seldom that he has not forgotten something that he will need in the play. There is a general borrowing of clothes, "props," and make-up among the players.

"Great Scott!" the heavy man exclaims a few minutes before the curtain is due to rise. "I haven't any crimped hair to make a mustache. Have you any crimped hair, Jim?" calling to the juvenile man next door.

"I have some blond."

"Won't do. Must have dark brown. Have you any hair, George?" to the character man across the hall.

"I've some gray."

Down to the leading man's room the heavy goes; but the leading man tells him that he never uses hair, which the heavy should have known.

Back to the juvenile man he goes: "Give me a couple of inches of that blond hair, Jim; I'll have to make it up."

He gets the light-colored hair, darkens it with grease paint, twists it into shape, glues it on and has the traditional dark mustache of the villain.

Before the curtain goes up half a dozen actors and actresses usually find that they have forgotten something in the way of a "prop" or some part of a costume. At times it looks as if the performance will have to be postponed; but somebody always comes to the rescue and lends the desired article. This is the most striking feature of the occasion—the rare good nature of the actors and their willingness to help each other. The men help each other to build beards, paint in bald spots, and sometimes put studs in a shirt when the other fellow has dirty make-up. That the women hook each other up and do various other feminine services goes without saying.

When costume plays—those requiring dress of a period other than the present—are put on there is usually lots of trouble. Such costumes are rented; and they seldom ever fit and are rarely in decent repair.

The property man is also a destroyer of your peace of mind. Your part calls for a pistol, and "Props" brings you a modern revolver, although the play is of the period of 1690. When you remonstrate "Props" replies: "Well, I ain't no mind reader. The list said a pistol and I gave you a pistol, didn't I?" And that's the best you get.

When you stop to consider the things that "Props" has to get for each play, and that all he has to get them with is passes, you will realize that his job is no sinecure. Among the things that a property man secured on passes in a two-a-day company were a fire engine and horses, a live bull, two lions, a Jewish prayer cloth and a baby. Do you wonder that he sometimes made anachronistic mistakes?

There are no understudies in stock companies, and for obvious reasons. Accidents happen here, however, as well as elsewhere, and it is sometimes necessary to replace some one who has been compelled to leave the cast suddenly, through illness or some other cause. Here is where the big memory stunt is pulled off. I knew a young actor to have consigned to him the part of Bob Acres, in The Rivals, at eleven o'clock in the morning and play it at the matinée that afternoon. Another was handed the part of Deprunelle, in Divorçons, on Friday night after the performance. Saturday morning he rehearsed a different play, which he played on Saturday afternoon. Saturday night he played in a still different play from the one he took part in at the matinée. These were not new parts; they were "repeats." He played Deprunelle, a part of one hundred and seventeen pages, Monday night, and was only prompted once. In the language of the classics, this was "some study."

The two-a-day stock company is often referred to as a cheap stock company. The term is unjust. While the price of admission is low there is nothing else cheap about them. The manager of a stock company employs a scene painter who paints special scenery for each production. He produces plays that have been played for a few seasons in the high-priced theaters, at a maximum price of fifty cents; and he gives you a company, the leading people of which are paid salaries of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty dollars per week. Furthermore, his royalties for the plays he produces often reach the sum of five hundred dollars a week. It can readily be seen why he gives twelve performances a week. It takes a great number of admissions at small prices to total the cost of production and then show a profit above. That they make a profit, however, is evident from the number of companies that continue year after year.

The regular patrons of the stock theaters seldom complain of the performances. They are quite satisfied to see a two-dollar show for fifty cents, given by a company of good actors, even if there are some technical details missing. Occasionally one hears some would-be critic make invidious comparisons between the stock company and the original cast. Such comparisons are absurd. The company that played the piece first, rehearsed on an average of at least eight hours a day for four weeks. The stock company plays the same piece, with five or six rehearsals of three hours each. A slight calculation of the different amount of time put in by the two companies in preparation will be interesting.

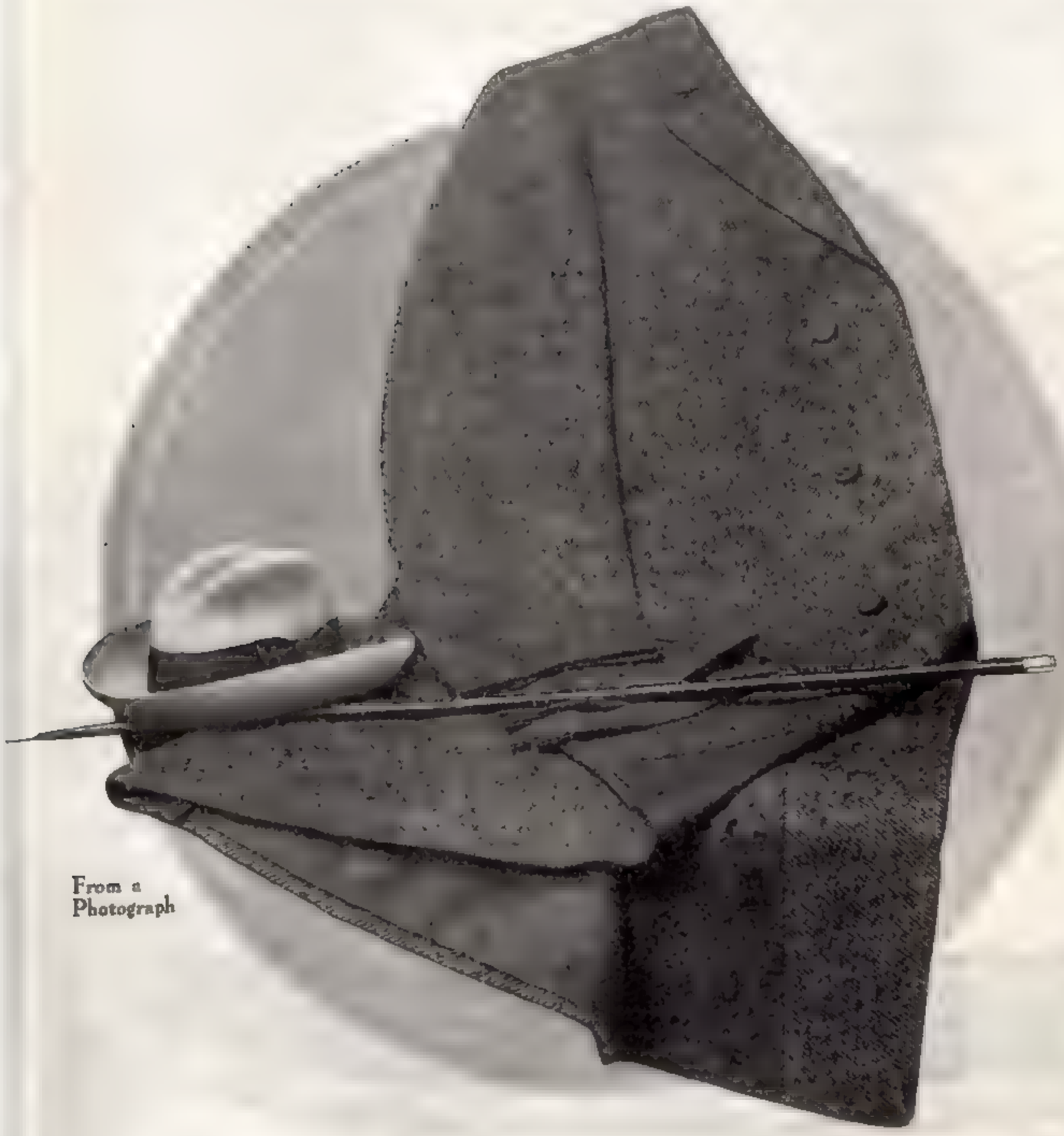
For the Sake of Experience

A few years ago there was, among producing managers, a strong prejudice against stock-company actors. They argued that the hurried manner of doing things, necessary in the stock companies, unfitted actors for the more detailed and tedious work necessary for a first production. The fallacy of this theory has been positively established. By degrees actors from the stock companies compelled recognition, and whenever the opportunity came they almost invariably made good. Managers found that the reason the actor in the stock company did things hurriedly was because he had to; and that when he was given the requisite time to perfect his method he not only did so, but did it much more quickly than the actor who had had no stock experience. In proof of this, examine the rosters of the Broadway companies of the past few seasons. You will find few that do not include some prominent member or members whose experience was largely gained through the stock companies.

So valuable is stock-company training considered for young actors today that a young leading woman, who had already gained recognition in Broadway productions and had been engaged to create the leading rôle in a new play by a well-known author, obtained an engagement in a stock company in an obscure town at a salary much less than her regular stipend, and played there for a number of weeks just for the sake of the experience. Later she returned to Broadway and successfully created the heroine in one of the hits of the season. A long list of stars and prominent leading men and women could be given whose first successes could be traced back to the dramatic foundries.

Photographed—Not Idealized

We show here a Stein-Bloch spring overcoat as it really is—not in a fanciful drawing.



From a Photograph

Note the lines, the texture. Then visit the nearest Stein-Bloch dealer and ask him to show you the overcoat of which this is a photograph. This overcoat will *fit* you with *more style* at *less cost* than any other make in the world.

STEIN-BLOCH
Smart Clothes

Examine the other new Stein-Bloch Spring models, in suits or overcoats. Notice how they are made. Try them on before the Stein-Bloch dealer's big mirrors, that show you from head to foot.

Send for "Smartness," a Book of Photographed Spring and Summer styles. You will learn the nearest dealer's name and address.

This is the Label that Means 56 Years of Knowing How.

Fix It in Your Mind

THE STEIN-BLOCH COMPANY

Wholesale Tailors for Men

OFFICES AND SHOPS
Rochester, N. Y.

NEW YORK
Fifth Ave. Building

CHICAGO OFFICE
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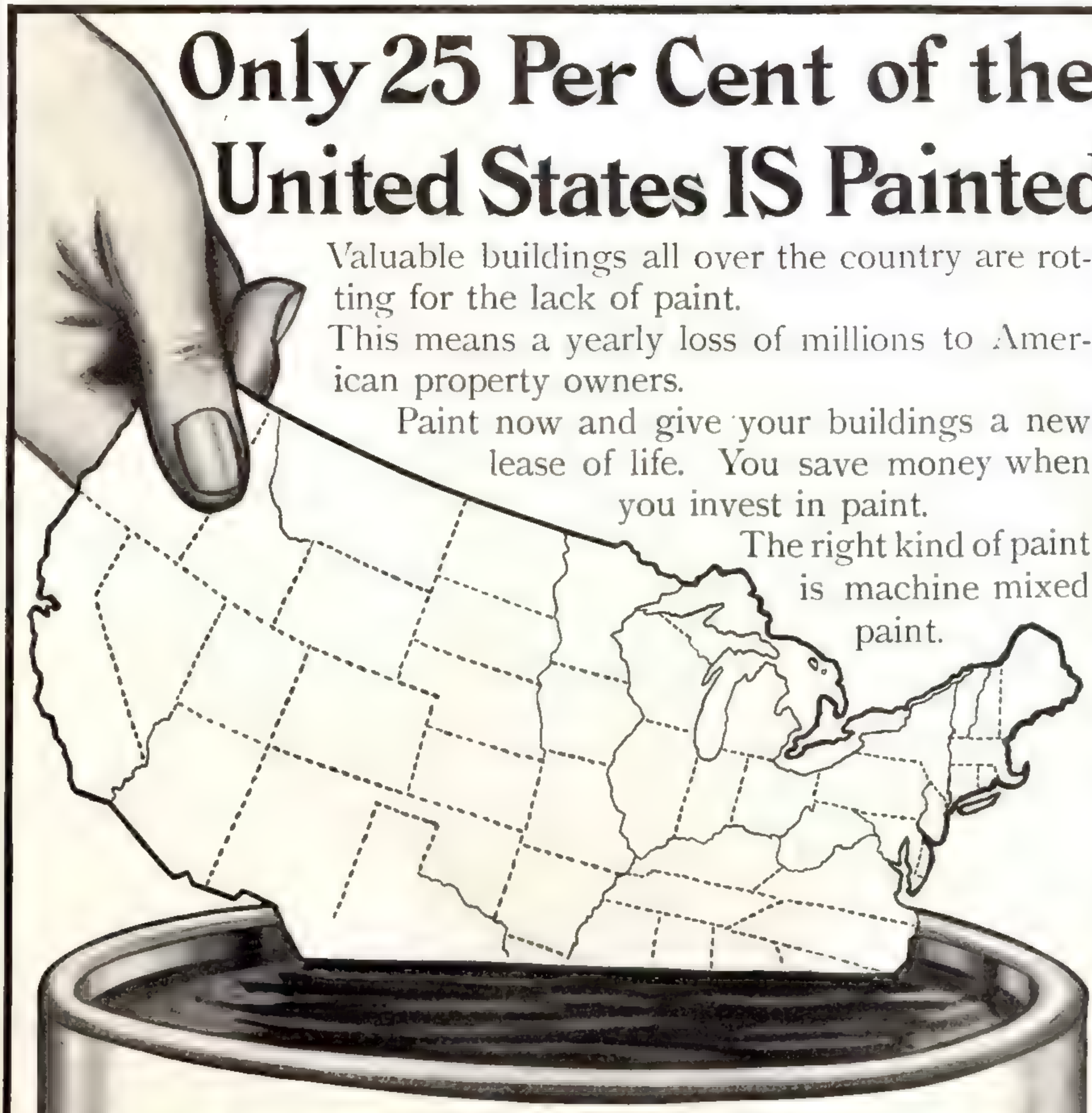
Only 25 Per Cent of the United States IS Painted



Valuable buildings all over the country are rotting for the lack of paint.

This means a yearly loss of millions to American property owners.

Paint now and give your buildings a new lease of life. You save money when you invest in paint.

The right kind of paint is machine mixed paint.

"The Name of a Responsible Manufacturer on a Sealed Can is Everywhere the Modern Guarantee of Quality"

Write for our Interesting Free Book

Our book, "Paint Economy," tells of machine made paint and its advantages. It is full of suggestions regarding the economical use of any kind of paint. It contains color schemes which can be practically applied to house decoration.

If you are a property owner write for it. We will send it free.

EDUCATIONAL BUREAU

Paint Manufacturers' Association **623 Bourse, Philadelphia, Pa.**

DOCTORING A SICK BUSINESS

(Concluded from Page 9)

the money. Great Scott, if I had all the money I've been stuck with since I started in this town I'd be ahead twelve thousand dollars!"

"You're lucky," the grocer answered dryly. "I should have guessed you'd lost nearer twenty-five thousand dollars, judging from your business methods. You've no kick coming. I'm here nearly half as long as you, but do you know what my loss due to dead accounts is? Not six hundred dollars! I know that nearly every tradesman in the town is doing as you are, and you've got to add your losses on to the prices of your good customers; therefore, one half the people in the blooming place is living off the other half."

"But what am I going to do?" the shoeman whimpered. "I can't afford to queer myself with my customers!"

"You don't have to. The whole thing is in the trick of knowing how. Take the personal note right out of your request. It isn't that you want the money or that you don't trust your people. It is all the fault of the other fellow, see? He is pushing you for a big bill you'll have to meet, and you are obliged to ask all your customers to help you out. Now go home and write that in some nice, smooth, to-the-point letters, and you'll be surprised to see the money come in."

A week later the shoeman bobbed up to see his friend the grocer. He was wearing a smile. "Well, that letter fetched pretty nearly eight hundred dollars, with the promise of three hundred dollars soon to come," he said.

"That's something like it, but not enough," the grocer prompted. "In another week send out again to those who haven't answered your first letter. Be nice and smooth, of course, but tell all over again about the bill you have got to meet. Say that you know money is tight, but that you are compelled to ask them to help you out. After that we'll send a third letter to those who have ignored us, asking for something on account. Then we'll wax just a little stiffer, and so on, step by step, until we round up the hard-headed ones with a collection agency. That won't do much good in some cases—where there is no money it would be throwing good money after bad to sue—but we'll rake up something."

The lesson the grocer gave this shoeman resulted in the establishment of a local board of trade, which has a white list of all the good-paying customers in town. Not only the shoeman but every merchant in town has successfully adopted the grocer's method of running a collection department—another instance that shows how easy it is to apply a remedy to an ailing business if a merchant only knows enough to copy what is being done successfully in other businesses.

A Fortune From Mousetraps

About ten years ago there came into a New Jersey town a pale little man who had practically nothing except the experience he had acquired while ruining his health working in the shipping department of a department store. Throughout fifteen years of hard work, by electric light in a sub-basement, he had seen day by day how the store almost ruthlessly sacrificed certain wares to draw trade; and in his capacity as a packer he could see better than any one else in the shop how these leaders drew customers. Often he fancied that if only he had a chance to go into business he would be able to put this principle into operation for himself.

His chance came sooner than he expected in the shape of his doctor's edict, which sent him out of the city. He picked out what he thought a likely town and with only five hundred dollars opened a little five-and-ten-cent store.

From the very beginning he decided he would put into effect on a small scale the selling principles he had observed in the department store—he would sacrifice sensationally on some "leader," and concentrate all attention on this. It struck him that in a suburban town a mousetrap might be an especially handy article, and so he decided as an opening celebration to blow himself to selling mousetraps at a cent each. To the owner-editor-publisher of the local paper he went, and paid one dollar for four inches of space next to the local-items columns.

"I'm a merchant and not a trained writer, and I want you to write me an 'ad' all about a new kind of mousetrap I'm going to sacrifice on my opening day. Here's one. It's the surest sort of a trap—can't possibly miss—and it kills a mouse so quickly that it does not know what struck it. There's no suffering and jumping around and strangling to death with that trap! It's instant! You never bought that kind of a trap here in town for less than five cents—I'm going to sell it for a cent! Put all that into the ad."

The newspaper fellow asked many questions, and was perplexed why a man opening a new store should not want to tell more about his place; but the new merchant was firm. "That's the way big department stores in the city advertise, and that's good enough for me," he insisted. "People want these mousetraps; they don't want me. They'll see all they want about the store and me when they come for the traps."

And they did. The clever scheme of concentrating—even on a single insignificant article—and really saying something about it attracted attention. All during the week people happened into the new place; and almost every customer that bought a trap had use for some other article—from a corkscrew to a bread-knife and a bottle of ink.

Free Lessons From Big Fellows

The following week the advertisement was headed by an hour-glass, and it told all about the difficulty of cooking soft eggs just so, and the nuisance and the disappointment of trying to cook eggs soft by clock. Then it told of the wonderful egg-clock that would be on sale—a tiny hour-glass that would empty its sand from one glass into another within three and one-half minutes. For ten cents these were sold—each sale meant a loss of two cents. In addition to the advertisement the merchant hired a little girl for afternoons to stand in his show window and to keep up-ending a dozen of these little glasses as quickly as they ran out. In each corner of the show window were eggs in pans, boiling at a great rate. For the first time in the history of that town there were crowds in front of a show window.

And so the new merchant went on, now sacrificing twenty-five-cent stovepipe lengths, now this and now that article, until there was hardly a person in the town who did not know the store and the owner favorably.

"Before you buy anywhere, say, 'See if the five-and-ten-cent store hasn't got it.'" This was an advertisement he inserted on one occasion, and after that he used this as a catch-line until it was taken up by his customers as a sort of popular joke.

One day, after this merchant had put his store on a sound footing, he said to himself: "Look here, between a thousand and two thousand people come into this place every week. While they're here I might as well sell them something else." He leased a larger store and added a first-class hardware and kitchen-utensil department, adhering to his policy of small profits and many sales.

Today the five-and-ten-cent store is a three-story department store, containing hardware, kitchen utensils, furniture, stoves, ranges and house furnishings. But the entire top floor remains the five-and-ten-cent shop, which draws the people. There you can buy anything, from a stove-lifter to a box of writing paper.

The method of curing a sick business, as set forth in this article, is really nothing new. It is far more important than anything new that can be devised, for it is nothing but one of those every-day, common-sense tricks that are as old as the hills. We put them into practice unconsciously while we are in the thick of the business fight, on top of the heap; but, for some reason or another, we forget about them once we begin to make leeway. The steamship lines of the wide world, the railroads of the country, the trusts, the various manufacturers in their respective lines, our banks, our insurance companies, our successful merchants, all are on edge, each watching the other for the latest wrinkle to imitate, each putting into practice the principle of learning from the success of others.

You Can "Spot" The Merchant-Tailored Man At A Glance

HIS clothes express *just him* and express *him justly*. You think *more* of clothes that were "taped" and tailored expressly for *you*, and you think more of *yourself* when you wear them. Garments "pulled from the pile" must lack the *individuality* of the wearer, because they were not made and measured for *you*, but for *"Mr. Anybody."* The best-dressed men the world over *go to the tailor*. "Manufactured" garments are *not good enough* for them. Dress to impress *others* and express *you*—be measured for

Kahn-Tailored-Clothes

With practiced eye, our Authorized Representative takes note of your *personality*, your *height* and *breadth*—the position in which you *stand*. Then, and *only then*, he "body-tapes" your every dimension to the *atom of an inch*. If there is a single *discrepancy* in your proportions—if there is a single *fault* in your figure, he sees it and guards against it *before* your garments are cut. And—*when* you receive them, they express your *personality* and only *yours*, because they were "taped" and tailored for you and *only you*. They accentuate *your* taste and *your* refinement—they are *personal to you*—they are your *"double"* in cloth.

Our "Crystal Palace" Tailor Shops

From coast to coast our block-square establishment is known as the *"Crystal Palace"* Tailor Shops. They are *air-swept* and *sun-bathed*. They are tiered with windows that flood every *thread* of cloth, every *ply* of the needle and every *process* of tailoring with brilliant daylight. Amid such surroundings, ideally real and really ideal, our tailors *cannot* slur a stitch or bungle a thread. They handle only fabrics that are *all-wool all through*—they line them with *pure-dye mohairs*—they needle your *personality* into the clothes, the *merchant-tailored* air and *richness of finish* that anybody anywhere can "spot" at a glance.

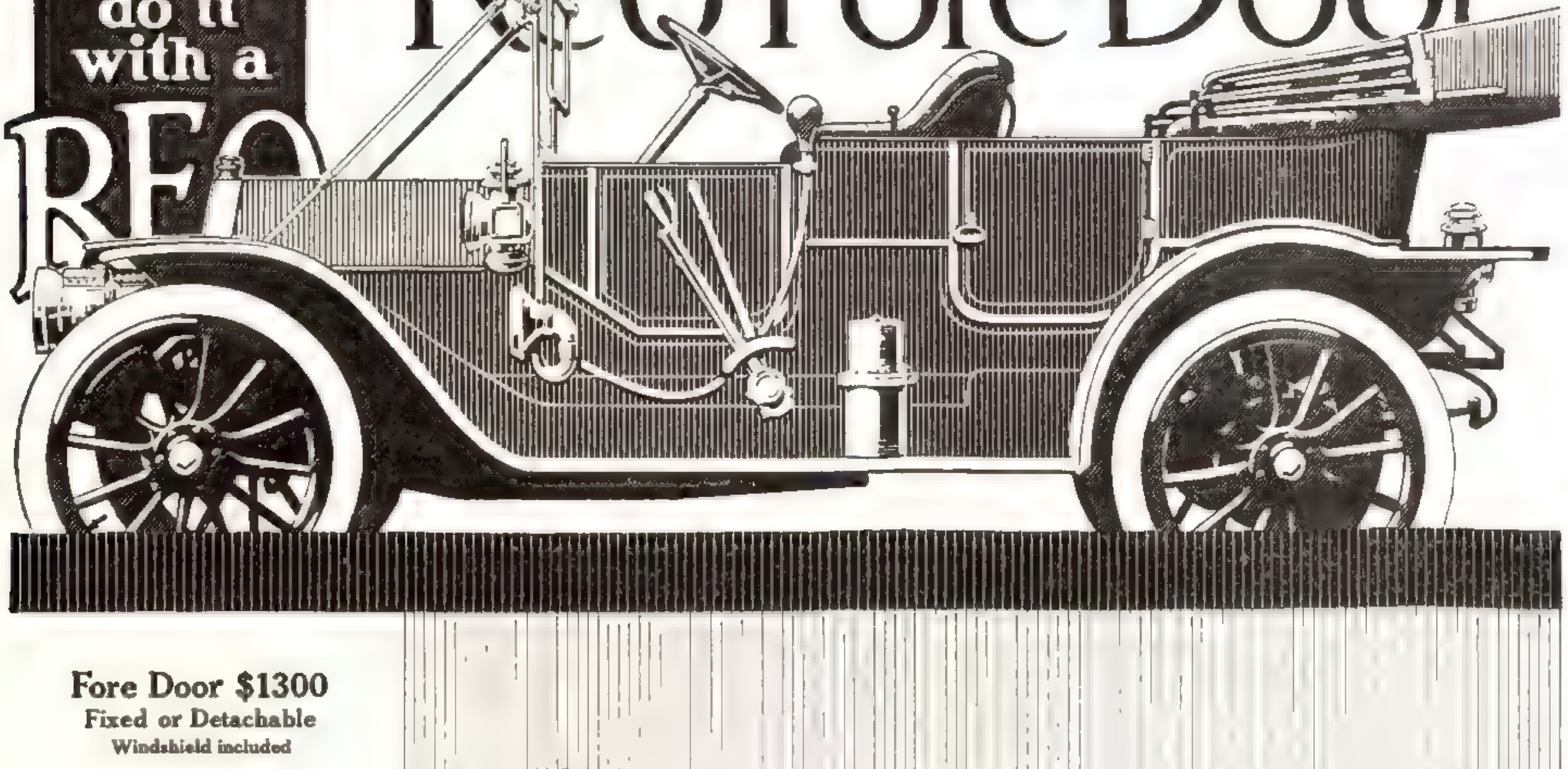
This* Tailoring is Convenient to *You

Go to our Authorized Representative in *your town*. Our seal, reproduced below, identifies *him* and our *tailoring*. Have him *measure you*. Put *yourself* into *his* hands and *he* will put garments with *merchant-tailored* elegance into *yours* at $20 to $45—within *four days*, if needed. If you do not know our Representative, write to us for his name and for "The Draft of Fashion," Edition No. 6, the famous *tailor-shop-in-print*. Simply address

Kahn Tailoring Company
of Indianapolis, Ind.

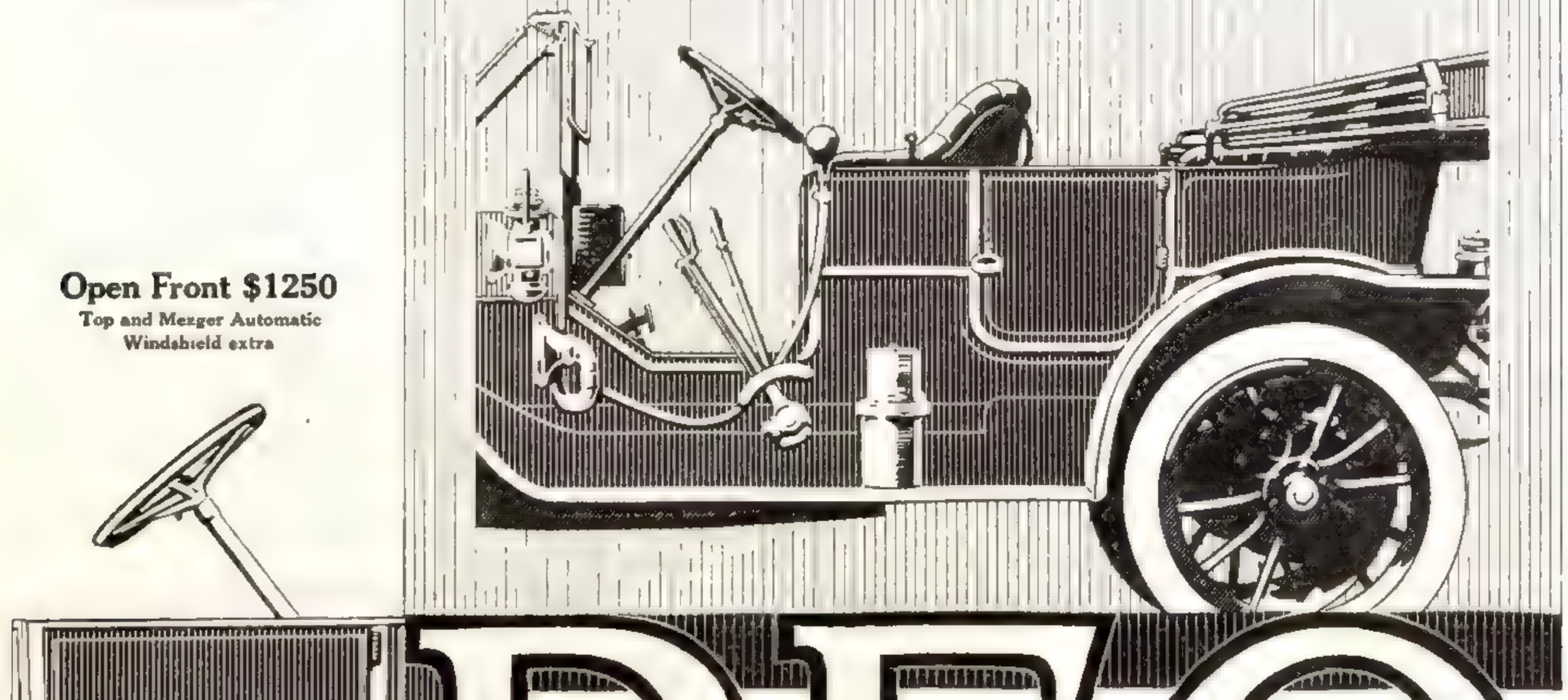
You can do it with a REO

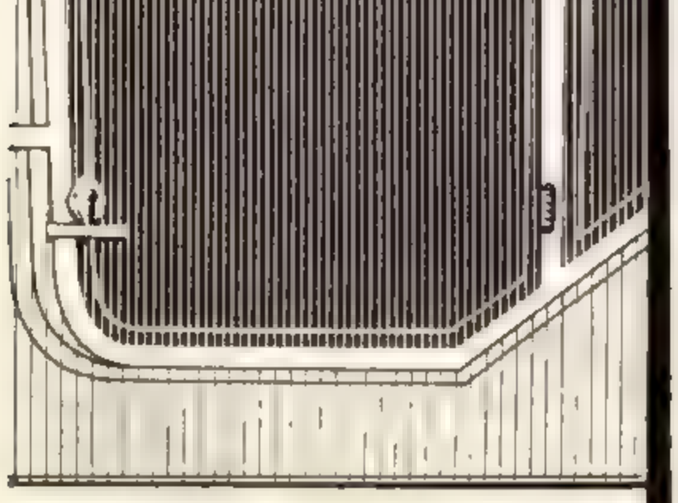
Reo Fore Door



Fore Door $1300
Fixed or Detachable
Windshield included

Open Front $1250
Top and Merger Automatic
Windshield extra





The Door $25
Both sides

REO

Some want one thing

SOME people want the Fore Door all the time. Some don't want it at all. Some would like it one day and not another—depends upon weather and time of year; for there is some heat in the forward compartment.

You can have the Reo any way you want it:

1. With the fixed Fore Door.
2. With the put-on-and-take-off door. (See top picture opposite.)
3. With open front. (Middle picture opposite.)
4. And you can buy the door (2 sides) by itself, and put it on whenever you want it (see sketch at bottom, opposite).

This door fits both the 1910 and 1911 Reo

Some want another

That's the real thing to do and the Reo way of doing it—give people what they want and a whole lot of plus.

They want power, speed, reliability, comfort, at a low price. Give it to them; give them—not what they expect of a $1250 car, but what they look for in a $2500 car.

They want proof. Give it to them. Not such "proof" as is being put-up every day; but a performance like New York to San Francisco in 10½ days, which would tear almost any other car to pieces.

The Reo has both

That is the Reo idea. Get people to buying with both sides of their dollars. The more people do that, the more Reos we shall sell.

Send for catalogue and "Coast to Coast in Ten Days."

R M Owen & Company Lansing Mich General Sales Agent for Reo Motor Car Company

Canadian Factory St Catharines Ontario

REO

"B.V.D.
FOR ME!"

The preference for Loose Fitting B. V. D. has made it the summer underwear of *world-wide* favor. Its coolness and comfort will make it *your* favorite. B. V. D. Undergarments are made of light woven, durable fabrics, and are cut *loose fitting*, so as to let refreshing air flood your body. The *roominess* of cut and *exactness* of drape prevent binding and chafing and lessen perspiration. The *strength* of the materials and making give the utmost *length* of wear.

This Red Woven Label

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE

(Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries)

is sewed on *every* B. V. D. Garment. Take no garment *without* it. Write for a copy of our Booklet, "Cool as a Sea Breeze."

B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 50c, 75c, $1.00 and $1.50 a garment.

B. V. D. Union Suits
Pat. Aug. 31, 07
$1.00, $1.50, $2.00, $3.00 and $5.00 a suit.

THE B. V. D. COMPANY,
65 Worth Street, New York.

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Where Roosevelt Stands Today

(Continued from Page 4)

I got out of that convention every ounce of progressive action that it was humanly possible to get out of it."

"Why did you get into the political fight anyway, Colonel?—that's what a lot of people are now asking."

"I tried to explain that in the campaign," the Colonel replied. "Governor Hughes and his supporters were entirely responsible for my appearance at Saratoga. I didn't get them into the fight. They were in the fight. All I did was to try to help them out in a fight in which they were right. As long as they were in it I couldn't stay out. When I got back from Europe I wanted to go home and be quiet; I didn't want to mix in politics. But I was importuned on every hand—by the Insurgents of the West and by the Progressives in my own state -to help along the movement for honesty in high places in the political and financial world. It seemed to me that it was my duty to try to help them in the fight for popular government, without any regard to what the effect might be to me personally. I didn't see how I could keep out of the fight and retain my self-respect; so I went into it.

"I had influence at Saratoga simply because men like Senators Hinman and Davenport, and the other men who had backed Governor Hughes, felt that I was the man to put forward. You know how it is in a football game—how a back is sent into the line. Well, they thought I was the man to send into the line."

"You made a good rush, Colonel."

"I had mighty good interference! It is amusing," continued the Colonel, "to hear people say that I forced myself into the Congressional campaign—that of my own initiative I went up and down the country making speeches. Have you any idea of the number of invitations I have declined?"

The reader may guess just as the writer did—and come far from the mark.

"I've been forced to decline over two thousand invitations since I returned from Europe."

Roosevelt for Reciprocity

If what has been written down does not sufficiently explain Colonel Roosevelt's reëntry into politics, perhaps a bit of inside history may throw some light on his controlling motives in returning home when he did. It was not difficult to foretell, long before the big-game hunter and faunal naturalist came out of the African jungle, how the fall elections in the United States were likely to go. Several of his friends, therefore, wrote him about the situation; told him he was not responsible for political conditions, and begged him to remain away from the country several months longer than he had planned—certainly not to return until after the Congressional elections. Concerning this plea the writer received from Mr. Roosevelt a letter, dated Nairobi, December 14, 1909, reading in part as follows:

"I quite agree with you that it would be well for me, if I could, to stay away from America until after the Congressional elections. But I don't see how it is possible. I am not a public man now, but a private citizen. My main thought is not again to be separated from Mrs. Roosevelt, and as soon as I can to be in my own home where I can see my children. Moreover, the summer would be a horrid time to take Mrs. Roosevelt to India; and I ought to be back to take up my work on the Outlook and to correct my book."

This letter should convince any fair-minded person that Colonel Roosevelt's first thought was of his family, and that his second thought was to get back to his job—to his editorial work.

From post-mortems we turned to a consideration of the questions of the day. "You came out strong for Canadian reciprocity, Colonel."

"Yes; I'm heartily in favor of it. I feel that the country is to be congratulated upon the probability of obtaining a closer reciprocity of tariff and trade relations with Canada. Among all the powers of the earth there is none with which we should desire to be upon a more intimate footing of equal rights, or to which we should be more closely bound in relations of mutual helpfulness, esteem and good will than our great neighbor to the north, whose prosperity and growth should be a matter of pride to all who dwell on the American continent. So, in addition to the trade advantages that will result to the United States and Canada, I welcome the proposed reciprocity treaty as marking a signal advance in bringing about the most friendly relations between the two countries."

We then talked about the proposals of the National Progressive Republican League. This League, as has been publicly announced, has for its object the "promotion of popular government and progressive legislation." As a means or method for the attainment of this object a platform has been adopted, containing the following five planks: (1) Popular election of United States Senators; (2) direct primaries for all elective offices; (3) direct election of all delegates to the National conventions, with opportunity for the voter to indicate his choice for the President and Vice-President; (4) amendment to the state constitutions providing for the initiative, referendum and recall; (5) a thoroughgoing corrupt practices act. Concerning all of these planks I interrogated Mr. Roosevelt.

As to the Progressive Platform

"In *principle*," said the Colonel, with the emphasis indicated, "I assent to these five propositions. But certain of these proposals are merely devices—a means and not an end. The end is good government founded on genuine popular rule. The value of each device must be tested squarely from this standpoint: Does it or does it not secure this popular rule?"

"How do you stand on the particular planks?"

"Of course there can be no dissent from the proposition of securing proper legislation to prevent corrupt practices. I need not say that I heartily approve of that plank.

"In my judgment," continued the Colonel, "the Constitution should be so amended as to provide for the direct election of United States Senators by the people. I emphatically believe in that change. Those opposing such an amendment are merely expressing the same fear that moved the framers of the Constitution to commit the election of President to the Electoral College. Comparatively short experience convinced the Nation that the President should be voted for directly by the people, and although the form of the Electoral College has been retained the electors have no function except to ratify the popular verdict. And if it should be thought necessary, even this superfluous machinery could with advantage be abolished.

"I believe, also, that there should be direct election of delegates to National conventions. This would give every voter the opportunity to express his party preference for President and Vice-President. Of course the delegate must be permitted to exercise his own judgment if it becomes apparent that the first or second choice of his constituents cannot be nominated by the convention. This change in party practice would make more difficult the control of delegates through the use of patronage."

"You have already taken a stand in favor of direct nominations."

"Yes," said the Colonel with a smile. "I went down to defeat on that issue a very few days after my return from Europe."

"That hasn't altered your belief in direct primaries?"

"Not in the slightest. On the contrary, in view of the manner and methods employed to defeat the primary bill in the New York legislature, I have been confirmed in my belief. The movement for direct nomination is rapidly spreading throughout the country," continued the Colonel. "Even Governor Baldwin, of Connecticut—with whom, you remember, I had a passage-at-arms in the campaign—has recommended to the legislature a 'careful consideration' of direct primaries! Each state must determine for itself, by testing the scheme in practice, whether all elective officers are to be nominated directly by the people or by certain stipulated officers."

"How about the initiative, referendum and recall?"

"More antagonism is excited by these three proposals," said the Colonel, "and

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The guaranty is backed by dealer and maker. It's a protection that assures absolutely pure wool, first-class trimmings and workmanship, lasting shape, service and satisfaction. You get it only at Clothcraft Stores.

If you care to have absolute confidence in your clothes, go to the nearest Clothcraft Store. If you don't know one, write us direct. We'll gladly send you the Clothcraft style-folder for spring, and a booklet that pictures the clean, light shop where Clothcraft Clothes are made, together with the name of the nearest dealer.

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Founded 1850—Oldest American Manufacturers of Men's Clothes
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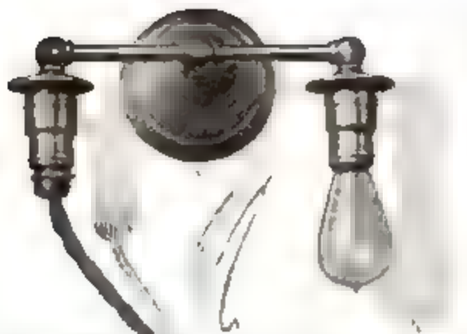

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Prices of "American" Electric Irons anywhere in the United States:

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If your dealer hasn't the "American," we will ship it, charges prepaid, upon receipt of price.

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AMERICAN ELECTRIC HEAT

especially by the recall, than by any of the other planks in the League platform. With these three devices it is particularly a case of a means to an end.

"The recall is sometimes very useful, but it undoubtedly contains possibilities of mischief. There are strong arguments in its favor—or at least for some equivalent of it—in regard to officers elected or appointed for life. My own viewpoint is that the recall is a useful device with certain well defined and carefully drawn restrictions; but I do not think that it is necessarily a device to meet conditions in every state.

"I learned the other day, in this connection, a very interesting thing. In 1780 the state of Massachusetts put into its constitution precisely that provision for the recall. The article of the constitution states that 'in order that public servants may not become the *oppressors of the people*,' legislative provision may be made for the retiring of public officials to private life.

"Observe—this is Massachusetts, which is not usually regarded as an anarchistic state!

"In regard to the initiative and referendum, I believe that the anticipations of their proponents and the fears of their opponents are equally exaggerated. Oregon has already put into practice both principles, and they seem to have produced good results—certainly this is so in the case of the referendum. But this does not mean that the device would work well in other communities. This reminds me of my correspondence with one of the Oregon Senators, from which I am led to believe that, though I am regarded as a wild radical in Wall Street, some of the people of Oregon look upon me as a timid conservative.

"In one of the oldest and most conservative sections of the country," said Mr. Roosevelt, continuing his argument, "there still exists a form of local self-government much more radical in its application than even the initiative and referendum. I mean the New England town meeting. All purely town matters are there decided, without appeal, by the vote of the townspeople in meeting assembled. In no other part of the world, except in two or three cantons of Switzerland, and perhaps in certain districts of Norway, is there any form of government so democratic or so popular as the New England town meeting."

"Then the initiative and referendum represent merely the next step—a *less* popular device of government than the town meeting?"

"Precisely."

Third Term Talk Silenced

"Why should those who have long used this instrument of government be unwilling to adopt devices that are even less democratic—the initiative and referendum?"

"Why? Well, that is their affair. If they are not now ready to adopt the initiative and referendum, or if they never become ready, the genuinely progressive leader will no more read out of the company of Progressives a New England state that believes it can achieve popular government without the referendum, for example, than he will ostracize some Western state because it has never adopted, and refuses to adopt, the town meeting.

"Personally, I should like to see the initiative and referendum, with proper safeguards, adopted generally throughout the Union—just as, personally, I am sorry that the New England town meeting is not adopted throughout the Union. But I certainly do not intend to part company from Progressives who are thoroughly sincere in their desire to achieve popular government just because they cannot indorse the initiative and referendum. I will work with these men just as willingly as I will work with the Progressives of other parts of the country who favor the entire program outlined by the Progressive League."

"In other words, Colonel, you will work with any man who is traveling in the right direction?"

"Precisely. In so far as I have any influence, I intend to insist that in making progress we keep on the track."

A man halted tentatively at the stateroom door and looked in—a big, blond, outdoor chap. The Colonel jumped up and greeted him and drew him in. I found that he was a Rough Rider.

With the fine, breezy familiarity of the old comrade in arms, he asked: "How about it, Colonel? Will you carry the colors in nineteen-twelve—if they hand them to you?"

There was a second of rather tense silence; then with a deliberation and earnestness, and a sincerity that could not be mistaken, the Colonel said:

"I am not a candidate for the Presidency. And my real friends will do me a cruel injustice if they seek to make me such."

The Colonel's Greatest Ambition

"Already, since my return from Europe, I have visited the Middle West and the Northwest. This spring I am going to make a trip to the Southwest and to the Pacific Coast. I feel under very great obligations to the American people; and now that I am out of the Presidency and have nothing to ask from the people, I should like to visit each state, if possible, just to say 'Howdy' and 'Thank you.'

"I am physically unable to accept one in fifty of the invitations I receive; but just about one in fifty is of such a character that I feel I must accept it, that I can't help myself; and then I accept it—whether it is to visit Miss Berry's school in Georgia, or Hull House in Chicago, or the anthracite coal fields, or the tenement-house region in Brooklyn, or a child-labor congress in Birmingham, or the Roosevelt Dam in Arizona, or to make the charter-day address at the University of California, or to meet the legislatures of Texas and Nevada."

Out in Chicago, on Washington's Birthday, they packed the Auditorium and the Armory and Orchestra Hall and Hull House. They waited in crowds along the streets in quite the old way to hear the Colonel speak or just to see him go by and wave his hat. All sorts of people, from the members of the Union League Club and their friends to the newly arrived bewildered immigrants and the boy scouts—everybody, just as in the old times. He gets the same response. It's not so much his ideas, for to a great extent the Nation has caught up with him theoretically—out on the coast they think they have got rather beyond him—it's the man himself that they cheer, and they love him because they understand him. Anybody can understand him. The fundamentals of him are like the primary colors: honesty and courage of the old-fashioned, simple kind. He's a fighting man, the Colonel is—the same sort of fighting man that he was in '98 down in Cuba. Seven years in the Presidency, thirteen years of a life that would have kept any other man at his desk, haven't refined it away.

Not long before Mr. Roosevelt left the White House I was talking with Mr. John C. Greenway, an officer of the Rough Riders and one of the Colonel's most loyal friends. He asked me if I knew what was Roosevelt's greatest ambition. When I said that I did not he recounted an incident that occurred in Cuba. It was in one of the first skirmishes in which the Rough Riders were engaged. The regiment, under fire, was lying down, impatiently waiting for the order to advance. A young West Pointer—call him Sherman—who was near Lieutenant Greenway, in disobedience to orders kept jumping to his feet and surveying the situation. Suddenly, throwing up his hands, he exclaimed: "I'm shot!"

Lieutenant Greenway went to him and found, upon examination, that the West Pointer had been shot through the stomach and that the bullet had gone clean through his body. It seemed certain that the man would die, and Greenway, face to face with death on the battlefield, tried to bid him goodby, for the regiment might advance any moment. Sherman asked Lieutenant Greenway if he thought Colonel Roosevelt would come and say goodby. Greenway carried the message to the Colonel, and he replied: "Certainly I will come." The Colonel walked rapidly over to where Sherman was lying and, as he approached, a smile upon his face, he waved a greeting to him. Then, clasping the West Pointer by the hand, he said, to Greenway's awe:

"You're a lucky man, Sherman, you're a lucky man! You've been shot on the field of battle. All of us will have to go, sooner or later, and some of us will not die in battle. You're a lucky man, Sherman; you've been shot on the battlefield; you're a lucky man! Goodby, old man, goodby." Waving his hand and smiling, he walked away.

"Colonel Roosevelt's greatest ambition," said Greenway, "is to be shot on the field of battle."

EXPERT SHOE MAKING

Under the Magnifying Glass

SUPERIORITY in shoes is a matter of fact rather than of claim—and you'll be interested in another of the good reasons why White House Shoes are good; we think they're the best because we try hardest to make them so.

Here is the expert operator of the Goodyear Welter, the principal machine in making good welts for shoes; it sews the undersole and upper together, and at the same time adjusts a strip of welting to which the outsole is sewed. It is a delicate, difficult operation, and when well done, requires great skill.

Our Operators do it well.

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According to Size And Style

When you go shoe shopping next time locate the White House dealer and ask to see latest fashion plates. If he can't provide them, write us and we'll see that you are supplied.

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Williams' Quick & Easy Shaving Powder

Some men like their shaving soap in powdered form. If you are one of these, don't be satisfied with anything less than the best.

Williams' Shaving Powder not only has the incomparable qualities of Williams' Shaving Stick and other Williams' shaving preparations, the creamy, soothing, antiseptic lather that distinguishes them, but it is also put up in the patented, quick, handy, hinged cover box, which has proved so popular with shavers.

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A miniature sample package of Williams' Talc Powder, Shaving Stick Shaving Powder, Jersey Cream Toilet Soap or Dentalactic Tooth Powder, mailed for 4 cents in stamps.

All five articles in neat combination package for 16c. in stamps.

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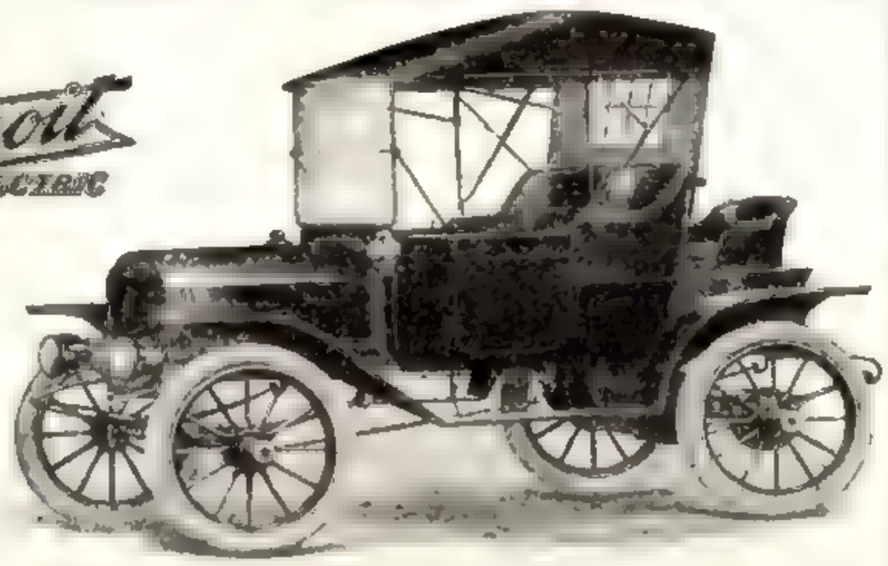
The Detroit Electric



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You need no chauffeur. It's always ready. Turn a key—and start. Its special control means that you safely *make* the *narrow gaps* in traffic. It has *lines*—style—ample power—and silent drive.

For business man, professional man—*every* man who goes about.

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Selling Representatives in all leading cities.

Let us solve your delivery problem for you with Detroit Electric Commercial Vehicles. 1,000 to 3,000 lbs. capacity. Unlimited range of adaptability.

SERPENTS' TEETH

(Continued from Page 12)

"Do you mean Doctor Eichendorfer allows you that?" Mrs. Schrimm asked, and Sam nodded.

"Then, all I could say is," she continued, "that you are going to stay to lunch, because if Doctor Eichendorfer allows a man only crackers and milk, Sam, that's a sign he could eat *Wienerwurst*, dill pickles, and *Handkäse*. *Aber* if Doctor Eichendorfer says you could eat steaks and chops, stick to boiled eggs and milk—because steaks would kill you sure."

"But Babette would be back at one o'clock and if I didn't get home before then she would take my head off for me."

Mrs. Schrimm nodded sympathetically.

"So you wouldn't stay for lunch?" she said.

"I couldn't," Sam protested.

"Very well, then," Mrs. Schrimm cried as she hurried to the kitchen. "Sit right down again, Sam; I would be right back."

When Mrs. Schrimm appeared a few minutes later she bore a cloth-covered tray which she placed on the table in front of Sam.

"You got until half past twelve—ain't it?" she said; "so take your time, Sam. You should chew your food good, especially something which it is already half chopped, like *gefullte Rinderbrust*."

"*Gefullte Rinderbrust!*" Sam cried. "Why"—he poked at it with his knife—"Why, this always makes me sick." He balanced a good mouthful on his fork. "But, anyhow," he concluded—and the rest of the sentence was an incoherent mumbling as he fell to ravenously. Moreover, he finished the succulent dish, gravy and all, and washed down the whole with a cup of coffee—not Hammersmith's coffee or the dark brown fluid, with a flavor of stale tobacco pipe, that Miss Babette Gembitz had come to persuade herself was coffee, but a fragrant decoction, softened by rich, sweet cream and containing all the delicious fragrance of the best thirty-five-cent coffee, fresh-ground from the grocer's.

"*Ja*, Henrietta," Sam cried as he rose to leave; "I am going to weddings and fashionable hotels, and I am eating with high-grade customers in restaurants which you would naturally take a high-grade customer to, understand me; but—would you believe me, Henrietta!—I am yet got to taste such coffee *oder* such *gefüllte Rinderbrust* as you are giving me now."

Mrs. Schrimm beamed her acknowledgment of the compliment.

"Tomorrow you would get some chicken fricassee, Sam," she said, "if you would get here at half past eleven, sharp."

Sam shook her hand fervently.

"Believe me, I would try my best," he said; and fifteen minutes later, when Babette entered the Gembitz residence on One Hundred and Eighteenth Street, she found Sam as she had left him—fairly buried in the financial page of the morning paper.

"Well, Babette," Sam cried, "so you see I went out and I took my walk and I come back and nothing happened me. Ain't it?"

Babette nodded.

"I'll get you your lunch right away," she said; and, without removing her hat and jacket, she brought him a glass of buttermilk and six plain crackers. Sam watched her until she had ascended the stairs to the first floor; then he stole on tiptoe to the sink in the butler's pantry and emptied the buttermilk down the wastepipe. A moment later he opened the door of a bookcase that stood near the mantelpiece and deposited five of the crackers behind six full-morocco volumes entitled Prayers for Festivals and Holy Days. He was busily engaged in eating the remaining cracker when Babette returned; and all that afternoon he seemed so contented and even jovial that Babette determined to permit him his solitary walk on the following day.

Thus Sam not only ate the chicken fricassee but three days afterward, when he visited Mrs. Schrimm upon the representation to Babette that he would sit all the morning in Mt. Morris Park, he suggested to Henrietta that he show some return for her hospitality by taking her to luncheon at a fashionable hotel downtown.

"My restaurant days is over," Mrs. Schrimm declared.

"To oblige me," Sam pleaded. "I ain't been downtown in—excuse me—such a helluva long time I don't know what it's like at all."

"If you are so anxious to get downtown, Sam," Mrs. Schrimm rejoined, "why don't you go down and get lunch with Henry? He'd be glad to have you."

"What, alone?" Sam cried. "Why, if Babette would hear of it ——"

"Who's going to tell her?" Mrs. Schrimm asked; and Sam seized his hat with trembling fingers.

"By jiminy, I would do it!" he said, and then he paused irresolutely. "But how could I get home in time if I did?"

A moment later he snapped his fingers.

"I got an idee!" he exclaimed. "You are such good friends with Mrs. Krakauer—ain't it?"

Mrs. Schrimm nodded.

"Then you should do me the favor, Henrietta, and go over to Mrs. Krakauer and tell her she should ring up Babette and tell her I am over at her house and I wouldn't be back till three o'clock."

"Couldn't you go downtown if you want to?" Mrs. Schrimm replied. "Must you got to ask Babette's permission first?"

Sam nodded slowly.

"You don't know that girl, Henrietta," he said bitterly. "She is Regina *selig* over again—only worser, Henrietta."

"All right. I would do as you want," Mrs. Schrimm declared.

"Only one thing I must got to tell you," Sam said as he made for the door: "don't let Mrs. Krakauer talk too much, Henrietta, because that girl is suspicious like a credit man. She don't believe nothing nobody tells her."

IV

WHEN Sam entered the showroom of Henry Schrimm's place of business, half an hour later, Henry hastened to greet him. "*Wie gehts*, Mr. Gembitz?" he cried.

He drew forward a chair and Sam sank into it as feebly as he considered appropriate to the rôle of a convalescent.

"I'm a pretty sick man, Henry," he said, "and I feel I ain't long for this world."

He allowed his head to loll over his left shoulder in an attitude of extreme fatigue; in doing so, however, his eye rested for a moment upon a shipping clerk who was arranging Henry's sample garments on some old-fashioned racks.

"Say, lookyhere, Henry," Sam exclaimed, raising his head suddenly, "how the devil could you let a feller like that ruin your whole sample line?"

He jumped from his chair and strode across the showroom.

"*Schlemiel!*" he cried. "What for you are wrinkling them garments like that?"

He seized a costume from the astonished shipping clerk and for half an hour he arranged and rearranged Henry's samples until the job was finished to his satisfaction.

"Mr. Gembitz," Henry protested, "sit down for a minute. You would make yourself worse."

"What d'ye mean, make myself worse?" Sam demanded. "I am just as much able to do this as you are, Henry. Where do you keep your piece goods, Henry?"

Henry led the way to the cutting room and Sam Gembitz inspected a dozen bolts of cloth that were piled in a heap against the wall.

"That's just what I thought, Henry," Sam cried. "You let them fellers keep the place here like a pigsty."

"Them's only a lot of stickers, Mr. Gembitz," Henry explained.

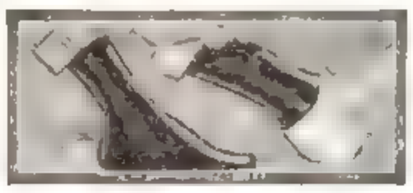
"Stickers!" Sam repeated. "What d'ye mean, stickers? That's the same mistake a whole lot of people makes. There ain't no such thing as stickers, Henry. Sometimes you get ahold of some piece goods which is out of demand for the time being, Henry; but sooner or later the fashions would change, Henry, and then the stickers ain't stickers no more. They're live propositions again."

Henry made no reply and Sam continued.

"Yes, Henry," he went on, "some people is always willing they should throw out back numbers which really ain't back numbers at all. Take them boys of mine, for instance, Henry, and see how glad they was to get rid of me on account they think I am a back number; but I ain't, Henry. And just to show you I ain't, Henry, do you happen to have on hand some made-up garments which you think is stickers?"

Henry nodded.

"Well, if I don't come downtown tomorrow morning and with all them there



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GENUINE pure 50¢

silk hosiery, soft and shimmering—at the price of good cotton. No "near-silk" about it, either—it's the kind of silk you'd expect in only the costliest silk hosiery.

Guaranteed—*No Holes—3 Months*

If any pair in the four-pair, $2 box shows a hole within three months, we will give you a new pair free. That guaranty—and the name Phoenix—tells the story of perfect manufacture. Phoenix Guaranteed Silk Hose comes in eleven correct colors. If your dealer can't supply you, we'll fill your order direct on receipt of price.

Women's Box of 4 pairs $3.00 **75c**

Covered by the same guaranty of wear—four pairs, no holes, three months. Nine stylish colors.

Phoenix Knitting Works "The Phoenix Muffler Makers"

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TO ALL OWNERS OF CONCRETE AND STUCCO HOUSES

If the exterior of your house has a mottled, blotchy appearance due to the uneven drying out of the concrete or stucco, it can be easily remedied.

Glidden's Liquid Cement

"Wears Like Stone"

—water-proofs and makes concrete cement, stucco, brick and stone surfaces uniform in color. It consists of a high quality of cement incorporated with a water-proofing medium of unusual durability. Made in imitation of Bedford Sand-Stone, and also a variety of practical shades, including colonial and pompeian buff, as well as white. Can be applied with a brush.

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stickers sold for you," Sam cried, "my name ain't Sam Gembitz at all."

"Say, lookyhere, Mr. Gembitz," Henry protested, "you would make yourself sick again. Come out and have a bite lunch with me."

"That's all right, Henry," Sam replied. "I ain't hungry for lunch—I am hungry for work; and if you would be so good and show me them stickers which you got made up, Henry, I could assort 'em in lots, and tomorrow morning I would take a look-in on some of them upper Third Avenue stores, Henry. And if I don't get rid of 'em for you, understand me, you could got right uptown and tell Babette. Otherwise you should keep your mouth shut and you and me does a whole lot of business together."

Half an hour later, Sam carefully effaced the evidences of his toil with soap and water and a whisk-broom, and began his journey uptown. Under one arm he carried a bundle of sample garments that might have taxed the strength of a much younger man.

This bundle he deposited for safe-keeping with the proprietor of a cigar store on Lenox Avenue; and, after a final brush-down by the bootblack on the corner, he made straight for his residence on One Hundred and Eighteenth Street. When he entered he found Babette impatiently awaiting him.

"Why didn't you stay all night, popper?" she demanded indignantly. "Here I am all dressed and waiting to go downtown—and you keep me standing around like this."

"Another time you shouldn't wait at all," Sam retorted. "If you want to go downtown go ahead. I could always ask the girl for something if I should happen to need it."

He watched Babette leave the house, with a sigh of relief, and for the remainder of the afternoon he made intricate calculations with the stub of a leadpencil on the backs of some old envelopes. Ten minutes before Babette returned he thrust the envelopes into his pocket and smiled with satisfaction, for he had computed to a nicety just how low a price he could quote on Henry Schrimm's stickers, so as to leave a margin of profit for Henry after his own commissions were paid.

The following morning Sam arrayed himself with more than ordinary care and promptly at ten o'clock he seized his cane and started for the door.

"Where are you going?" Babette demanded.

"I guess I would take a little walk in the park," he said to his daughter in tremulous tones, and Babette eyed him somewhat suspiciously.

"Furthermore," he said boldly, "if you want to come with me you could do so. The way you are looking so yellow lately, Babette, a little walk in the park wouldn't do you no harm."

Sam well knew that his daughter was addicted to the practice of facial massage and he felt sure that any reference to yellowness would drive Babette to her dressing table and keep her safely engaged with mirror and cold cream until past noon.

"Don't stay out long," she said, and Sam nodded.

"I would be back when I am hungry," he replied; "and maybe I would take a look-in at Mrs. Krakauer. If you get anxious about me telephone her."

Ten minutes later he called at the cigar store on Lenox Avenue and secured his samples, after which he rang up Mrs. Schrimm.

"Hello, Henrietta!" he shouted. "This is Sam—yes, Sam Gembitz. What is the matter? Nothing is the matter. Huh? Sure, I feel all right. I give you a scare? Why should I give you a scare, Henrietta? Sure, we are old friends; but that ain't the point, Henrietta. I want to ask you you should do me something as a favor. You should please be so good and ring up Mrs. Krakauer, which you should tell her, if Babette rings her up and asks for me any time between now and six o'clock tonight, she should say I was there, but I just left. Did you get that straight? All right. Goodby."

He heaved a sigh of relief as he paid for the telephone call and pocketed a handful of cheap cigars.

"Don't you want a boy to help you carry them samples, Mr. Gembitz?" the proprietor asked.

"Do I look like I wanted a boy to help me carry samples?" Sam retorted indignantly,

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Big Ben

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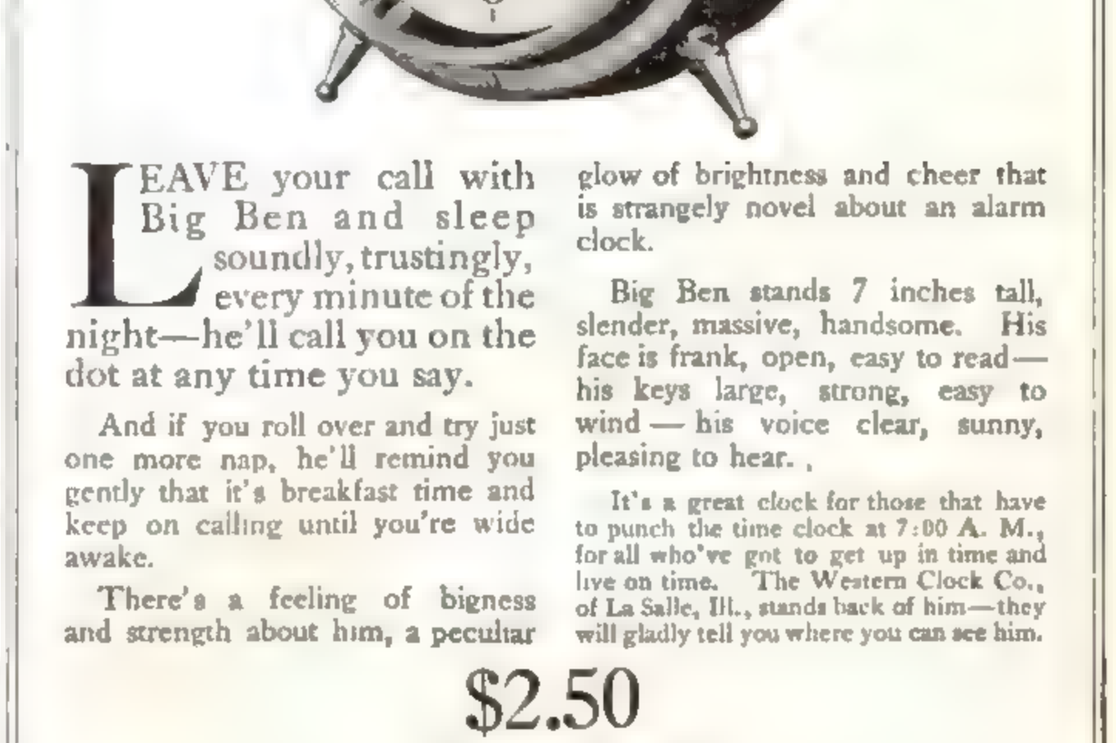
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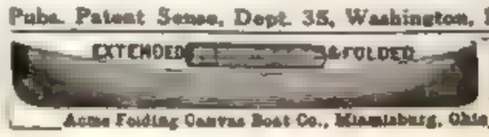

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and a moment later he swung aboard an eastbound crosstown car.

It was past noon when Sam entered Henry Schrimm's showroom and his face bore a broad, triumphant grin.

"Well, Henry," he shouted, "what did I told you? To a feller which he is knowing how to sell goods there ain't no such things as stickers."

"Did you get rid of 'em?" Henry asked.

Sam shook his head.

"No, Henry," he said, "I didn't get rid of 'em—I sold 'em; and, furthermore, Henry, I sold four hundred dollars' worth more just like 'em to Mr. Rosett, of the Rochelle Department Store, which you should send him right away a couple sample garments of them 1040's."

"What d'ye mean, 1040's?" Henry asked. "I ain't got no such lot number in my place."

"No, I know you ain't; but I mean our style 1040—that is to say, Gembitz Brothers' style 1040."

Henry blushed.

"I don't know what you're talking about at all," he said.

"No?" Sam retorted slyly. "Well, I'll describe it to you, Henry. It's what you would call a princess dress in tailor-made effects. The waist's got lapels of the same goods, with a little braid on to it, two plaits in the middle and one on each shoulder; yoke and collar of silk net; and ——"

"You mean my style number 2018?" Henry asked.

"I don't mean nothing, Henry," Sam declared, "because you shouldn't throw me no bluffs, Henry. I seen one of them garments in your cutting room only yesterday, Henry, which, if it wasn't made up in my old factory, I would eat it, Henry—and Doctor Eichendorfer says I got to be careful with my diet at that."

Henry shrugged.

"Well," he began, "there ain't no harm if ——"

"Sure, there ain't no harm, Henry," Sam said, "because them garments is going like hot cakes. A big concern like Falkstatter, Fein & Company takes over three thousand dollars' worth from the boys for their stores in Sarahcuse, Rochester and Buffalo."

"Falkstatter, Fein & Company!" Henry cried. "Does them boys of yours sell Falkstatter, Fein & Company?"

"Sure," Sam answered. "Why not?"

"Why not?" Henry repeated. "Ain't you heard?"

"I ain't heard nothing," Sam replied; "but I know that concern for twenty years since already, Henry, and they always pay prompt to the day."

"Sure, I know," Henry said; "but only this morning I seen Sol Klinger in the subway and Sol tells me Simon Falkstatter committed suicide last night."

"Committed suicide!" Sam gasped. "What for?"

"I don't know what for," Henry replied; "but nobody commits suicide for pleasure, Mr. Gembitz, and if a man is in business, like Falkstatter, when Marshall Field's was new beginners already, Mr. Gembitz, and he sees he is got to bust up, Mr. Gembitz, what should he do?"

Sam rose to his feet and seized his hat and cane.

"Going home so soon, Mr. Gembitz?" Henry asked.

"No, I ain't going home, Henry," Sam replied. "I'm going over to see my boys. I guess they need me."

He started for the door, but as he reached it he paused.

"By the way, Henry," he said, "on my way down I stopped in to see that new concern there on Fifth Avenue—Weldon, Jones & Company—and you should send 'em up also a couple of them princess dresses in brown and smoke. I'll see you tomorrow."

"Do you think you could get down again tomorrow?" Henry asked.

"I don't know, Henry; but if lies could get me here I guess I could," Sam replied. "Because, the way my children fixes me lately, I am beginning to be such a liar that you could really say I am an expert."

▼

TEN minutes later, Sam Gembitz walked into the elevator of his late place of business and smiled affably at the elevator boy, who returned his greeting with a perfunctory nod.

"Well, what's new around here, Louis?" Sam asked.

"I dunno, Mr. Gembitz," the elevator boy said. "I am only just coming back from my lunch."

"I mean what happens since I am going away, Louis?" Sam continued.

"I didn't know you went away at all, Mr. Gembitz," the elevator boy replied.

"*Dummer Esel!*" Sam exclaimed. "Don't you know I was sick and I am going away from here *schon* three months ago pretty near?"

The elevator boy stopped the car at Gembitz Brothers' floor and spat deliberately.

"In the building is twenty tenants, Mr. Gembitz," he said, "and, the way them fellers is sitting up all hours of the night, shikkering and gambling, if I would keep track which of 'em is sick and which ain't sick, Mr. Gembitz, I wouldn't got no time to run the elevator at all."

If the elevator boy's indifference made Sam waver in the belief that he was sorely missed downtown the appearance of his late showroom convinced him of his mistake. The yellow-pine fixtures had disappeared and in place of his old walnut table there had been installed three rolltop desks of the latest Wall Street design.

At the largest of these sat Max, who wheeled about suddenly as his father entered.

"What are you doing down here?" he demanded savagely.

"Ain't I got no right in my own business at all?" Sam asked mildly.

"Sidney," Max cried, and in response his youngest brother appeared.

"Put on your hat and take the old man home," he said.

"One minute, Sidney," Sam said. "In the first place, Max, before we talk about going home, I want to ask you a question: How much does Falkstatter, Fein & Company owe us?"

"Us?" Max repeated.

"Well—you?" Sam replied.

"What's that your business?" Max retorted.

"What is that my business?" Sam gasped. "A question! Did you ever hear the like, Sidney? He asks me what it is my business supposing Falkstatter, Fein & Company owes us a whole lot of money! Ain't that a fine way for him to talk, Sidney?"

Sidney's pasty face colored and he bit his lips nervously.

"Max is right, popper," he said. "You ain't got no call to come down here and interfere in our affairs. I'll put on my hat and go right home with you."

It was now Sam's turn to blush and he did so to the point of growing purple with rage.

"Don't you trouble yourself," he cried; "because I ain't going home!"

"What d'ye mean, y'ain't going home?" Max said threateningly.

"I mean what I say!" Sam declared. "I mean I ain't going home never again. You are throwing me out of my business, Max, and you would soon try to throw me out of my home, too, if I couldn't protect myself. But I ain't so old and I ain't so sick but what I could take care of myself, Max."

"Why, Doctor Eichendorfer says ——" Sidney began.

"Doctor Eichendorfer!" Sam roared. "Who is Doctor Eichendorfer? He is a doctor, not a lawyer, Max, and maybe he knows about kidneys, Max; but he don't know nothing about business, Max! And, so help me, Max, I would give you till Wednesday afternoon three o'clock; if you don't send me a certified check for five thousand dollars over to Henry Schrimm's place I would go right down and see Henry D. Feldman, and I would bust your business—my business!—open from front to rear, so that there wouldn't be a penny left for nobody—except Henry D. Feldman."

Here he drew a deep breath.

"And, furthermore, Max," he concluded, as he made for the door, "don't try any monkey business with spreading reports I am gone crazy or anything, because I know that's just what you would do, Max! And if you would, Max, instead of five thousand dollars I would want ten thousand dollars. And if I wouldn't get it, Max, Henry D. Feldman would—so what is the difference?"

He paused with his hand on the elevator bell and faced his sons again.

"Solomon was right, Max," he concluded. "He was an old-timer, Max; but, just the same, he knew what he was talking about when he said that you bring up a

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THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL

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child in the way he should go and when he gets old he bites you like a serpent's tooth yet!"

At this juncture the elevator door opened and Sam delivered his ultimatum.

"But you got a different proposition here, boys," he said; "and before you get through with me I would show you that oncet in a while a father could got a serpent's tooth too—and don't you forget it!"

"Mr. Gembitz," the elevator boy interrupted, "there is here in the building already twenty tenants; and other people as yourself wants to ride in the elevator too, Mr. Gembitz."

Thus admonished, Sam entered the car and a moment later he found himself on the sidewalk. Instinctively he walked toward the subway station, although he had intended to return to Henry Schrimm's office; but, before he again became conscious of his surroundings, he was seated in a Lenox Avenue express with an early edition of the evening paper held upside down before him.

"*Nah*, well," he said to himself, "what is the difference? I wouldn't try to do no more business today."

He straightened up the paper and at once commenced to study the financial page. Unknown to his children, he had long rented a safe-deposit box, in which reposed ten first-mortgage bonds of a trunkline railroad, together with a few shares of stock purchased by him during the Northern Pacific panic. He noted, with a satisfied grin, that the stock showed a profit of fifty points, while the bonds had advanced three-eighths of a point.

"Three-eighths ain't much," he muttered as he sat still while the train left One Hundred and Sixteenth Street station, "but there is a whole lot of *rabonim* which would marry you for less than thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents."

He threw the paper to the floor as the train stopped at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street and, without a moment's hesitation, ascended to the street level and walked two blocks north to One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Street. There he rang the basement bell of an old-fashioned brownstone residence and Mrs. Schrimm in person opened the door. When she observed her visitor she shook her head slowly from side to side and emitted inarticulate sounds through her nose, indicative of extreme commiseration.

"Ain't you going to get the devil when Babette sees you!" she said at last. "Mrs. Krakauer tells her six times over the 'phone already you just went home."

"Could I help it what that woman tells Babette?" Sam asked. "And, anyhow, Henrietta, what do I care what Mrs. Krakauer tells Babette or what Babette tells Mrs. Krakauer? And, furthermore, Henrietta, Babette could never give me the devil no more!"

"No?" Mrs. Schrimm said as she led the way to the dining room. "You're talking awful big, Sam, for a feller which he never calls his soul his own in his own home yet."

"Them times is past, Henrietta," Sam answered as he sat down and removed his hat. "Today things begin differently for me, Henrietta; because, Henrietta, you and me is old enough to know our own business, understand me—and if I would say 'black' you wouldn't say 'white.' And if you would say 'black' I would say 'black.'"

Mrs. Schrimm looked hard at Sam and then she sat down on the sofa.

"What d'ye mean, black?" she gasped.

"I'm only talking in a manner of speaking, Henrietta," Sam explained. "What I mean is this."

He pulled an old envelope out of his pocket and explored his waistcoat for a stump of leadpencil.

"What I mean is," he continued, wetting the blunt point with his tongue, "ten bonds from Canadian Western, first mortgage from gold, *mit a garantirt* from the Michigan Midland Railroad, ten thousand dollars, interest at six per cent—is six hundred dollars a year, ain't it?"

"Y[illegible]," Mrs. Schrimm said hesitatingly. "*Und?*"

"*Und*," Sam said triumphantly, "fifty shares from Central Pacific at 154 apiece is seventy-seven hundred dollars, with dividends since thirty years they are paying it at four per cent, is two hundred dollars a year more, ain't it?"

Mrs. Schrimm nodded.

"What has all this got to do with me, Sam?" she asked.

Sam cleared his throat.

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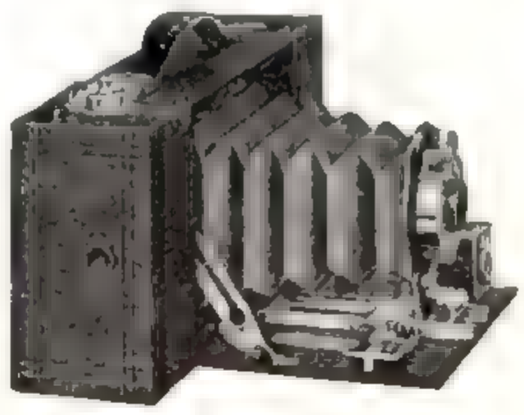

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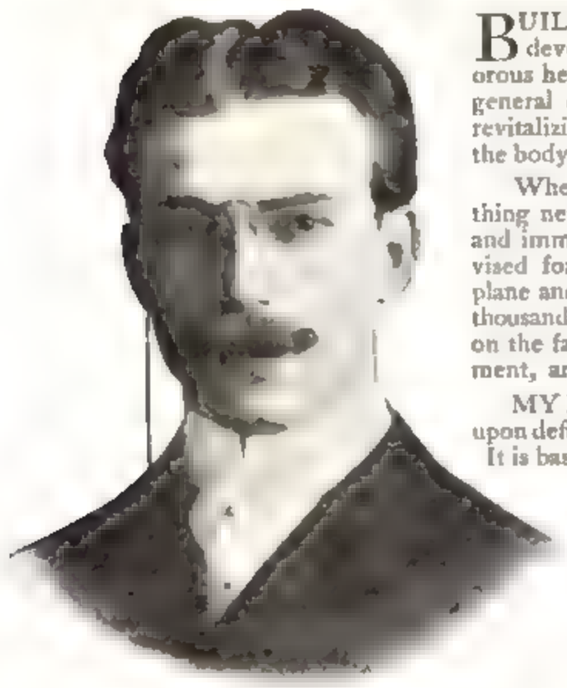

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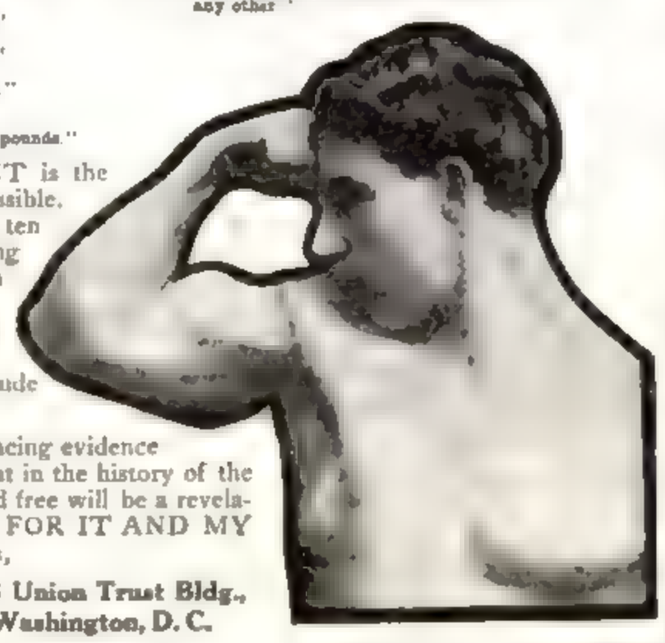

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"A wife should know how her husband stands," he said huskily. "Ain't it so, Henrietta, *leben?*"

Mrs. Schrimm nodded again.

"Did you speak to Henry anything, Sam?" she asked.

"I didn't say nothing to Henry yet," Sam replied; "but if he's satisfied with the business I done for him this morning I would make him a partnership proposition."

"But, listen here to me, Sam," Mrs. Schrimm protested. "Me I am already fifty-five years old; and a man like you which you got money, understand me, if you want to get married you could find plenty girls forty years old which would only be glad they should marry you—good-looking girls, too, Sam."

"*Koosh!*" Sam cried, for he had noted a tear steal from the corner of Mrs. Schrimm's eye. He rose from his chair and seated himself on the sofa beside her. "You don't know what you are talking about," he said as he clasped her hand. "Good looks to some people is red cheeks and black hair, Henrietta; but with me it is different. The best-look ng woman in the whole world to me, Henrietta, is got gray hair, with good brains underneath —and she is also a little fat, too, understand me; but the heart is big underneath and the hands is red, but they got red doing *mitzvahs* for other people, Henrietta."

He paused and cleared his throat again.

"And so, Henrietta," he concluded, "if you want me to marry a good-looking girl—this afternoon yet we could go downtown and get the license."

Mrs. Schrimm sat still for two minutes and then she disengaged her hand from Sam's eager clasp.

"All I got to do is to put on a clean waist," she said, "and I would get my hat on in ten minutes."

VI

"THE fact of the matter is," Max Gembitz said, two days later, "we ain't got the ready money."

Sam Gembitz nodded. He sat at a desk in Henry Schrimm's office—a new desk of the latest Wall Street design; and on the third finger of his left hand a plain gold band was surmounted by a three-carat diamond ring, the gift of the bride.

"No?" he said, with a rising inflection.

"And you know as well as I do, popper, we was always a little short this time of the year in our business," Max continued.

"Our business!" Sam repeated. "You mean your business, Max."

"What difference does it make?" Max asked.

"It makes a whole lot of difference, Max," Sam declared; "because, if I would be a partner in your business, Max, I would practically got to be one of my own competitors."

"One of your own competitors!" Max cried. "What d'ye mean?"

For answer Sam handed his son the following card:

SAMUEL GEMBITZ — HENRY SCHRIMM

GEMBITZ & SCHRIMM

CLOAKS & SUITS

— WEST NINETEENTH STREET — NEW YORK

Max gazed at the card for five minutes and then he placed it in his waistcoat pocket.

"So you are out to do us—what?" Max said bitterly.

"What are you talking about—out to do you?" Sam replied. "How could an old-timer like me do three up-to-date fellers like you and Sidney and Lester? I'm a back number, Max. I ain't got gumption enough to make up a whole lot of garments, all in one style, pastel shades, and sell 'em all to a concern which is on its last legs, Max. I couldn't play this here *Baytzimmer* feller's pool, Max, and I couldn't sit up all hours of the night eating lobsters and oysters and ham and bacon in the Harlem Winter Garden, Max."

He paused to indulge in a malicious grin.

"Furthermore, Max," he continued, "how could a poor, sick old man compete with a lot of healthy young fellers like you boys? I've got Bright's Disease, Max, and I could drop down in the street any minute. And if you don't believe me, Max, you should ask Doctor Eichendorfer. He will tell you the same."

Max made no reply, but took up his hat from the top of Sam's desk.

"Wait a minute, Max," Sam said. "Don't be in such a hurry, Max, because, after all, you boys is my sons anyhow; and so I got a proposition to make to you."

He pointed to a chair and Max sat down.

"First, Max," he went on, "I wouldn't ask you for cash. What I want is you should give me a note at one year for five thousand dollars, without interest."

"So far as I could see," Max interrupted, "we wouldn't be in no better condition to pay you five thousand dollars in one year as we are today."

"I didn't think you would be," Sam said, "but I figured that all out; and if, before the end of one year, you three boys would turn around and go to work and get a decent, respectable feller which he would marry Babette and make a home for her, understand me, I would give you back your note."

"But how could we do that?" Max exclaimed.

"I leave that to you," Sam replied; "because, anyhow, Max, there's plenty fellers which is designers *oder* bookkeepers which would marry Babette in a minute if they could get a partnership in an old, established concern like yours."

"But Babette don't want to get married," Max declared.

"Don't she?" Sam retorted. "Well, if a woman stands hours and hours in front of the glass and rubs her face *mit* cold cream and *Gott weiss* what else, Max, if she don't want to get married I'd like to know what she does want."

Again Max rose to his feet.

"I'll tell the boys what you say," he murmured.

"Sure," Sam said heartily, "and tell 'em also they should drop in oncet in a while and see mommer and me up in One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Street."

Max nodded.

"And tell Babette to come also," Sam added; but Max shook his head.

"I'm afraid she wouldn't do it," he declared. "She says yesterday she wouldn't speak to you again so long as you live."

Sam emitted a sigh that was a trifle too emphatic in its tremulousness.

"I'm sorry she feels that way, Max," he said; "but it's an old saying and a true one, Max: you couldn't make no omelets without beating eggs."

Solomon's Pills

BOSTON—We live and move and have our beans.
CHICAGO—If the shoe fits it's made to order.
NEW YORK—One touch of Nature makes the whole world sin.
PHILADELPHIA—Familiarity breeds drowsiness.
RENO—A fool and his honey are soon parted.
ACTRESS—Mind your he's and cues.
AERONAUT—I'd rather be Wright than President.
BOY—Keep thy tongue from evil and thy lips from girls.
BARTENDER—A soft drink turneth away trade.
DEBUTANTE—Better to have a short than never to have loved a tall.
DOCTOR—Where there's a pill there's a pay.
DENTIST—Patients and long-suffering.
DRESSMAKER—Figures don't lie.
EDITOR—The more paste the less speed.
GAMBLER—A rolling bone gathers no loss.
GOSSIP—One touch of rumor makes the whole world chin.
GROCER—Honest tea is the best policy.
LAWYER—Where there's a will there's a fray.
OLD MAID—Never too old to yearn.
PHILANTHROPIST—With all my goodly words I thee endow.
POLICEMAN—God help those who help themselves.
POLITICIAN—Profit is without honor in this country.
PREACHER—The wages of gin is breath.
RAILROAD MAN—They also serve who only stand the freight.
SCHOLAR—A word to the wise is repented.
SOCIETY MAN—An ounce of convention is worth a pound of character.
STAR BOARDER—Be ye therefore breakfast.
SUFFRAGETTE—The thing of duty is to jaw forever.
TRAVELER—Look before you sleep.
WIDOW—True love never dyes.

—*Harold Collins Warren.*

STROKUM
is a finely shredded preparation incorporated with

Strokum

Stops Caterpillars

Don't make the mistake of waiting until the caterpillars begin to crawl before you protect your trees. Feed them with Strokum now. They can't crawl under it—they won't crawl over. Easy to apply. Is not injurious to foliage. Guaranteed not to injure your trees. Use during dry weather as well as wet season. Easy to remove. Leaves no disfiguring evidences. Use it this month. Next may be too late. Send for booklet

SPECIAL OFFER

Stratford Oakum Company
169 Cornelison Ave.
Jersey City N. J.

You Need Protection From Fire and Theft

Insurance can not replace everything. Money is no substitute for priceless papers and family valuables. Make them secure by keeping them in

THE SAFE-CABINET

It is fire-proof and thief-proof. Made of steel and fire-resisting materials throughout. Fitted with combination lock. Holds four times as much as a safe the same size. Interior adjustable to suit any office filing system or any home requirements. All sizes for all needs from $18.75 up, F. O. B. Factory, Marietta, O. Delivered prices on request.

Sold by dealers. Write for Booklet P2.

THE SAFE-CABINET COMPANY
Sales Dept., 90 Perin Bldg., Cincinnati

"Giving Hostages to Caesar"

That Guarantee to Consumers which is called "Advertising"

By Lord & Thomas

SO THIS, then, is to *Consumers!*

Not to *sell* Advertising,—though that is frankly our business.

But, we want to perform a *larger* duty today—

We are just big enough now, we think, to do something *altruistic*—for the general benefit of a Cause we heartily believe in

We want to show people *why* it is wiser and safer to buy *Advertised* "Trade-Marked" products than the unadvertised kind.

Not because the *popularizing* of products, through Advertising, makes them any more desirable, in themselves, to Consumers.

Not that their greater *prestige*, through Advertising, makes them taste better, wear better or look better than *unadvertised* products of similar sort.

But, because the Manufacturer who trade-marks and extensively Advertises an article thereby *proves his own faith in the merit of that article*, and practically puts up a *Bond* to vouch for it.

Now you, Good People,—who *consume* merchandise, advertised and unadvertised, should know *this*—

Manufactured Products *vary* with different seasons, as they come from the cannery, mill or factory,—in the nature of things.

Crops may be light one season, heavy another,—with price of raw material in ratio

Labor Strikes may affect output of mills one season, create a scarcity of the goods and so raise the price.

Mines may close down or run out, and so affect the value of metals used in certain articles.

All this means that a Manufacturer who sells *unadvertised* and *unbranded* goods can quietly take out of *quality* or quantity enough to compensate him for advance in his costs, to maintain a liberal profit.

—He can *afford* to do this because his goods are *unrecognizable*, and so he cannot be held directly *responsible* to Consumers for occasional, or constant, deficiencies in the product.

Signing the Bond

BUT, when he *Trade-marks* his product he practically signs his name to it, by which act the Consumer can *punish* him if he does not play fair.

When he *Advertises* his Trade-marked product he goes further and "Gives Hostages to Caesar"—puts up at *forfeit* a large sum of money.

Because, Advertisers know that the *first* sale of a Trade-marked Article to any Consumer, through advertising, costs practically *all* the profit there is in it, for *introduction* alone.

He therefore knows that his ultimate profit depends entirely upon the *article* being sound enough, satisfactory enough, and good value enough, to command *repeat purchases* from the *same* person who bought it *first* through his advertising.

In no *other* way can he get his Advertising money back except through these *repeat purchases* that result from the *merit of the goods* themselves—after Advertising has once *introduced* them.

Moreover, he knows that to lower the quality of his Advertised Trade-marked Product, even when his costs are higher, will be to lose a large part of the patronage he has built up, (at heavy expense probably) through years of Advertising.

Because he knows that Consumers are quick to detect *deterioration* in a Product they *continuously* buy, and having once lost confidence in it they are harder and more expensive to *regain*, through Advertising, than to *hold* through consistently good quality.

So you see here's *why* the sufficiently *advertised* Trade-marked Product is, at all times, a *sure thing* for both Consumer and Retail Merchant to buy,—never a *lottery* as to quality, quantity or demand.

The Manufacturer has *staked* his entire Advertising appropriation of years (maybe $50,000 to $1,000,000) upon the *judgment* and *approval* of *Consumers*, whom he has led to *expect* certain qualities in his product, which qualities he has clearly *defined* in cold type.

He *dare not tamper* with that judgment and approval, having once established it—even if he were disposed to do so

He has put himself *on record* in such a way that it would be folly for him to *hedge* from the stipulated quality, in delivery.

So he *must*, and in practically all cases he *does*, live up to the Specifications, to the very letter.

The Reason-Why

THAT is why his *Advertising* appropriation is *the best possible Guarantee of his Product*—a veritable Hostage to that modern "Caesar" who is the Consuming Public.

The *larger* his appropriation,—the more extensively advertised his brand,—*the more he has at stake on Quality*, Square Deal, and full Satisfaction to *Consumers*.

Every Advertising Manufacturer *knows* this—we believe. Every Manufacturer to whom *we* are Advertising Counsel and Agency *assuredly* knows it.

Few, if any, Advertised Articles of general consumption sold through Retail Stores ever make a satisfactory net profit from *first sale* alone to each Consumer.

Because, it takes practically *all* the profit on that *first* sale to *advertise* and introduce the Article via Retailers.

Right there you have the *best* reason in the world for buying *Advertised Trade-marked* goods.

And, here, on the *other* side of the fence, is where your *risk* comes in when buying *unadvertised* brands or goods.

Many Manufacturers of Advertised brands put out several "secondary" brands or grades, *without* Advertising them, (for which brands the Retailer *may* of course charge first-grade price if he chooses).

Manufacturers sometimes *must* do this, in order to use up their "Second" quality of material and their accumulation of faulty goods.

(Continued on page 55)

This advertisement is copyrighted by Lord & Thomas

"Make way for the Marathon"

Not simply a car - Marathon - but car service

The ***Marathon*** demands respect and gets it.

It wins in the race for—

Commercial, Mechanical, Economical Supremacy.

True to Its Name.

It leads in the tests for Speed and Endurance.

Four cylinder motor, cylinders cast in pairs, 35 h. p.—3 point suspension, unit power plant. Wheel base 116 in. and 120 in. 34 in. by 3½ in. tires, 35 in. by 4 in. on Torpedo Touring Car. Semi-elliptic front springs and full elliptic rear springs with scroll ends.

Thermo-Syphon cooling with vertical tubular radiator.

Standard equipment includes two gas head lamps, oil side and tail lamps, robe rail, foot rail, tire repair kit, tire pump and complete tool outfit. Electric headlights, sidelights, and tail light on Torpedo Touring Car.

Prices—Four passenger Torpedo Touring Car $1,750. Fore door Touring Car $1,550. Standard Touring, Standard Roadster and Torpedo Roadster $1,500.

The ***Marathon*** is the car you will buy, if you want ***Speed, Endurance, Reliability, Perfect Power Transmission, Grace of Design and Best All-Around Car Efficiency.***

The ***Marathon*** embodies ALL of these features. It is now entering its sixth season, and challenges comparison with cars selling at twice the price.

Attractive Agency Propositions Still Open.

Write for catalog.

SOUTHERN MOTOR WORKS

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

12th Ave. North, and N. C. & St. L. Railroad.

General Offices, 1220 Clinton Street.

Cook With

LIVE STEAM

Ever eat steamed apples or cereals or potatoes?

Cook your food by *steam* in a Savory Double Boiler. It retains all the flavor and makes it taste as good as the finest to be obtained anywhere—and at less cost! It means less *work*, too—for you need give it very little attention when cooking anything in a

SAVORY

DOUBLE BOILER

Whether it be vegetables, cereals, fruits, macaroni, puddings or custards—you can get more real nourishment and delightful flavor if it be cooked in a Savory Double Boiler. Really, you will use it for something every day. 75c and up.

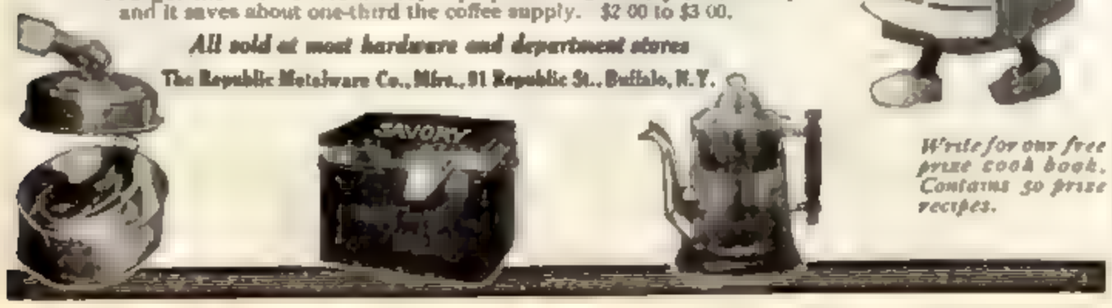
Roast your meats in a **Savory Seamless Roaster**—self-basting, self-browning. Holds a big roast—goes in a small oven. Enhances the flavor and tenderness. $1.00 up.

Bread or cake kept in a **Savory** (Round-cornered) **Bread and Cake Box** keeps fresh longer and is always clean. The round corners prevent dust or crumbs from gathering. 50c up.

You get the *real* coffee flavor, if prepared in a **Savory Percolator**, and it saves about one-third the coffee supply. $2.00 to $3.00.

All sold at most hardware and department stores

The Republic Metalware Co., Mfrs., 91 Republic St., Buffalo, N. Y.



Write for our free prize cook book. Contains 50 prize recipes.

BILLY FORTUNE AND THE ABLE-MINDED LADY

(Continued from Page 21)

litter of variety in it. And I ain't been livin' up to it. One man can't. It's goin' to need two of 'em, and you're the other one. You listen now."

So I lit in and told him. He was one of the kind you can tell things to. I told it as good as I could—stickin' right to the plain truth, but puttin' in some fancy touches to fill in and keep his attention from strayin' off in the brush. It never straggled none. Right from the jump of the first word I had him listenin'. Amused, too, he was. Part of the time he was still, with just his eyes lively; and part of the time he was chucklin' soft to himself, as if the fun of it was soakin' into his mind; and part of the time he was rockin' in the saddle and slappin' his leg and lettin' go with that big, roarin' laugh of his, till I couldn't have asked him to be any better tickled.

"Oh, Billy, it's good!" he says, when I'd got done with tellin' him about what I'd just said to the nigger. "It's rich, Billy! But don't let's get in too much of a rush with it and ruin it. Let's get it ribbed up good. Wait till we talk about it." And after we'd rode a ways, "Ain't it funny," says he, "the way things shift? Why, this mornin' before I run into you I felt as if Destiny had me down on my back with her thumb in my eye; and I wasn't caring a whoop how soon she gouged it out. And now here's somethin' worth 'ivin' for again. Ain't it bully?" He kept comin' back to it, every little bit, till we was pretty near home; and then he says: "Say, ain't it good to have something on your mind?—something to make you lose interest in yourself, I mean. Don't you get all out of patience with associating with yourself? I do. It's worse than that even. I'm like a kid going into a dark room when it comes to bein' alone with myself. I'd rather not. But, thank the Lord, here's something to cinch our attention on to!"

But we wasn't the only ones around the ranch that night that had something on our minds

The Daphne girl she was out in the yard feedin' the widow's chickens when Ben and me rode up. I hoped she'd wait a minute, but she didn't. She just give us a quick look and a high sign to me with her little hand, and then drifted up to the house. We didn't set eyes on her again till we'd got through at the barn and give ourselves a little slickin' up and went to supper.

The Able-Minded Lady was feelin' pretty good about somethin', because the tang was gone out of her voice and she was talkin' slow and mellow, with a sort of a spring thaw softenin' up her eyes and face. That was the way she acted toward Ben, too, when I brought him in and told her about him. She didn't have a word of a kick to make, but had him come and set down beside her at the table and commenced to put him through his catechism about how long he'd been associatin' with cows, and what work he'd done on the big round-ups, and if he was a good hand with alfalfa, and the like of that. He seemed to know the answers all right and they was gettin' along fine together. She must have thought he was an awful nice, bashful, respectful man, the way he spoke soft to her and kept his eyes mostly on his victuals; but I could see by the look of him he was studyin' her close. But, anyway, they was as friendly as a couple of kittens with a big saucer of milk. It was different from the way she had hired me. I quit payin' attention to them after they'd once got started. It was Miss Daphne Meadows that did it.

She'd come to the table with her pretty cheeks the color of a rosy sunrise and her pretty eyes full of funny dancing lights, like when a breath of warm wind runs over a patch of sunny water with the blue sky showin' in it. "Pretty" 's a terrible poor word, ain't it? I keep sayin' it about her, but you can't make it mean anything but just "pretty." It had suited her good enough when I'd seen her the other times, but she was a heap more than that now. If I knew the right word for her I'd tell it to you, but it ain't in my spellin'-book. Did you ever see a witch-fairy? I guess mebbe that's the way they look times when they're feelin' just right. She was—oh, shucks! I can't say it. She was awful pretty.

"Yes, missy!" I says to myself when I first caught sight of her. I judged it was because there was a new man around. But it didn't seem to be that. She hardly noticed Ben at all when he was introduced to her, except to give him the littlest bit of a nod and a short look at his red head. After that it was me she noticed—just me.

Her place was straight across the table from mine. I'd come in hungry as a bear at the breakin' up of winter; but supper didn't seem to be what she'd come for, because in the middle of my first plateful I looked over at her, and there she was leanin' back in her chair and foolin' with her fork and dimplin' right at me. I'd thought I was kind of used to her by this time, but the fresh loveliness of her fair made me blink. "Well, gee whiz!" says I to myself. I couldn't do nothin' but just stare at her. "You Billy!" I says. "Just look there at what you're missin'. That's the girl that coaxed you to make love to her and you've been puttin' it off."

I had, too, these last three or four days, just on account of comin' home so dead tired I couldn't seem able to raise the ambition. A man hates to start a piece of love-makin' when he knows he's liable to go off sound asleep before he gets to the middle of it—especially if it's meant to fool folks that's as good judges as the Able-Minded Lady was. So I hadn't got no further along with the business than just to grin at her as foolish as I could whenever I caught the widow lookin' at us, and try to hold her hand a few times, and give her my blue silk handkerchief for around her neck, and a few little things like that—no better than a rank amateur. I don't know what she'd been used to before—mebbe it satisfied her; but now that I come to think about it I wasn't satisfied. "Wake up!" says I to myself. "Billy, you've got to show the lady what class you're in."

So I looked back at her; and after that we looked and looked. That's pretty near all you can do when there's a big table between you. We talked some, too, but it didn't amount to much, except for the sound of her happy little cooin' laugh bubblin' all through it. Then after a bit when my coffee was gone she went out to the kitchen to get me some more; and when she come back she brought a big plateful of cake and put it down in front of me. Then she set down in the chair right beside me, movin' over so close that her little sleeve brushed against my arm.

"I made this cake, Billy," says she. "I made it for you. It's angel-food. Did you ever eat any before?"

I didn't look at the cake; I was lookin' down in her lovely, shinin' eyes. "I've been eatin' my whole supper in heaven ever since you come down," I says to her. I didn't holler it out loud neither. I wasn't tryin' to make the Able-Minded Lady hear. I didn't seem to want anybody to hear but just that fluffy little bit of a girl. She was leanin' over toward me till the sweetness of her was makin' me drunk.

"Now, Billy!" she says to me in a rich, soft little whisper. She wasn't mad at me. She reached over and got a piece of cake and broke off a little scrap. "Here," says she, "let me give it to you so you'll get the good of it. Open your mouth."

She fed me the whole slice that way, breakin' off bites that wasn't bigger than crumbs. Do you admire angel-food cake? I don't as a general thing. It's too much like just thinkin' about eatin'; it don't give you no satisfaction. But the way I got that piece I wasn't findin' no fault with it—every bite bringin' the tips of her soft pink fingers up against my lips, with her laughin' her low, soft, teasin' laugh. I'd have been right willin' to have that slice last for weeks and weeks. But it didn't. A whole lot too quick to suit me we got down to the last bit. When she give it to me I caught the end of her pretty finger between my teeth, bitin' on it gentle. Honest, right that minute I wasn't play-actin' neither. I'd forgot.

"Billy! Ouch!" she says. That brought me out of it. I let go and took a quick look over at the widow with a sort of a cold scare on me. I'd clean forgot she was around. But I needn't have worried. For all she was noticin', me and the girl wasn't there.

She'd got through with her supper and pushed back her plate, and she was talkin' to Ben. She wasn't talkin' about the cow

NEVER BREAK — L. GOLDSMITH & SON — NEWARK N.J. — G&S — TRUNKS

Knock-Proof and Shock-Proof

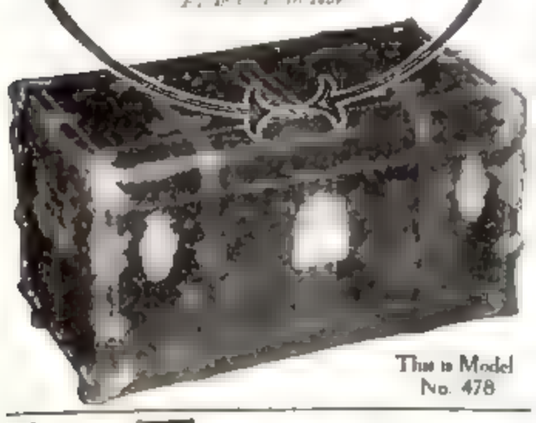
When you travel, you want a trunk that will go to the end of the world with you if need be and come back home victorious, though perhaps battle-scarred.

A trunk that will laugh at baggage-smashers. A well-made, light-weight, watertight trunk—with strong hinges and sturdy locks that will safeguard anything you entrust to its capacious depths. You want a **G. & S. Neverbreak Trunk.** The utmost value at any price you wish to pay. Look for our trade mark on the top near the lock. It is there for your protection.

Write for "Cupid In A Trunk"—a clever travel story in booklet form containing illustrations and descriptions of G. & S. Neverbreak Trunks. We will tell you of the dealer who can fit you out.

L. GOLDSMITH & SON, 1 Cherry St., Newark, N. J.

The largest trunk factory in the world



This is Model No. 478

La France SHOE for WOMEN

The Dealer, The Shoe, and The Fit

The dealer who sells La France shoes does not try to palm off an inferior make on you for three reasons:

(1) He is *honest.

(2) He can fit you quicker and better with La France than with any other shoe.

(3) He wants to satisfy you and sell you more shoes.

WILLIAMS, CLARK & CO.

377 Washington Street **Lynn, Mass.**

*We place La France only with the dealer who will treat the shoe and the public fairly. Such a dealer never loses the agency. We invite correspondence with shoe merchants who approve of this policy

THE BEST LIGHT

Makes and burns its own gas. Costs 2c. per week. Gives 600 candle power light and **casts no shadow.** No dirt, grease, nor odor. Unequalled for Homes, Stores, Hotels, Churches, Public Halls, etc. Over 200 styles. Every lamp warranted. Agents wanted. Write for catalog.

THE BEST LIGHT CO.

5-25 E. 5th St. **CANTON, O.**

business; she was tellin' him some history about her first husband. Why do you reckon it is that when a woman has had several she mostly turns back to the first one when she gets a romantic spell? Don't that seem sort of ridiculous? Anyway, she was doin' it; and Ben was listenin' as if there wasn't but one thing in the world he cared much about and that thing was the first husbands of big, sunburnt widows. He wasn't tryin' to talk any; he was just listenin'. If he wanted something to cinch his attention on to he was behavin' as if he'd found it. He was plumb absorbed. I'd missed seein' the way it had started, but he'd got further along with her in half an hour than I had in a whole week. Anybody could have told she was thinkin' he was just an awful nice man. Yes, sir, I was safe to go on with my foolishness.

But I didn't. When I looked back to the girl I'd remembered, like pickin' up a tight rein again after it's been slack.

"You've got the Old Nick in you tonight," I says. "What's ailin' you?"

She puckered up her mouth and made a little face at me. "That's a horrid way to talk to me," says she. "Don't you like me this way?" And then before she'd give me time to say anything she bent over and whispered, so close that her warm breath touched my cheek. "Listen, Billy," she says; "can you keep a secret? You're sure? Well, then—I'll tell you one when the time comes." And that was all.

"Well, what do you think about her?" I says to Ben, when we was out in the bunkhouse and was startin' a little seven-up before bedtime. He'd been slow workin' around to the talk, but I could see he was doin' some thinkin' and I wanted to poke him up. And what do you guess he said to me? It was his deal, but he put the cards down on the table and begun to pack the ashes in his pipe.

"She's a fine, substantial woman," says he, without a flicker of a smile.

"What?" says I. "'Substantial'? That girl?"

"Oh, the girl!" says he. "She's a cute little trick. It was the other one I was thinking about. She's the right sort. It kind of rests a man to meet a woman like her after he's been knocking around the way I have for so long."

"Rests him?" says I. "Do you mean that—rests him?"

"Why, yes," says he, real gentle and serious. "Don't you think so? She's healthy and strong, and an extra good cook, and—oh, you know—comfortable and homelike. If I could think it would be my luck to settle down sometime with a wife of her sort I'd feel a lot more settled in my mind."

"Sufferin' Peter, Ben!" says I. "You don't have to be a darn fool just because you happen to know how. A wife? Like her? Why, Ben ——"

His solemness commenced to break up in his eyes in a comical twinkle and then he started his boomin' laugh that made the windows rattle.

"Yes, sir," says he after a bit, "she's certainly the sort for me. Look here." He picked up the cards again and begun to ruffle 'em for the deal after he'd give the deck a quick lookin' through. "Look here now," says he, "if I turn the jack of hearts I'm going to court the Widow McGee. Watch close, Billy, because the hand's quicker than the eye."

He dealt 'em out to us and then—I don't know how he done it—the card he faced was the jack of hearts.

"Good!" says he. "It was too simple before, Billy. The way to make it a real good play is to complicate it some. This'll help a lot, won't it? We've got to keep her young at heart till the other thing's settled."

It didn't look as if it was going to be much of a job, that part of it. After a bit I started up to the house for a drink from the kitchen bucket and the Able-Minded Lady was goin' around finishing up the last of her work before she put the light out. I'd never heard her singin' before, but she was doin' it now, mostly to herself, so I had to listen hard to hear what it was. This was the way it went:

Hikkety-Ike, he's a funny man.
Hikkety-Ike loves a girl named Ann.
Hikkety-Ike, what in sin's the use?
You haven't got any good excuse.

Does that sound to you like a love song? It did to me somehow. Anyway, I didn't bother her at it; I just went off to bed dry.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SAVE YOUR WIFE

From the Drudgery of Ironing Day. With

THE IMPERIAL SELF-HEATING FLAT IRON

She can do her work in half the time, better and easier, at one-tenth the cost of the old way. Besides saving her strength, health and nerves.

How can a woman be sweet and gentle and pretty after ironing all day over a hot stove? Think of the steps she takes back and forth from stove to work! It's miles, besides the labor of pushing a heavy iron.

The IMPERIAL SELF-HEATING FLAT IRON heats itself from the *inside* with gasoline or denatured alcohol. Better and cheaper than gas or electricity. No wires or tubes in the way.

No changing irons or fussing with half cold flat irons. HOT ALL THE TIME. HEATS INSTANTLY. REGULATED. Cool handle. Always clean, no wiping or waxing. Use all the starch you want. You can iron it to a perfect gloss.

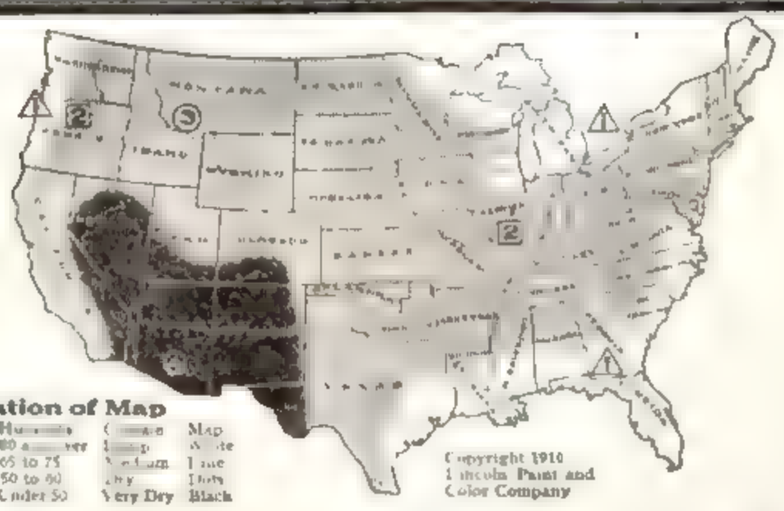
Burns 5 hours for 1 cent. Safe, cleanly, odorless. Light—[illegible] lbs. Use indoors, on the porch or out on the lawn. [illegible] saving in hotel rooms or camp. Always ready for [illegible]. Can boil the kettle and get a meal on it. ***Costs little. Pays for itself in three months.***

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE—

Sent FREE Illustrated booklet, Ironing Comfort and 10 Days FREE Trial offer. Write today.

IMPERIAL BRASS MANUFACTURING CO.,

Dept. 24, 450 to 460 So. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.



Explanation of Map

Symbol	Formula	Humidity	Climate	Map
Triangle	No. 1	80 and over	Damp	White
Square	No. 2	65 to 75	Medium	Lime
Circle	No. 3	50 to 60	Dry	Dots
Cross	No. 4	Under 50	Very Dry	Black

Copyright 1910 Lincoln Paint and Color Company

In Your Climate, You Can Be Sure of But One Paint

PAINT must fit your climate—to endure. Trouble with ready-mixed paint in the past has been due to ignorance of that fact. Climate always has been paint's "worst enemy." In so far as paint is concerned climate means *humidity*—or how *dry* or how *damp* is the atmosphere.

Look, if you please, at the map. It represents our country's position a *continental* scale. It has *four* climates—not *one*. The isopleth lines show the divisions. Yet each American manufacturer heretofore has made his paint on the *same formula* for damp and dry sections alike—on the incorrect assumption that this is a one-climate country.

Naturally different brands would have different formulas. But no *one* brand ever has been made on more than *one* formula—until now.

Yet a paint that is *good* where the humidity—or degree of moisture—is above 80 per cent, is *bad* where it is below 50 per cent.

A discovery that has led us to originate LINCOLN CLIMATIC PAINT—made on four separate formulas—to fit the four climates. A discovery that has solved a nation-wide problem.

Lincoln Climatic Paint *simplifies* the paint question. It is easy now for you to select just the right paint for your own locality.

You have merely to refer to the map above—or to the elaborate climatic map you will find at any Lincoln Climatic Paint dealer's—to determine the correct formula you need. So that there can be no mistake, on each can of Lincoln Climatic Paint the proper Symbol and Formula Number of contents are displayed.

The formulas for Lincoln Climatic Paint are based on charts prepared by a Committee of the Geographic Society of Chicago from statistics furnished by the Weather Bureau, Department of Agriculture of the United States Government, edited by Professor Henry J. Cox of the U. S. Weather Bureau and Dr. J. Van Goosie of the University of Chicago, and secured from the Central Scientific Company of America.

Accept only the formula suited to your climate and ready mixed by *machinery*—if you want paint that will endure.

A Book for You We have prepared a book for you telling all about Lincoln Climatic Paint. We'll be glad to send it to you FREE, with the name of our dealer nearest you.

LINCOLN PAINT AND COLOR CO., Address Department 20, Lincoln, Neb.

Factories: Lincoln, Neb., and Dallas, Texas.

Copyright 1910 by Lincoln Paint and Color Co.

Carborundum Sharpening Stones Have Revolutionized Tool Sharpening

CARBORUNDUM is intensely hard and sharp—as hard and sharp as a diamond. It does not merely rub the edge of the tool back and forth until it gradually wears away—Carborundum *cuts* the steel—cuts clean and smooth, putting an edge on the tool in half the time required by the old time sharpening stones—and doing it immeasurably better. You will never be troubled with wire or saw edges if you use Carborundum.

The New Round Combination Stone

for sharpening carpenters' and mechanics' tools is a distinct advance in sharpening practice. The round shape allows for the rotary motion so necessary in sharpening chisels, planer irons and so forth, and at the same time gives more than double the actual sharpening surface of an ordinary oblong stone.

One side of the round stone is moderately coarse for rough work—the other side smooth for bringing the tool to a keen lasting edge.

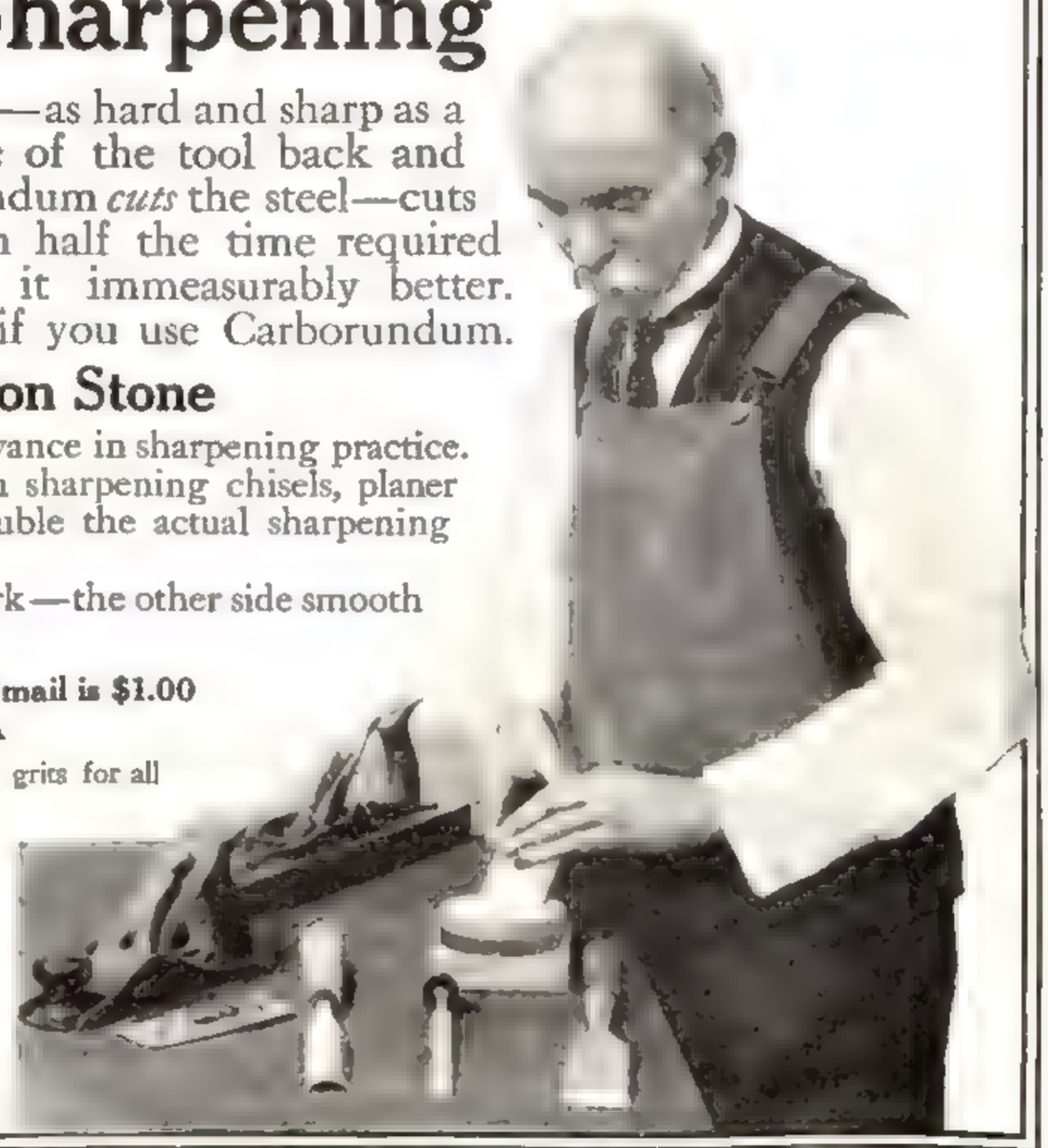
The price either from your Hardware Dealer or direct by mail is $1.00
Ask for Round Combination Stone No. 107-A

Carborundum sharpening stones are made in thousands of shapes and sizes and grits for all sharpening purposes. There are special stones for Surgeons, for Dentists, for Sportsmen, for Printers, for Engravers, for Machinists, Mechanics and Carpenters. There are razor hones for professional and private use that are the most remarkable hones ever produced.

And there is a wonderful little Pocket Stone for every man's use—put up in neat case that we are offering just to introduce Carborundum to you. It's great for sharpening pocket knives, ink erasers, etc. Send for it today—by mail 15c.

Carborundum sharpening stones are sold by Hardware Dealers everywhere.

The Carborundum Company, Niagara Falls, N. Y.



Superior
A PERFECT UNION SUIT

Regular style showing perfect *all-over fit*

The One Underwear Which Leaves Out the Troubles is

Superior
A PERFECT UNION SUIT

SUPERIOR UNION SUITS correct the mistakes of *both* the mis-shapen union suit and the old style two-piece garment. They are the advanced thought, the **new idea,** the perfect conception of *easy, comfortable, healthful, absorbent, elastic, luxurious underwear.*

They fit—fit all over—the kind of real fit that makes itself felt—and you know it with the first touch. That's why they *please*

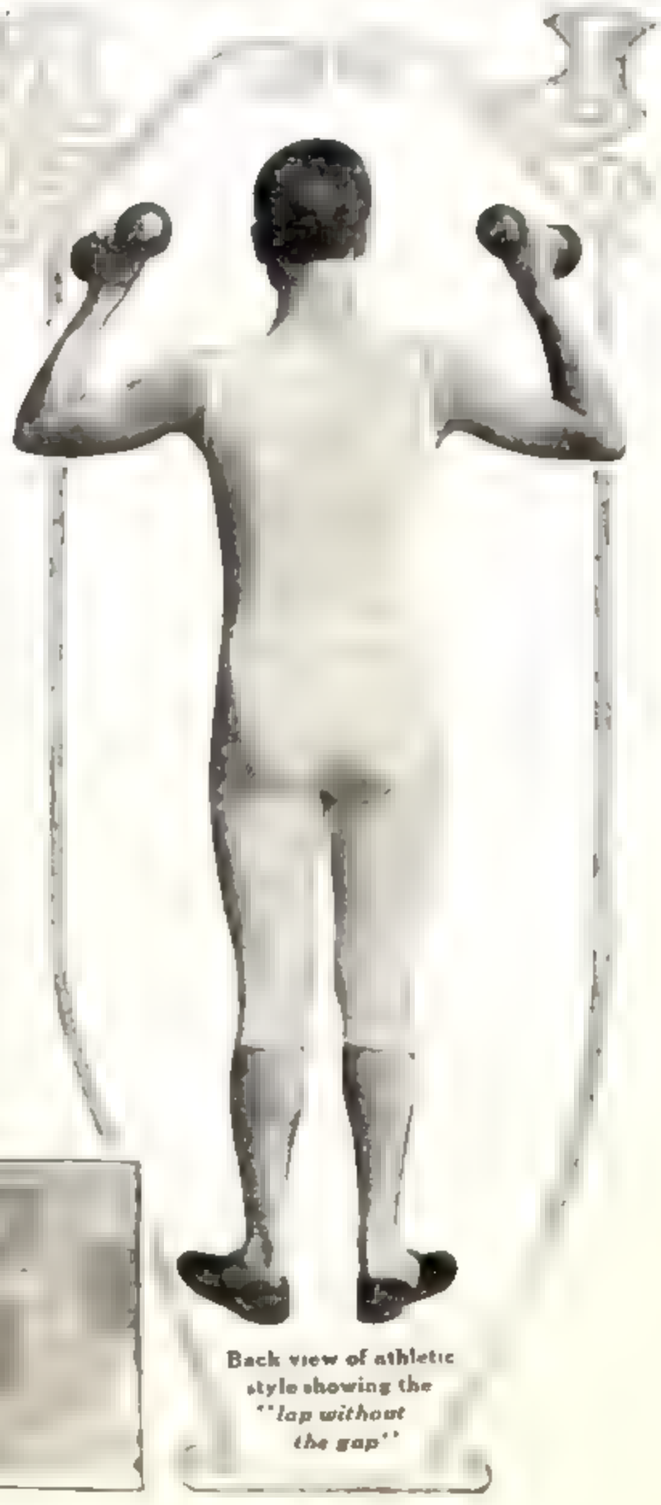
Automatic in adjustment. Ventilating in texture, permitting free action to the pores and easy play to the muscles, with perfected *lap (that cannot gap)—shoulders, crotch* and *reinforced buttonholes—no* vexations anywhere.

A SUPERIOR UNION SUIT never binds, bulges, bags, sags, hikes or hunches—it is **the Union Suit with the troubles left out.**

SUPERIOR UNION SUITS for Spring and Summer are sold by retailers everywhere at $1.00 $1.50 $2.00 $2.50 $3.00 and $3.50

Ask your dealer to show you SUPERIOR UNION SUITS. Do not accept substitutes. If you cannot obtain SUPERIORS in your vicinity, write us, and we will forward postpaid our free booklet showing SUPERIOR styles and samples of fabrics.

THE SUPERIOR UNDERWEAR CO.
1008 River St., Piqua, Ohio



Back view of athletic style showing the *"lap without the gap"*

"Giving Hostages to Caesar"—*(Continued)*

These are the residue after careful *selection* for their *first* grade (or Advertised brand) eliminated in order to make this latter grade *uniformly good* so as to live up to the Advertising without endangering *its* market and its "Hostage" to Consumers.

Unadvertised brands or grades naturally *vary* widely in their quality from time to time.

Because, with these there is *no check upon the Manufacturer*, excepting through the Retailer.

Of course you now and then get a really good product among these *secondary* brands or goods. This is due in some instances to an occasional *surplus stock* of good material which must be used up at times when demand is relatively slack. Best grade may then be put into secondary or unadvertised lines.

But, the very *next* package you purchase of these *unadvertised* grades under same label, may be made from an entirely *different* lot of materials, vastly inferior in quality, and possibly less in quantity per package.

Have you noticed *that?*

Uniformity

WELL,—the *cause* of all this *variability* and *uncertainty* of quality is clear enough, when you think it over.

No real *responsibility* attaches to the *unadvertised* product.

The Manufacturer of that has no Advertising Appropriation *at stake* behind its quality. He has not given any "Hostages to Cæsar."

He can start *another* unadvertised brand, of same kind, tomorrow, at practically no expense but for new labels, *if* the existing brand be killed for profit through inferior quality

All of which is everlastingly different with the *Advertised* brand, if *that* be robbed for profit.

Because, the Manufacturer cannot, in any *one* season of "robbing," recoup himself for the loss of a market *with Consumers*, which has been built up, at large expense, through *several* seasons of strong Advertising.

Moreover he *knows* that only the *continuous* approval, demand, and appreciation of Consumers, for his Advertised brand, can give him *control* over his reasonable profits and his future trade expansion.

So—the Manufacturer who once *Advertises* his brand of Goods, in a *sufficient* way to influence *Consumers*, may be trusted to take mighty good care of his market. He may be relied upon to "stand by" the *quality* and *value* in his *Advertised* brand, whatever he may do to manipulate an extra profit on his *unadvertised* brands or *secondary* grades.

This situation is a good thing for *Consumers* to understand. And the *Consumer's* attitude is a mighty good thing for *Manufacturers* to consider. This we will *prove* to their satisfaction if they write us for certain *evidence*.

Address Lord & Thomas (Advertising Agents), Trude Building Chicago, Ill

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THE SINS OF PRINCE SARADINE

(Continued from Page 17)

leaning on their oars; and too early to anticipate any disastrous issue of it. For the two men were singularly well matched, the prince using his skill with a sort of cynical confidence, the Sicilian using his with a murderous care. Few finer fencing matches can ever have been seen in crowded amphitheaters than that which tinkled and sparkled on that forgotten island in the reedy river. The dizzy fight was balanced so long that hope began to revive in the protesting priest; by all common probability Paul must soon come back with the police. It would be some comfort even if Flambeau came back from his fishing; for Flambeau, physically speaking, was worth four other men. But there was no sign of Flambeau and, what was much queerer, no sign of Paul or the police. No other raft or stick was left to float on; in that lost island, in that vast, nameless pool, they were cut off as on a rock in the Pacific.

Almost as he had the thought, the ringing of the rapiers quickened to a rattle; the prince's arms flew up and the point shot out behind, between his shoulderblades. He went over with a great whirling movement, almost like one throwing the half of a boy's cartwheel. The sword flew from his hand like a shooting star and dived into the distant river; and he himself sank with so earth-shaking a subsidence that he broke a big rose-tree with his body and shook up into the sky a cloud of red earth—like the smoke of some heathen sacrifice. The Sicilian had made a blood-offering to the ghost of his father.

The priest was instantly on his knees by the corpse—but only to make sure that it was a corpse. As he was still trying some last hopeless tests he heard for the first time voices from farther up the river and saw a police boat shoot up to the landing stage, with constables and other important people, including the excited Paul. The little priest rose with a distinctly dubious grimace.

"Now, why on earth," he muttered—"why on earth couldn't he have come before?"

Some seven minutes later the island was occupied by an invasion of townsfolk and police; the latter had put their hands on the victorious duelist, ritually reminding him that anything he said would be used against him.

"I shall not say anything," said the monomaniac, with a wonderful and peaceful face. "I shall never say anything any more. I am very happy—and I want only to be hanged."

Then he shut his mouth as they led him away; and it is the strange but certain truth that he never opened it again in this world, except to say "Guilty!" at his trial.

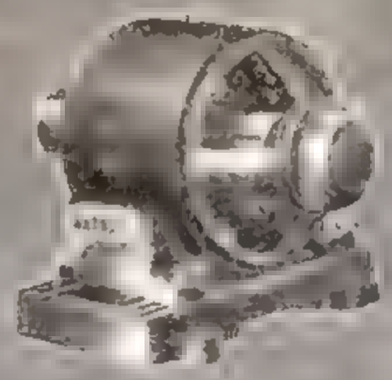
Father Brown had stared at the suddenly crowded garden, the arrest of the man of blood, the carrying away of the corpse after its examination by the doctor, rather as one watches the breakup of some ugly dream; he was motionless, like a man in a nightmare. He gave his name and address as a witness, but declined their offer of a boat to the shore and remained alone in the island garden, gazing at the broken rose-bush and the whole green theater of that swift and inexplicable tragedy. The light died along the river; mist rose in the marshy banks; a few belated birds flitted fitfully across.

Stuck stubbornly in his subconsciousness—which was an unusually lively one—was an unspeakable certainty that there was something still unexplained. This sense that had clung to him all day could not be fuller explained by his fancy about "looking-glass land." Somehow he had not seen the real story, but some game or mask; and yet people do not get run through the body for the sake of a charade!

As he sat on the steps of the landing stage ruminating he grew conscious of the tall, dark streak of a sail coming silently down the shining river and sprang to his feet with such a backrush of feeling that he almost wept.

"Flambeau!" he cried, and shook his friend by both hands again and again, much to the astonishment of that sportsman as he came on shore with his fishing tackle. "Flambeau!" he said. "So you're not killed?"

"Killed!" repeated the angler in great astonishment. "Why should I be killed?"



If there is Electricity in Your House Get a

Western Electric Motor

IT will run your sewing machine, cream freezer, washing machine—any small machinery about the place. Nothing complicated about Western Electric household motors. Simply connect them to the nearest electric light socket and turn the switch. They require practically no attention. Remember the name "Western Electric" when you buy a motor.

Western Electric motors for industrial purposes are known in every trade. They cut down power losses—and increase the quality and quantity of output. Made in all types and sizes

Small Type of Household Motor

There is a Western Electric Motor Agent near you. If you cannot place him write our nearest house for Booklet No. 8212.

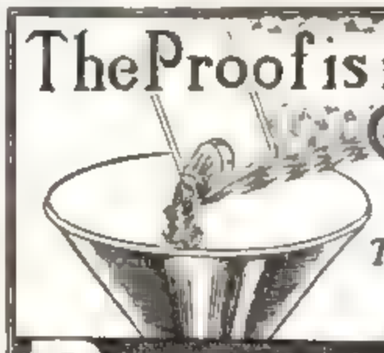
The Western Electric Company Furnishes Equipment for Every Electrical Need

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

New York Chicago Saint Louis San Francisco
Philadelphia Indianapolis Kansas City Los Angeles
Boston Cincinnati Denver Seattle
Pittsburgh Minneapolis *Manufacturers of the 5,000,000 "Bell" Telephones* Dallas Salt Lake City
Atlanta Milwaukee Omaha Portland
Buffalo
Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver
Antwerp London Berlin Paris Johannesburg Sydney Tokyo

"Nearest to the Customer"

The Proof is in the OIL

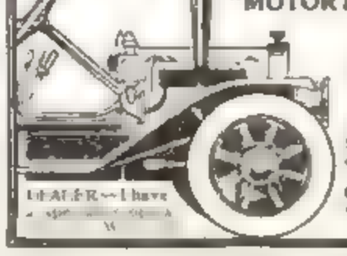


The *Test* is up to You

Panhard Oil

of the Checkerboard Mark

Do you know how to judge motor oils? If not write for my interesting booklet "MOTOR LUBRICATION"—free if you give the name of your dealer.



Don't ask merely for gasoline and kerosene and oil in the usual cans or in barrels.

DEALER—I have a special agency proposition for you.

GEORGE A. HAWS
76 Pine St., New York

Is Your Water Supply Satisfactory?

If not, let us send you descriptive booklet of the

Dayton Sanitary System of Water Supply

Tells how and at what cost your home, summer cottage, farm, hotel or camp can be supplied with

Water Under Pressure

for domestic use, fire protection, irrigation purposes, etc.

Operated by electric motor, gasoline engine or hand power.

Our complete standard systems may be easily modified to meet your requirements. They are designed with special reference to this class of service, and are reliable, simple and economical. With our experience and manufacturing facilities, we can furnish

Better Equipment For Less Money

If you will tell us briefly your water needs, we will send our recommendations free of cost or obligation on your part.

We manufacture a full line of Water Supply Systems, Power Pumps, Rotary Farm Pumps, Pneumatic Tanks, etc.

Write today for our **New Catalog.**

The Dayton Pump & Mfg. Co., Box 901, Dayton, Ohio

New York Office, 135 W. 40th St.

Piedmont Red Cedar Chest

Saves Cold Storage Charges
Is Moth Proof
Combines Beauty and Usefulness

This chest is made of [illegible] Southern Red Cedar—a true species of the Flanders Tree—is [illegible] Beautifully finished [illegible] with ornamental Cedar handles [illegible] VERY ROOMY. Protects furs and clothing against moths. No camphor required. Is dust and damp proof. MAKES A NOVEL BIRTHDAY GIFT. Direct from factory, freight charges prepaid at factory prices. Write for catalog. Shows [illegible]

PIEDMONT RED CEDAR CHEST CO., Dept. 34, Statesville, N. C.

Rugs Carpets Curtains Blankets

From the Mill We Pay Freight

Mail order users' prices save you dealers' profits. We give a binding guarantee of satisfaction and save you 33 1-3 per cent. You can buy the well known Rugs. Rug, 6x9 ft., reversible, all wool [illegible], at $3.75. Our Brussels Rug, 6x9 ft., greatest [illegible] known $1.85. Splendid grade Brussels Rug [illegible], $11. Famous Invincible Velvets, 9x12 ft. $16. Standard Axminsters, 9x12 ft. $18.50. [illegible] quality Lace Curtains 45c per pair and up. Tapestry Curtains, Wilton Rugs, Linoleums at Mill prices.

Write today for our NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOG, No. 14. Sent free. Shows latest designs in actual colors.

UNITED MILLS MFG. CO.
2460-2462 Jasper St., Phila.

Save the Dime and Jeopardize the Dollar?

or, Use the Dime to Insure the Dollar?

The short-sighted man says, "I am not going to paint my house this year. Materials are higher than they should be. I intend to wait until prices come down."

Such a man is thinking more of the dimes he imagines he may save by waiting than of the dollars he is sure to lose when his buildings depreciate. His wisdom is reckoned in dimes, his short-sightedness in dollars.

No thrifty houseowner reasons that way. He says, "My house must have the new coat of paint that is coming to it, even if the cost is four or five dollars more than usual. My house represents an investment, which must be protected. Besides, *it is our home;* we want it to look as well as possible."

Any houseowner who wants to do a little figuring should get from his local dealer prices on the following ingredients:

100 lbs. "Dutch Boy Painter" white lead	$
4 gallons pure linseed oil	
1 gallon turpentine	
1 pint turpentine drier	
This makes 5 gallons genuine old-fashioned paint	

He should then compare this with the price of any other paint he would think of using, and all the while keep in mind the superior spreading power of old-fashioned lead and oil paint.

OUR FREE PAINTING HELPS

We try to be of service to those about to paint. We will send you, if asked, color schemes, miscellaneous painting directions, and names of "Blue List" Painters in your community, men who use our "Dutch Boy Painter" white lead. Ask for "Helps No. 453." That will include everything.

TO PAINTERS: If you are a skilled white-leader and use "Dutch Boy Painter" white lead, send us your name for our "Painters' Blue List." Write us for Blue List Circular No. 453. It gives particulars.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York Boston Buffalo Cincinnati Chicago Cleveland St Louis San Francisco
(John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Philadelphia) (National Lead & Oil Co., Pittsburgh)

The Duntley Cleaner Demonstrated FREE In Your Own Home

You can pay for it in small monthly payments. A postal card will bring full details.

Agents Wanted Everywhere

Duntley Mfg. Co., Dept. 11, Chicago

COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

THIS TRIAL TUBE

is for you. We will send it for 4 cents. Write for it that you may know the delicious flavor and efficiency of Ribbon Dental Cream.

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. P
199 Fulton Street
New York

CLYSMIC

Edition
Vest Pocket Size

How to Win at AUCTION BRIDGE

by Charles Stuart Street
The famous Bridge authority

Contains (by special permission) Auction Bridge Laws of the Whist Club of New York

To advertise Clysmic—"King of Table Waters," this 80-page book, printed on India paper with a frontispiece in colors by Frode Thmstrup for 12c. in stamps.

Send today, before the supply is exhausted, address CLYSMIC 251 Fifth Ave. New York City

PATENTS

No attorney's fee until patent is allowed. Write for *Inventor's Guide*

Franklin H. Hough, Loan & Trust Bldg., Washington, D.C.

SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

Boyd Syllabic System—written with only nine characters. No positions — no ruled line — no "shading" — no "word signs" — no "cold notes." Speedy, practical system that can be learned in 30 days at home study, utilizing spare time. For booklet, or matter free address Chicago Correspondence Schools, 918 Chicago Opera House Block, Chicago, Ill.

"Oh, because nearly everybody else is," said his companion rather wildly. "Saradine has been murdered, and Antonelli wants to be hanged, and his mother's fainted—and I, for one, don't know whether I'm in this world or the next. But, thank God, you're in the same one!" And he took the bewildered Flambeau's arm.

As they turned from the landing stage they came under the eaves of the low bamboo house and looked in through one of the windows, as they had done on their first arrival. They beheld a lamplit interior well calculated to arrest their eyes. The table in the long dining room had been laid for dinner when Saradine's destroyer had fallen like a stormbolt on the island. The dinner was now in placid progress; for Mrs. Anthony sat somewhat sullenly at the foot of the table, while at the head of it was Mr. Paul, the majordomo.

With a gesture of powerful impatience, Flambeau rattled at the window and wrenched it open.

"Well!" he cried. "I can understand you may need some refreshment; but, really, to steal your master's dinner while he lies murdered in the garden ——"

"I have stolen a great many things in a long and pleasant life," replied the strange old gentleman placidly; "this dinner is one of the few things I have not stolen. This dinner and this house and garden happen to belong to me."

A thought flashed across Flambeau's face. "You mean to say," he began, "that the will of Prince Saradine ——"

"I am Prince Saradine," said the old man, munching a salted almond.

"You are what?" Father Brown repeated.

"Paul, Prince Saradine, *à vos ordres*," said the venerable person politely, lifting a glass of sherry. "I live here very quietly, being a domestic kind of fellow; and for the sake of modesty I am called Mr. Paul, to distinguish me from my unfortunate brother, Mr. Stephen. He died, I hear, recently—in the garden. Of course it is not my fault if enemies pursue him to this place. It is owing to the regrettable irregularity of his life. He was not domestic."

He relapsed into silence and continued to gaze at the opposite wall just above the bowed and somber head of the woman. They saw plainly the family likeness that had haunted them in the dead man. Then his old shoulders began to heave and shake a little, as if he were choking; but his face did not alter.

"Look!" cried Flambeau, after a pause; "he's laughing!"

"Come away!" said Father Brown, who was quite white. "Come away from this house of hell. Let us get into an honest boat again."

Night had sunk on rushes and river by the time they had pushed off from the island and they went downstream in the dark, warming themselves with two big cigars that glowed like crimson ship's lanterns. Father Brown took his cigar out of his mouth and said:

"I suppose you can guess the whole story now? After all, it's a primitive story: A man had two enemies. He was a wise man; and so he discovered that two enemies are better than one."

"I do not follow that," answered Flambeau.

"Oh, it's really simple," rejoined his friend. "Simple, though anything but innocent. Both the Saradines were scamps, but Paul, the elder, was the sort of scamp that gets to the top; and Stephen, the captain, was the sort that sinks to the bottom. This squalid officer fell from beggar to blackmailer and one black day he got his hold upon his brother the prince. Obviously it was for no light matter; for Prince Paul Saradine was frankly 'fast' and had no reputation to lose as to the mere sins of society. In plain fact, it was a hanging matter, and Stephen literally had a rope round his brother's neck. He had somehow discovered the truth about the Sicilian affair and could prove that Paul murdered old Antonelli in the mountains. The captain raked in the hush money heavily for ten years, until even the prince's splendid fortune began to look a little foolish.

"But Prince Saradine bore another burden besides his bloodsucking brother Stephen. He knew that the son of Antonelli, a mere child at the time of the murder, had been trained in savage Sicilian loyalty and lived only to avenge his father—not with the gibbet—for he lacked Stephen's legal proof—but with the old weapons of vendetta. The boy had practiced arms with a deadly perfection; and about the time that

Try This Test in a "Wear-Ever" Aluminum Utensil

Pour one pint of milk into a saucepan. Place over a low fire and without stirring let the milk boil down to one-quarter pint. The milk will not be scorched.

BECAUSE Aluminum heats quicker and retains heat longer than other materials of which cooking utensils are made, you can save at least five minutes' cooking each meal—go hours off your year's fuel bill. **"Wear-Ever"** Aluminum Cooking Utensils save food too, and expense for replacing utensils worn out or burnt out. They are practically everlasting. **"Wear-Ever"** will not rust, is unaffected by fire, is strong, light to handle and most durable. With aluminum there is no danger of poisonous compounds forming with acid fruits or foods.

Replace utensils that **wear out** with utensils that **"Wear-Ever."**

Ask your dealer for **"Wear-Ever"** Utensils. If he cannot supply you with **"Wear-Ever"** ware, *the one-quart saucepan pictured above* will be sent you prepaid if you will enclose us 30c. in stamps (Canadian stamps accepted).

Always look for the "Wear-Ever" trade-mark on the bottom of every utensil. It is your guarantee of safety, satisfaction and service.

Write for Free Booklet, The **"Wear-Ever"** Kitchen.

The Aluminum Cooking Utensil Co.
No. 18 10th St., New Kensington, Pa.
Distributing Agents for Canada,
Northern Aluminum Co., Ltd., Toronto.

WEAR-EVER
ALUMINUM
TRADE MARK
TACU.Co

Aluminum Cooking Utensil Co.,
No. 18 10th Street,
New Kensington, Pa.

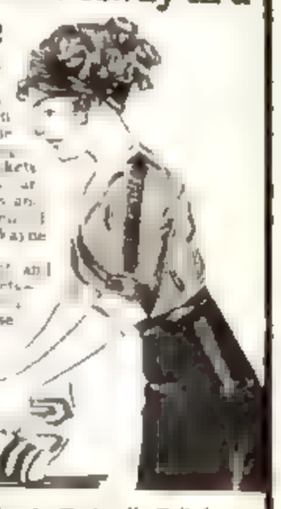
Please get for me, prepaid, sample **"Wear-Ever"** Saucepan, for which I enclose [illegible] stamps,—money to be refunded if test is not satisfactory.

Name _____

Address _____

My dealer's name _____

Put Your Blankets Away in a Wayne Wardrobe



Blankets are usually a paradise for moths—They [illegible] for [illegible] a time [illegible] so carefully that when they are taken out in the fall they have almost [illegible] Now you can keep your blankets [illegible] free from moths and other pests and clean as when [illegible] put them away in a Wayne wardrobe—air tight.

Here is the most convenient and economical way to keep [illegible] you can get them an [illegible] want them—and then you [illegible] the wardrobe for many years.

Write for Book "How to Care for Clothes." Full of practical, housewifely advice—sent free upon receipt of your name and address—Write Wayne Paper Goods Company, Dept. D, Fort Wayne, Ind. For sale by department stores, dry goods stores, drug stores, and furnishing goods stores. If yours won't supply you, please write us and we will deliver a set of 5 blanket wardrobes, transportation prepaid, on receipt of $2.00.

Convenient Shopping Coupon
for convenience of *Saturday Evening Post* readers

Wayne Paper Goods Co., Dept. D, Fort Wayne, Ind.

I want _____ Wayne Wardrobe____ No. 5 for blankets. Price 40c each.

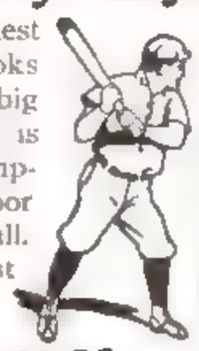
My name_____ Address_____ City_____

Dealer's name_____ Address_____

3000 GUMMED LABELS, Size, 1 x 2 inches, printed to order and postpaid. Send for Catalog. Fenton Label Co., Philadelphia, Pa. **$1.00**

A Big Hit

With Every Boy



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"Boy Scout" Shoe

Write for Dealer's Name

Drop us a card for name of a dealer in your town who sells "Boy Scouts." If we have no dealer there we will send you our free style booklet which tells all about "Boy Scouts" and pictures them in actual colors. Then choose the pair you want and order direct from us. You get your money back if you and your boys don't find "Boy Scouts" the best shoes you ever saw for the money.

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Look for the "Swastika" Good-Luck Charm with every pair of "Boy Scout" Shoes. None genuine without it. Makes a dandy prize for winners of ball games and races.

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Dribole — Always dry, clean and sweet

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Looks just like a regular pipe. Not a freak—not a fad.

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he was old enough to use them Prince Paul Saradine began—as the society papers said—to travel. The fact is he began to flee for his life, passing from place to place like a hunted criminal, but with one relentless man upon his trail. That was Prince Paul's position and by no means a pretty one. The more money he spent on eluding Antonelli, the less he had to silence Stephen. The more he gave to silence Stephen, the less chance there was of finally escaping Antonelli. Then it was that he showed himself a great man—a genius like Napoleon.

"Instead of resisting his two antagonists, he surrendered suddenly to both of them. He gave way like a Japanese wrestler and his foes fell prostrate before him. He gave up the race round the world and he gave up his address to young Antonelli; then he gave up everything to his brother. He sent Stephen money enough for smart clothes and easy travel, with a letter saying roughly: 'This is all I have left. You have cleaned me out. I still have a little house in Norfolk, with servants and a cellar; and if you want more from me you must take that. Come and take possession if you like; and I will live there quietly as your friend or agent, or anything.' He knew that the Sicilian had never seen the Saradine brothers, save, perhaps, in pictures; he knew they were somewhat alike, both having gray pointed beards. Then he shaved his own face and waited. The trap worked. The unhappy captain in his new clothes entered the house in triumph as a prince and walked upon the Sicilian's sword.

"There was one hitch—and it is to the honor of human nature. Evil spirits like Saradine often blunder by never expecting the virtues of mankind. He took it for granted that the Sicilian's blow when it came would be dark, violent and nameless, like the blow it avenged; that the victim would be knifed at night or shot from behind a hedge—and so die without speech. It was a bad minute for Prince Paul when Antonelli's chivalry proposed a formal duel, with all its possible explanations. It was then that I found him putting off in his boat with wild eyes. He was fleeing bareheaded in an open boat before Antonelli should learn who he was.

"But, however agitated, he was not hopeless. He knew the adventurer and he knew the fanatic. It was quite probable that Stephen, the adventurer, would hold his tongue through his mere histrionic pleasure in playing a part, his lust for clinging to his new cozy quarters, his rascal's trust in luck and his fine fencing. It was certain that Antonelli, the fanatic, would hold his tongue and be hanged without telling tales of his family. Paul hung about on the river until he knew the fight was over. Then he roused the town, brought the police, saw his two vanquished enemies taken away forever and sat down smiling to his dinner."

"Laughing! God help us!" said Flambeau, with a strong shudder. "Do they get such ideas from Satan?"

"He got that idea from you," answered the priest.

"God forbid!" ejaculated Flambeau. "From me! What do you mean?"

The priest pulled a visiting-card from his pocket and held it up in the faint glow of his cigar; it was scrawled with green ink.

"Don't you remember his original invitation to you?" he asked—"and the compliment to your criminal exploit—'that trick of yours,' he says, 'of getting one detective to arrest the other'? He has just copied your trick. With an enemy on each side of him, he slipped swiftly out of the way and let them collide and kill each other."

Flambeau tore Prince Saradine's card from the priest's hands and rent it savagely in small pieces.

"There's the last of that old skull and crossbones," he said as he scattered the pieces upon the dark and disappearing waves of the stream; "but I should think it would poison the fishes."

The last gleam of white card and green ink was drowned and darkened; a faint and vibrant color as of morning changed the sky, and the moon behind the grasses grew paler. They drifted in silence.

"Father," said Flambeau suddenly, "do you think it was all a dream?"

The priest shook his head, whether in dissent or agnosticism, but remained mute.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a new series of tales by Mr. Chesterton in which Father Brown is the hero. The fifth will appear in an early issue.

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Remember that the **Gem Damaskeene Blade fits most standard safety razor frames,** but will give you the greatest satisfaction with the **Gem Junior** at $1.00, or the **Gem De Luxe** at $3.50.

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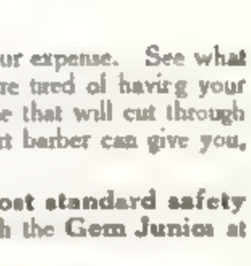

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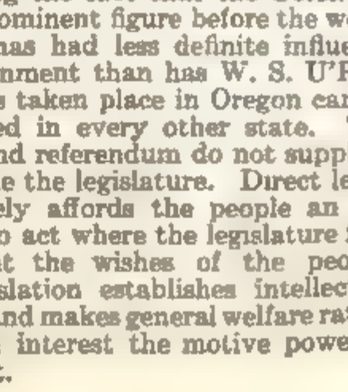

THE COMPOSITE CITIZEN

(Concluded from Page 18)

not surprising that special sessions of legislatures are sometimes called to correct the errors of regular sessions; but under direct legislation it has not been necessary to call special sessions or special elections in Oregon to correct errors of the people.

Under this system there is no opportunity for secret manipulation by a committee. A bill proposed under the initiative cannot be amended by the insertion of a "joker" just before the vote is taken and then rushed through without careful consideration, as is often the case with bills passed by legislatures. A bill proposed under the initiative must be filed four months before election and the people have full copies of it, with arguments for and against, fifty-five days before election. There is no possibility of deception or trickery. A measure against general welfare or even of doubtful effect will be defeated as certainly as election day comes. On the other hand, legislation that is clearly in the interest of general welfare will be adopted and the people will get the benefit. At the recent election in Oregon, thirty-two measures were submitted and only nine adopted, while twenty-three were defeated. The people will refrain from voting upon a measure or they will vote in the negative unless convinced that its adoption will be for the general welfare.

The initiative develops and educates the entire community, for it affords the advanced thinker an opportunity to place his ideas clearly before all the people and induces them to study the subject-matter and express their views regarding it. Where the initiative and referendum do not exist there is slight encouragement for the people to give attention to governmental problems, for their power usually is limited to choosing between two candidates, each of whom has been nominated by a convention controlled by political bosses; but where the initiative exists, as in Oregon, practically every citizen studies important questions of government. Doubtless some few do not read the pamphlets sent them; yet the number of these is no greater in proportion than the members of a legislature who do not study the bills introduced, but vote blindly when the roll is called.

Of course, the chief purpose of the initiative and referendum is to enable the people to secure desired laws the legislature refuses to enact and to defeat laws passed by the legislature against general welfare. Experience in Oregon demonstrates that direct legislation is successful in this respect; but, aside from this, direct legislation is worth the time and money expended if nothing be taken into consideration but the educational influence upon the people. The responsibility placed upon every voter necessarily makes him a more thoughtful, careful, independent, conscientious and patriotic citizen.

The opportunity that direct legislation affords the individual has been amply illustrated in Oregon. The leader in the campaign for the adoption of the initiative and referendum was W. S. U'Ren, an Oregon City lawyer. He is a careful student of governmental problems, high in his ideals, patient and persistent in his efforts. After the adoption of the initiative and referendum, he became leader of the People's Power League and as such formulated the direct primary law, the corrupt practices act, the recall and other reform measures. Though he had the advice and assistance of his associates in the league, his was the mind and force that kept up the work until what is known as the "Oregon System" had been brought to its present form. In view of the results that have followed the Oregon demonstration in popular government, I had no hesitancy in saying to Theodore Roosevelt several months ago that, notwithstanding the fact that the Colonel is the most prominent figure before the world today, he has had less definite influence upon government than has W. S. U'Ren.

What has taken place in Oregon can be accomplished in every other state. The initiative and referendum do not supplant or supersede the legislature. Direct legislation merely affords the people an opportunity to act where the legislature fails to represent the wishes of the people. Direct legislation establishes intellectual leadership and makes general welfare rather than selfish interest the motive power of government.

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For Your Lawn and Porch

which should be as properly furnished as your parlor or dining-room, there is [illegible] one logical choice, genuine, hand made

"Old Hickory" Furniture

The rich tone of the natural bark finish and the graceful outlines will blend with any surroundings, adding a touch of rustic charm to your home that is refreshing.

You will get more comfort from the hand-woven seats and backs than [illegible] Their [illegible] and springy "Old Hickory" chairs, settees and swings are acknowledged to be the most restful seats on earth.

Combined with this beauty and comfort there is [illegible] and [illegible] of workmanship [illegible] Many of our chairs are over fifty years old and are in use today.

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Her picture frames were tarnished, and the white peeped through the gold,
And here and there you could detect a slightly greenish mold.
She gilded them with JAP-A-LAC and now they're spick and span;
You can't imagine how much you can do with one small can.

She Did It With JAP-A-LAC

Her baby's go-cart was a sight, the hood was scratched and gray,
The varnish on the body and the wheels had worn away.
It showed its months of service in the sun and pouring rain,
But she painted it with JAP-A-LAC and now it's new again.

She Did It With JAP-A-LAC

Her bed room radiator didn't match her dainty walls;
'Twas painted red, just like the radiators in the halls.
She bought some silver JAP-A-LAC and set to work one night,
And now you ought to see it—it's an actual delight.

She Did It With JAP-A-LAC

Her china closet didn't match her dining-set at all;
She couldn't spare the money for new furniture that fall;
She bought a can of JAP-A-LAC, and nobody can tell
That the china closet isn't of mahogany as well.

She Did It With JAP-A-LAC

She bought at second-hand an iron bedstead for a song;
'Twas scarred and scratched and dingy, but it wasn't so for long.
She enameled it with JAP-A-LAC (it comes in silver, white and gold),
And now it looks as well as on the day it was first sold.

YOUR home will look as though it had been refurnished instead of refinished. A little bit of time, a little care in application, and a little bit of Jap-a-lac will work wonders.

Anybody can use it on anything made of wood or metal.

JAP-A-LAC

Made in
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renews everything from cellar to garret

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Jap-a-lac is for sale by paint, hardware and drug stores everywhere. All sizes, in U. S. 20c to $3.00—in Canada (Imperial Measure) 25c to $3.50.

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She Did It With JAP-A-LAC

The oilcloth on her pantry shelves had peeled and cracked and split,
And though she washed it regularly, the oilcloth smelled a bit.
She bought a can of Jap-a-lac, and now you ought to see
Her pantry; it's as wholesome and attractive as can be.

She Did It With JAP-A-LAC

Her porch chairs lost their varnish and the wood showed through in spots;
She noticed the enamel had chipped off the children's cots.
The benches in the garden had all faded in the rain,
So she painted them with JAP-A-LAC and now they're new again.

She Did It With JAP-A-LAC

She had an ugly hall rack; it was scratched and dull and old;
In former years such furniture she tired of and sold.
But since she knows of Jap-a-lac, she bought a little can
Of oak, and in an evening had the hall rack spick and span.

She Did It With JAP-A-LAC

Her library was a hodge-podge—things of cherry, birch and oak,
The rocking chair was shabby and the bookcase was a joke.
But now the room is charming; every piece is Flemish black;
She did it without help with just one can of JAP-A-LAC.

She Did It With JAP-A-LAC

Her hardwood floors were marred and dim, and marked with nails and heels;
She knew that Jap-a-lac is sure—it never cracks or peels;
She knew it is elastic; that it stays smooth, clean and bright,
So she set to work and had her floor restored in one short night.

The Thing Now is the Electric Stove

TO GET the most out of living nowadays calls for electric current in the home.

When a woman finds out what she can do with an electric table stove, her eagerness to use it is expressed in many little refinements on family custom.

At breakfast it is at her right hand. It cooks the eggs and bacon and makes the toast, to serve piping hot as they are done.

With a Westinghouse Electric Toaster-Stove breakfast is no longer a cut-and-dried affair. Individual preferences may be readily catered to. A different breakfast for every day in the week is an easy matter.

For cook's day out, after theatre suppers, evening companies, the electric stove makes the most delightful things. And it is so easily handled that you hardly need an apron over your best frock.

See your lighting company at once and have them send one to your home. Or let us know about it and we will have a near-by dealer send one to you.

The one practical electric table stove is the Westinghouse Electric Toaster-Stove. Price Six Dollars and upward excepting in Canada and west of the Mississippi. Can be used on any electric light connection. Heats at the turn of the switch. Be sure the stove is stamped with the Westinghouse name.

Westinghouse make other electric things for the home. Irons, Chafing Dishes, Bottle Warmers and so forth. Send for a booklet about them to "Westinghouse Dept. of Publicity, Pittsburg."

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Sales offices in 40 American cities Pittsburg *Representatives all over the world*

Useful nine-tenths of the time. It is rarely safe to leave home without one. You see them everywhere

Made in every type of rain-proof fabric, with special designs for every outdoor sport; foreign models and distinctive styles

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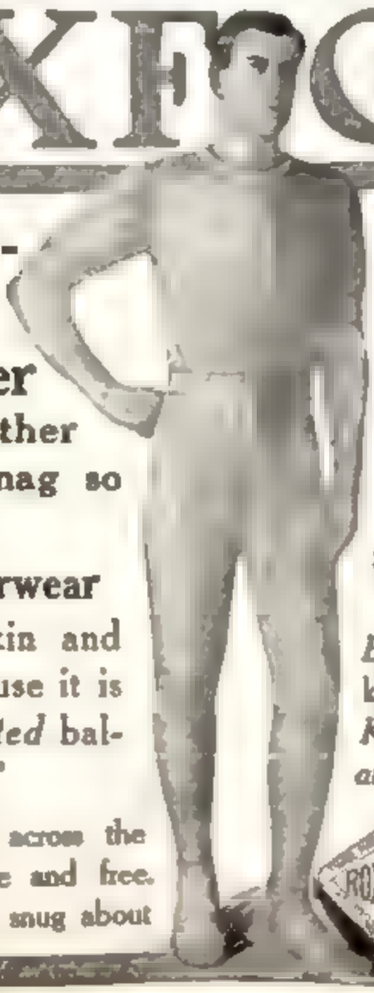

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Roxford Underwear is soft to the skin and absorbent—because it is the finest of *knitted* balbriggan or "gauze."

Roxford Shirts fit across the shoulders—hang loose and free. Roxford Drawers set snug about the waist—easy in the crotch and seat.

Go to the best haberdasher or department store and ask for *Roxford:* All styles of garment for *Men and Boys*—All weights—All colors—50c., 75c. and $1.00 a garment.

Send for the little *Roxford Book*. It tells facts worth knowing about *The Good Knitted Underwear for Men and Boys.*

Roxford Knitting Co.
Dept. K Philadelphia

WHERE IT WAS

(Continued from Page 7)

in December. She wanted her folks back in Orange, New Jersey, to buy new things and send 'em out. She was earnest about it. She was a nice-lookin' girl. I remember that ride. Tamaracks was all yello' and sheddin', makin' yello' patches on the snow with their needles, but the pines was that green they was black a little ways off, and the wind smelt of 'em strong.

"I wanted particularly to replace the glass decanter," she says, "but it only made him rude to me. I had to tell him it was a very strange thing that the only gentleman in the valley should be the one person who had been rude."

"Goodness to gracious!" I shouts out, "what did he say?"

"That I was the only lady in the valley, and that explained it."

"Well," I says, "he's never apologized as handsome as that to me." So we both laughs.

"But," she says just before we got home, "he ought not to tease those poor old men."

"Well, he's not done it lately—not in my hearin'," I says.

It happened Edmund had done it. Couldn't keep his mouth shut about the schoolhouse question. It was the old men's duty, he claimed, to give their land for the schoolhouse. Edmund was awful about people's duty. He brung it up, though, in a new way. He thought he was makin' a joke. Hands out the pieces of the decanter to Jake and Baldy, and tells 'em they done that damage and it was their business to make it good; so when they, who had never seen the decanter before, didn't make out what he was drivin' at, Edmund tells 'em they're the final cause. He explains how if they'd given their land the schoolhouse would have been built and no accidents would have occurred. Edmund meant that to be funny, but Jake and Baldy went off cursin' him and the school and the whole valley, and wasn't a bit grateful for learnin' what a final cause is.

But back they comes in a day or two as usual, as if no words had passed, and they buy their truck to go trappin'. Takes 'em all day, but Edmund is wonderful patient. So they can't start that day. So they comes back next day to pack up and start. And it was then that Washington, D. C., comes up again. The Siwash was a day overdue with the mail, and some of the Texans was assembled at the store to see the mail arrive. They expected no letters, but it was somethin' to do and they always done it—assembled and stood around inside the store and out. Then today they had more to do, for there was Kultus Jake and Frisco Baldy and their horses, packin' up their stuff. That gave everybody a chance to make remarks and be wise. They hardly noticed the mail when it did come about ten o'clock, they was so busy tellin' the old men the best way to do everythin'—best trap, best bait, best way to make a set—when Edmund he begins to lecture. He comes out with a letter in his hand and holds it up. That's the subject of the lecture. Letter has come to the wrong Beekman. It was mailed at Portland, Awregon, and addressed to "Beekman, Massachusetts," and it has come out of its way to "Beekman, Washington," thereby losin' a lot of time, of course. For it had went over the Northern Pacific on its right way as far as Spokane, and then had come back through Coulee City away up here, and it would get to Beekman, Massachusetts, about two weeks late.

"It all comes," says Edmund, "of havin' places of the same name. That ought to be against the law." He told us there was nine Beekmans. He took it to heart heavy, as usual. "As the country grows and settles up," he says, "they'll keep on namin' places Beekman. There'll be a hundred Beekmans before we're through. It ought to be a state's-prison offense."

"In that case," says a Texas parent, "you couldn't call this territory Washington."

"I guess this is a free country," says another.

"I guess," says another, "the folks that live in a place has the right to call that place what they see fit."

Poor Edmund! It wasn't no use him explainin' the confusion it made.

"There's forty-eight places named Washington now," says he. "I've looked it up. There ought to be just one. The capital of the United States. And the map is pitted with 'em like smallpox."

"Washington, D. C., Maryland," says Frisco Baldy, haulin' in slack on the diamond hitch.

"Virginia," says Kultus Jake, on the other side of the pack.

Edmund he just give 'em both a witherin' look, and he whirls back into the store and gets to work at his desk. Wouldn't come out to tell the old men goodby when they started off up the river, although he was grubstakin' 'em for nothin'. They didn't know that, of course. Expected to pay him in furs when they come back.

"You'll not get very far today," says an onlooker to the departin' junipers. "You're makin' a late start."

"Camp at Early Winter," one of 'em says. Early Winter was a creek that come into the main stream about halfway to the Robinson Cabin.

"*Wake la-le hyas cole snass*," says the Siwash mail-carrier.

"Oh, no, it ain't," says a Texan, lookin' the weather up and down.

"Well, I think maybe it will," says another, sweepin' his eyes around the sky. "And maybe it won't."

So that sets 'em discussin' the probabilities of a big snow and if Siwashes knowed about such things more'n white men did. They concluded Siwashes was inferior to white men in every respect, and it wasn't goin' to snow.

"Good luck!" one of 'em calls out. But Kultus Jake and Frisco Baldy was by that time on the bridge over the North Fork, and couldn't hear him.

No more events took place that day. The kids finished their school and went home. Miss Carey she went home. Edmund opened the windows and swept the floor. A few folks bought things durin' the day, or came to buy and didn't, and some had letters to go out next day. There was always a little more hustle round mail-times. But a lonesome winter softness filled the valley and seemed to make y'u hear the stove plainer. The trunks of the trees kind of appeared more silent. Everythin' was quieter. I remember Edmund looked out of the door about sundown and said the Siwash had been right, there was goin' to be a big snow. Even his voice sounded quieter in the clouded-over light, and Edmund's voice was always deep—the voice of a man who was all man. Lyin' in bed that night I never knowed the dark could be so still. Funny thing was, I heard the rapids under the bridge all of a sudden. Of course they'd been goin' right on all the time. What makes y'u notice things and not notice 'em? It got very solemn, that room did, in the dark. Those old men was too old to go off into the mountains. Then I heard the little sound of the snowflakes around on the cabin. They must have started fallin' pretty late, for next mornin' it wasn't deep, not four inches yet, but it was keepin' on. Old man Parrigin come in about nine, and he says he had told everybody yesterday a storm was comin'. As a matter of fact, he'd been one of the surest no storm was comin'. It makes Edmund look sour at him. And by and by another prophet drops in, and he says he had offered to bet it would snow. And by eleven o'clock the fifth Texan had come along to sit around the stove; and he says—like every one of 'em had done before him—that anybody could have told it was goin' to snow. Oh, not one of 'em had ever doubted it for a minute! It gets too much for Edmund to bear, and he pushes up his spectacles high on his forehead and looks at me, mournful as anythin'.

"Last Fourth of July," says he to me, "I said it was going to snow today."

Old man Parrigin he starts laughin' at that. He come from New York state and he could see a joke, even when Edmund made it. But when y'u make that kind of a joke to a Texan—the kind of Texan that moves away from Texas—he says you're insultin' him. Around the stove they all looks dignified and spits without words. We could hear the rapids, and indoors the kids was singin' some kind of Christmas chorus Miss Carey was teachin' to 'em. Their voices come to us through a couple of shut doors. One of the Texans as had been insulted by Edmund's joke now asserts his self-respect by changin' the subject.

"Washington, D. C.," says he, "is in Pennsylvania."

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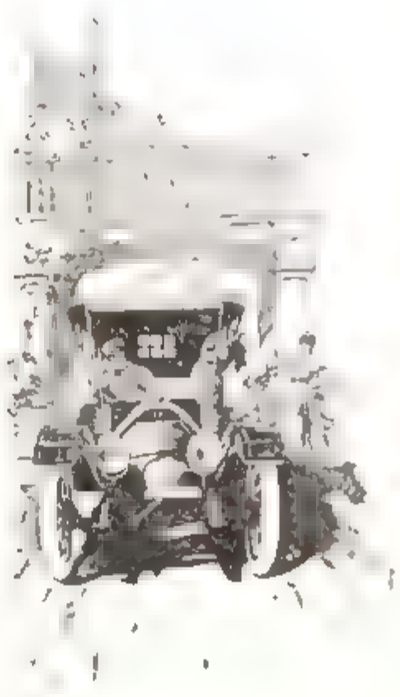

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Edmund he sighs heavy and goes on postin' up his ledger.

Old man Parrigin gives me a nudge. "I wonder if Miss Carey would hold a night school?" says he, and winks.

The fellars around the stove they spits some more. They was afraid. That's what was the matter. Plain it was there had been talk among 'em, ridin' away yesterday after Edmund's remarks. Maybe some of 'em knowed their geography correct on that point, but they didn't feel they knowed it correct enough to insist upon it in the presence of witnesses. Anyway they drops it now, and after some further spittin' they changes the subject again.

"There'll be plenty snow at the Robinson Cabin," says one.

"Plenty at Early Winter by now," another says.

"Oh, they'll get through," says a third.

Old man Parrigin holds up his hand. "What's that?" he says. So we all pricks up our ears.

The snow had the valley pretty well muffled, but there did seem to be somethin'. So a fellar looks out and he says it's somebody comin' acrost the bridge. Hard to tell who it was for the snow. But next minute he got nearer, and it was Frisco Baldy, walkin' his horse turruble slow.

"Somethin's happened," says somebody. And we all crowds out.

"More horses on the bridge," says Parrigin.

We could all see 'em. It was packhorses creepin' along. Behind 'em trailed a man ridin', and that was Kultus Jake.

"Then what has happened?" somebody says.

Baldy he arrives first, snow on his hat two inches deep. He gets down and jumps some to shake off the snow, and then walks in through us and goes to the stove and takes a chair. Not a word said. Packhorses they arrives and stands around all over snow—stand sad and hangdog, like they was guilty and had gave up denyin' it. Jake comes along a mile an hour, same as Baldy; and he gets down and jumps the snow off, and same as Baldy he passes through us and goes to the stove. But he puts it between him and Baldy. Sits down and don't look at Baldy. So we all comes back in and sits down, too—except Edmund. He goes behind his desk and stands up there with his spectacles pushed high.

"Well?" he says.

Baldy's lips move, but nothin' sounds.

"Well?" Edmund repeats. "Was the trail snowed up? Anybody dead?"

Jake clears his throat, but that's all.

Then Baldy manages to talk. "No," he says, kind of croakin'; "trail wasn't snowed up."

"Not then, it wasn't," says Jake. "Nobody's dead."

Up flares Edmund's temper. He swings a big hammer down on the counter with a bang, and he lets out one swear as thorough and bad as any Western man. Y'u'd been scared yourself if he'd aimed it at you. After all, Edmund had grubstaked 'em, though they didn't know it.

The hammer and the oath dislodges Jake's voice. "That man," says he, noddin' contemptuous acrost the stove at Baldy—"that man claims it's in Maryland."

I have explained to y'u that Edmund was an unexpected person in his ways. I looked for more hammer and more blasphemy. They had let Washington, D. C., break up their winter's trappin'. But Edmund he slowly relaxes on the hammer, and he just stands and stands and keeps alookin' at 'em, merely inter-ested—more and more inter-ested. And they sits blinkin' at him. Won't look at each other.

Then a Texan speaks. "I have said right along that it was in Pennsylvania."

There's times when things get altogether beyond any daily feelin's a man commonly has. I didn't want to lay down on the flour-sacks this time. Didn't want to laugh at all. And Edmund wasn't a bit mad. Even old man Parrigin makes no symptoms except of further inquiry. And the Texans, of course, was merely anxious to have a point settled that some of 'em had been disputin' over.

"I wish you would tell me all about it," says Edmund. Violets ain't milder than he was.

Well, that was exactly what they couldn't do, y'u see. When they first come in and saw how we was all anxious over watchin' 'em arrive I expect it came home to 'em, I expect it shamed 'em. They took in then the way they and their actions would look to the valley, and talkin' came hard to 'em. But once they got started they was soon screechin' at each other as usual, and forgot appearances. They had got to Early Winter, they had camped at Early Winter, but on the way there the argument had come up. Must have growed pretty warm by bedtime, for it had lasted through their sleep so they wasn't speakin' to each other at breakfast. Y'u see, alone up there with the snow there wasn't nothin' new to change the subject for 'em. It stayed right with 'em, and after breakfast it bruck out worse than ever, Jake for Virginia and Baldy for Maryland, and they had it all the time they was packin', givin' each other proofs where it was; and when they was ready to go they wouldn't live with each other any more, wouldn't camp, wouldn't trap, wouldn't speak—and so they had come home!

So there they was, and there we was, and there it was. They'd simmered down again now, after tearin' loose and tellin' all about it. They was quiet. They sat with the stove between 'em and just blinked on and on. Snow fallin'; rapids soundin'; nothin' else durin' it must have been all of a minute—and it felt like ten.

And outside in the snow one o' them horses gives a long, weary, hungry neigh.

That horse breakin' in bust somethin' inside of me and Parrigin and Edmund. Edmund he gives a kind of youp! Parrigin curls over on the counter, and I'd have laid right down on the sacks, only I wasn't near 'em, and so I leaned up against the shelves. Nobody else did nothin', because Jake and Baldy hadn't any heart left after seein' themselves in their true light, and the other Texans they was bein' very careful now about their geography—they was savin' it up, they wasn't givin' any of it away, not even to charity.

"This is a great valley," says Edmund, behind his desk. "It has song and story whipped to a finish." Then he fixes his big glum eyes on Kultus Jake and Frisco Baldy. "Don't think," says he, "you'll draw me into your argument. But you hold the record. Wherever Washington is, it would have stayed there till spring. Your words haven't moved it anywhere else. But you have lost your winter over this. Couldn't you have waited and come home with your load of furs, and been a success instead of a failure? For you can't turn around and go back into the mountains now; you'd never get half way, and unless unusual weather follows this soon the passes will be choked for the next three months."

Edmund stops with that. It was fairly hard on the poor old blinkin' junipers—but y'u'll notice Edmund hadn't told 'em a word about the grubstakin'. "If everybody will come in here," he says, "perhaps we can find some child to settle the question."

He opens the door and we all shambles in through after him to the schoolroom. Miss Carey she rises from her chair, and of course she don't know what to make of it.

"Miss Carey," says Edmund, "will some of your scholars kindly tell us what the capital of the United States is, and where it is?"

Miss Carey she looks at the kids sittin' around the table fixed for 'em. Gosh, y'u'd ought to have seen the hands fly up all over the room!

"Everybody may answer," says Miss Carey.

And out they yells it. It was like the chorus they was practicin' for Christmas. Oh, she had 'em trained!

There was long breaths of relief drawn among the men standin' sheepish by the door—two or three regular sighs come out from that crowd.

"Thank you, Miss Carey," says Edmund, "and please excuse us for troubling you." So he leads the way back into the store and goes behind his desk.

"Well, I'll be late for dinner," says the Texan.

"I told y'u where it was," says another.

One by one they shuffles out, Jake and Baldy mixed in with them, and they swings up onto their horses and slowly goes away—up the river and down the river and acrost the bridge—till y'u could see none of 'em no more through the fallin' snow; and in the store was just Edmund writin', and me lookin' at him, and the sound of the rapids.

Did Edmund talk then? That wouldn't have been Edmund. Nochin' was said in that store by him or me for—well, it must have been quite a while before the door

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opened and Miss Carey she pokes her head in and wants to know if she may be so bold as to inquire what all that meant in the schoolroom. The kids had gone home early for fear of the snow. So Edmund he smiles perfectly peaceful and tells her about it. So, of course, she thinks it very comic and she laughs hearty—but all of a sudden she remembers and expresses sympathy for Edmund's misplaced generosity.

"Don't let that trouble you," says he, gay enough. "I meant to grubstake 'em, and I will. It shall not cost 'em a cent. Don't tell the poor old idiots."

So that was that. But the poor old idiots had somethin' more to say. They had a thought. It snowed away all that night—a great big snow—but next mornin' it had quit and there was promise of its turnin' into a fine large day. The kids had come to school pretty late, but they come. And then into the store walks Kultus Jake and Frisco Baldy.

"Well?" says Edmund. And they looks at each other.

"Could we step into the schoolroom just a minute?" says Jake then.

Edmund he looks surprised, but asks no questions, and in we all goes. Miss Carey she gets up again.

"Any more information?" says she.

"No," says Jake.

"Not today," says Baldy.

"We," says Jake, "well—we—we'd——"

Baldy gets restless and he steps up. "Put your schoolhouse on our land," says he.

"We want to give it to y'u," says Baldy.

"Coal and all," says Jake.

There was a pink color went over Miss Carey's face, and her eyes has tears in 'em.

"Folks ought to know geography," says Jake.

"We want the kids in this valley to know it," says Baldy.

"Knowledge will save 'em from mistakes," says Jake.

And then Miss Carey she speaks at last. "Thank you," she says.

"Is this *potlatch?*" inquires Edmund, jokin'.

"*Kultus potlatch!*" says both of 'em.

Would y'u think it?—after that day I never heard 'em scrappin' together again. Maybe they did sometimes, but not in my hearin'. Their experience seemed to have changed 'em somehow. In the store I'd catch 'em lookin' at each other. Their eyes was gentle. I think—yes, I think they knowed that it was coming, that goodby was on its way to them. The schoolhouse was built in the spring; and after the school got into it, now and again Jake and Baldy would sneak up to the door, look in and take a back seat. And one of 'em would say he'd like to ask the kids a question: Where was Washington, D. C.? And when the answer came Jake and Baldy they'd laugh like they'd split and sneak out again. One day in the store we heard the knockin' sound of a boat bein' rowed over the river, and Baldy came into the store alone. He walks to Edmund, but he looks down on the floor.

"Jake's sick," says he. "Jake's sick." Oh, he knowed what it meant.

There was no doctor in the valley, but what could a doctor do? In about three days we had Baldy sick too. The tie between 'em was the tie of life, and Jake died of a Saturday and Baldy died Monday.

"They must be buried by the schoolhouse," says Miss Carey. And everybody went. And then up comes the question what to put on the headboard? It brought up something none of us had thought of.

"Why, we don't even know their names!" says Miss Carey, very soft.

We didn't know anything. They had come into the valley, they had made the valley laugh, they were gone. That was all. Not a fact or a birthplace or anythin' to put over them that would tell who they had been. But Miss Carey wasn't goin' to let it be like that. She took it in charge and she got it right. She found a bit of poetry and she had the board painted, and it was this way: "Jake and Baldy. Our Friends. Their heart was free from malice, and all their anger was excess of love."

And then along in July Edmund got married to Miss Carey. They was sure a happy two!

"Are y'u still the oldest man in the valley?" I asks Edmund one day in the store.

"About three and a half," says Edmund, solemn and deep. But then he laughs.

Oh, yes; their happiness filled that store, filled the whole cabin, crowded it. Maybe that's why I left the valley.

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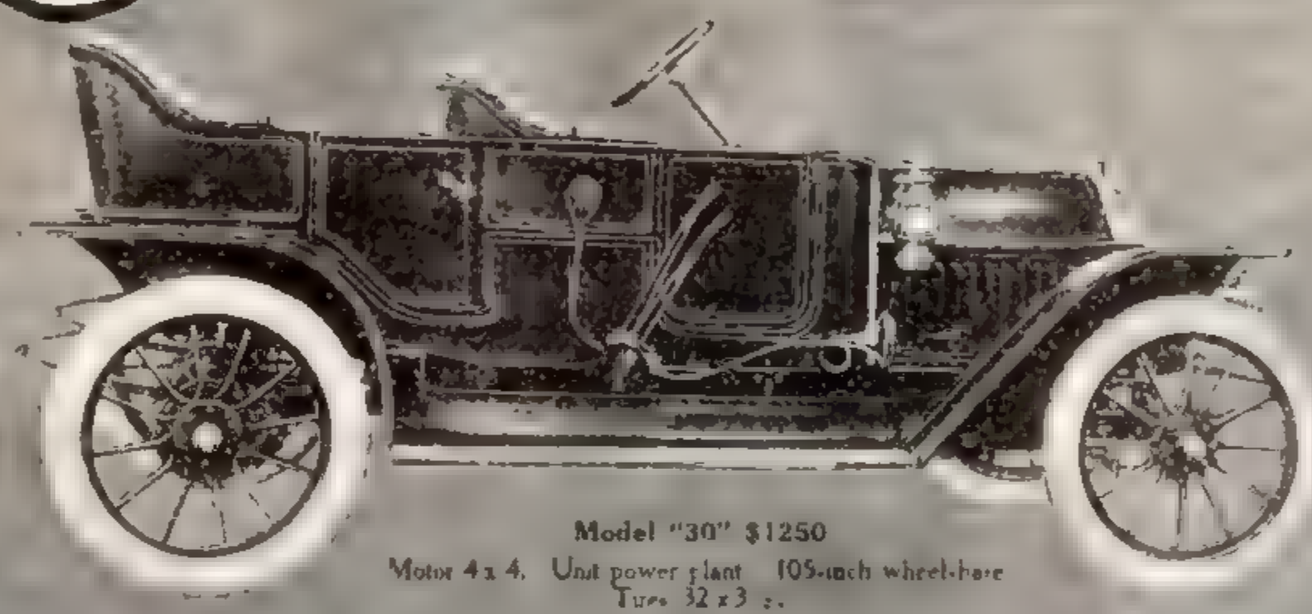

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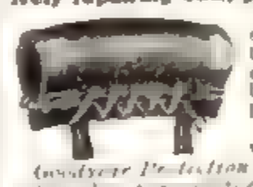

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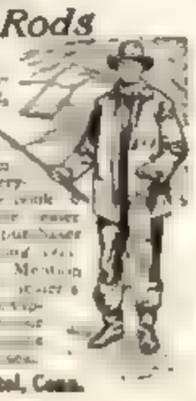

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OUT-OF-DOORS

Cooking in Camp

CIVILIZED man, bound for to be a heathen, turns with a generous enthusiasm to the hardships and deprivations of the camp; but sometimes not more than a few days have passed before he is willing to turn back again to the fleshpots of the city. Bad cooking in camp has spoiled many a vacation and caused many a backsliding from the outdoor creed. Yet there is no particular use in being uncomfortable in camp, or in having bad or indigestible food.

A woman is the worst camp cook, a negro the best, yourself the next best. The Indian is often dirty, the French-Canadian often lazy. Indeed, the average man of any color or race who is willing to go out as a camp cook was, in all likelihood, never cut out for the most exalted ranks of life. There is something wrong with his mentality or he wouldn't be a cook. Thus once, on a bear hunt, we took on as pot-wrangler a man who had been cooking for a hay camp. He was strong on biscuits—indeed, seemed to be cooking biscuits almost all the time, undeterred by the fact that nobody seemed to care for biscuits. At length, when the flour was nearly all gone, the matter was investigated. We found, behind a convenient brush-pile, all sorts, sizes and conditions of biscuits, several thousands of them apparently—a total industrial waste that represented three or four sacks of flour.

"What on earth made you cook so many biscuits, Abe?" we asked him.

"Why, what's the matter?" was his answer. "I've always been used to cooking just about that many. 'Tain't my fault if you didn't eat 'em all."

"But about how many do you call a batch, Abe?" we expostulated.

"Well, there was twenty-two men in the hay camp, and you see I sort of got the habit of cookin' biscuits enough for twenty-two."

"But there are only four in our party!"

"That ain't my fault, Mister," Abe answered firmly. "There *could* 'a' been twenty-two, fur's I cared." Nor could he ever understand why any reasonable human being should expect an able-bodied cook to provide biscuits for fewer than twenty-two men at a sitting.

Concerning Kettles and Cook-Stoves

A considerable experience with rough-toss artists—Aleut, Cree, Blackfoot, Mexican, Canadian, Choctaw, Cracker and Cajun—has forced me to at least a rudimentary knowledge of camp cooking. Indeed, any one who goes much out-of-doors can remember an endless monotony of bad cooks and bad cookery. How shines a good cook in a naughty world! One may sleep cold or wet, tents may leak, paddles be lost, horses go astray, rifles become rusty, yet all, all is forgotten under the magic of a good meal in camp. That good meal is your due if you go to live in the open, even if you have to make it yourself. It is the tenderfoot who delights in being uncomfortable. The men who live out-of-doors exult in no hardships that can be avoided. Therefore, since the best trips are those where a very few—perhaps two, perhaps one—make up the party, you yourself will, in all likelihood, make your best cook in camp.

There are several ways of making a fire for cooking in camp, much depending on time and place. Of course if you are camping in an Indian lodge or teepee—the best of all outdoor houses, though the least portable—you cook on the ground in the middle of your house and let the smoke blow where it listeth. Your kettles hang suspended from crosspieces lashed to the teepee poles. You sit on the edge of the bed as you cook, and when you have eaten all you like you simply fall over and go to sleep. In cold weather you must cook indoors, even in camp. In parts of Alaska the weather is so wet in the hunting season that you will exult in finding a native hut that will keep the rain off your fire. Sometimes you may be obliged to stretch a tent-fly above your fire to keep it from drowning out. In no case, let us hope, unless you are on the Alaskan coast where wood is very poor and scarce, will you stoop to the artifice of the camp stove; that is to say, unless you are living out in the wintertime in a very cold country, when a stove of some sort may be necessary in shack or wall-tent.

The typical camp cook's fire is flat down on the ground, just a little way from the tent. At such a fire you may declare your allegiance to one of two schools—the one that cooks from hooks and poles, and the one that cooks close down to the coals. The man who is traveling fast by wagon, canoe or snowshoe, and is not pausing for a permanent encampment, may throw together a loose heap of wood, Indian fashion, and suspend over its fire his kettle, dangling at the end of a long pole the butt of which is stuck under a log or stump. This is the way one boils his kettle when the snow is deep. It is the Indian fashion

Let us, on the contrary, suppose that you are in a permanent camp, engaged in the delightful pastime of dawdling, tinkering and piffling about. In this case you may, perhaps, discard hooks and pole almost entirely, and concern yourself with the camp oven, the camp kettle and the camp coffee-pot in somewhat even ratio. You may even use a collapsible range made of steel bars to serve as support for your pots and pans over the fire. Much delight comes from inventions of this nature. The best camp stove I recall in my experience was made of an old gun-barrel, plugged up at the breech and then bored with two or three holes that admitted some bent steel wires which served as arms to carry coffee-pot and water-kettle. We simply drove this spike down into the ground and built the fire around it. When the coffee-pot boiled over we simply swung its arm around and let it cool away from the fire.

The First Ingredients

This, however, made no provision for oven or frying-pan. For the use of these two essential tools you can make a range for yourself in five minutes' time, on which you can do as good cooking as any camp cook in the world can on any sort of camp stove. Simply cut for yourself a couple of little logs six or eight feet long and six or seven inches thick, of some green wood. Bed them a few inches apart, closer at one end than at the other, and make your fire between. Cook over the coals, whose heat will be well confined. Your pans will sit on top of the two logs, or you can put two or three steel bars across if you want to be really gay. This is the authentic fireplace of the woods. It draws better if you let a little air in now and then by raising an end of a side log.

For kindling your fire, birch bark is best if you can get it. Shavings will do, or straw from around a bottle, but paper has ever been held unprofessional in camp. Get your kindling wood from the dead limbs of standing trees. Your firewood proper you can find in similar fashion, and it need not be more than two inches or so in diameter and a foot or two in length. Don't pick up wet or rotten wood from the ground. Hickory bark makes a splendid hot fire. Black birch is a good camp wood, and hickory would be good if we could find or afford it, or dry oak, yellow birch or beech. In short, any good, sound, dry wood will do if you do not get too much of it. Your fire is to be very small, and you are to cook on the coals. Also, you are to cook with no more smoke than can be helped.

What shall you cook? First, of course, tea or coffee, one of these being indispensable. Set your pot or kettle over your fire at the outset, for smoke will not hurt it, nor heat. When the water boils cast in a handful of tea. Let it flutter a while, then remove the pot and drink your tea as quickly as you can. The size of the handful of tea, or the size of the kettle, seems really to make very little difference.

As to coffee, perhaps you have it ready ground in a water-tight can or an air-tight rubber bag. Your kettle will hold, say, a quart, a quart and a half, or two quarts. There are, say, four of you in party, and you are drinking from enamel-ware cups that hold half as much as a big tin cup. Dip one of these cups into the coffee-bag

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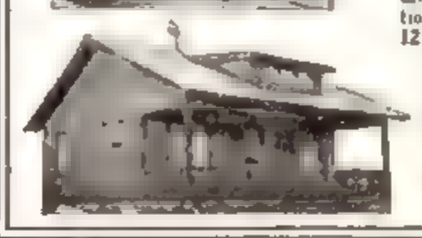

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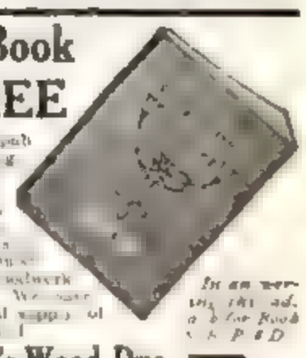

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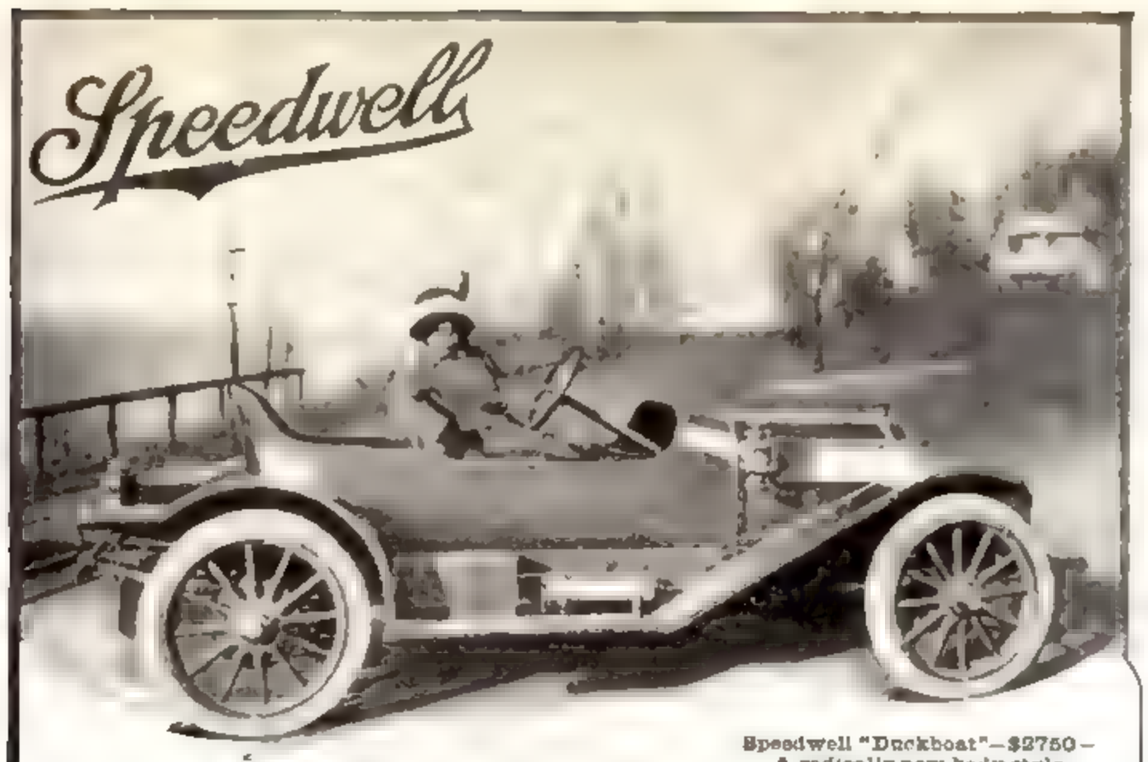

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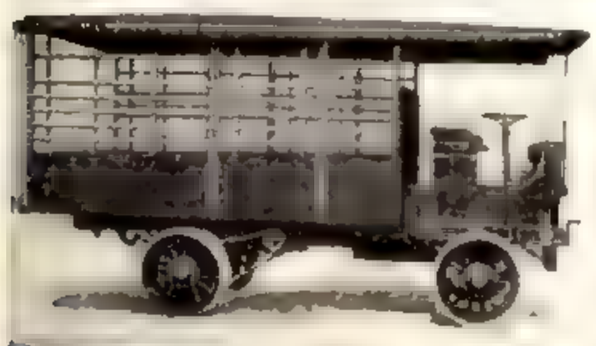

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and cast the contents on top of the boiling water. It will foam up and flurry over. Push the pot a little to one side, then back again over the coals, letting the coffee boil up three or four times. Then remove your coffee from the fire, pour on a half cup of cold water to settle it, and drink it as hot as possible. There are all sorts of directions about using a tablespoonful to the cup, and one for the pot, and all that sort of thing, but the teacup is more efficient as a measure. You can put your coffee in cold water and let it come to a boil if you like, in which case you get more of the secondary and side flavors of the berry. Drip coffee can be made in camp if you care to bother with it, of course, but it is not typical camp coffee. If you can drink your tea or coffee without sugar or milk, you are cutting down your camp supplies just that much. Condensed milk, however, is useful in other phases of your menu.

Your first essay being simple, you now resort to the frying-pan, which is by no means criminal in camp if you know how to use it. The chief thing to remember is that little fat and cold fat in the frying-pan mean greasy and soggy food, whereas deep fat and screeching hot fat mean just the opposite. The right theory of cooking meat or fish is to sear the outer tissue and keep in the juices and keep out the grease. The covering of hot grease does this at once. A half bed of cold grease does nothing of the sort. The frying-pan is too much maligned. In it you can do filets or tenderloins as well as they can be handled in the best hotel kitchen in the world. Did you ever try cutlets of wild turkey cooked in the despised spider?

Camp-Made Bread

The frying-pan comes into play as the fire begins to burn down and after it has expended much of its heat against the coffee-pot. Doubtless now you wish to fry some bacon. Your commonest fault will be that of cutting your bacon too thick and of cooking it too long. Nearly all camp cooks make this mistake. Cut your bacon thin and even, leave it in the hot pan for but a moment, and before it gets brown and hard remove it to the hot plate near by. It will continue to cook in its own heat, will brown sufficiently and will be tasteful although limp and almost white when first removed from the pan.

Camp bread is one of the tests of the outdoor cook. Very often it cannot be leavened bread, and it is either the flapjack cooked in the frying-pan or the bannock cake leaned up before the fire, the ingredients being flour, water and salt, with at most the addition of a little baking powder. The Indian mixes his dough with water in the top of his flour sack, rolls a lump of dough on the end of a stick and roasts it at the fire. The modern man perforce resorts to bannocks, because he has not, or thinks he has not, any oven. Yet you can purchase a sheet-iron oven made of two deep pressed-steel pans; or you can make an oven of your own, even if you have nothing better than two deep tin dishes, one to go on top of the other. In the recent field maneuvers of the army at San Antonio twenty thousand loaves of bread, each weighing two pounds, were cooked daily for the troops, and all of them were cooked in sheet-iron ovens which were collapsible and packed in handily with the other utensils.

Suppose, now, that you have mixed up your flour, water and salt, with the amount of baking powder that the directions on your particular can tell you you should use, and that you propose staggering the imagination of your friends by real biscuits, and not bannocks. After you have rolled out and patted these biscuits into shape, put them in a pan that is small enough to go inside the two big steel pans that make your oven. You must remember now that you are working on a descending scale of heat. You do not put your oven across the two logs, but you rake out a few coals from the fire-bed, along with some hot ashes. Do not even put the bottom of your oven flat down on this. If you have not a little grill with legs, to support your pans, arrange some stones so that the bottom of the oven will be three or four inches above the fire. You are not going to cook by contact now, but by hot air. You do not even let the bottom of your biscuit-pan sit down flat on the bottom of your oven, but you place it on a few small stones or a couple of iron supports, to leave an air chamber all the way around the inner pan. The hot envelope of air is to cook these biscuits. Put on the top of the oven, which fits over the lower half, and scatter some coals or hot ashes on top of it. The commonest fault is to have too much heat in cooking bread, and the beginner nearly always burns his first few batches. Take it slowly, use little heat, and remember that the theory of the camp oven is that of the envelope of hot air, and not of contact with the fire. Fifteen minutes will very likely finish your biscuits. It took, perhaps, ten minutes to make your coffee and five to fry your bacon. Now if you have butter and jam you can make a very decent meal, even though eggs, ham and other possibilities are absent and though you have no game of any sort as yet.

Game can be cooked better in camp than in any café in the world. A teal duck, a grouse, a prairie chicken, a squirrel, a rabbit and cutlets of any sort of venison can be cooked quickly, simply and deliciously. Game is better for hanging at least overnight. Split your bird up the back, flatten it with the side of the ax, salt and pepper it and broil it over the coals, which have now burned down low between your logs. Don't mind the burning of the bones as that serves to cook the meat. Add butter to finish the cooking and the browning, and finish off with a little more salt and pepper. For this work you ought to have a broiler, the kind that clamps down in two halves, one on each side of your bird. Broiled meat is the best meat.

Fish is very much more difficult to cook than game. As the usual fault in cooking game is to cook it too much, so fish usually is cooked too little -and half-cooked fish is far worse than nothing. The main thing is to have plenty of grease in the frying-pan and to have it hot and to keep it hot. Let the fish fry and not stew. Keep it loose when it starts to stick to the pan, turn it from time to time, and keep the pieces pressed flat and covered as much as possible with the grease. Give it time and be patient. When the tine of your fork will go in without any gritty feeling your fish is nearly done.

Some finicky persons decry the use of pork or bacon in camp cooking, and prefer olive oil. Brook trout can be cooked deliciously in olive oil. Most directions tell you to roll your trout or your cutlets of bass or pike in egg and cracker crumbs. You are more apt to be successful, especially with large pieces of fish, if you do not bread them in this manner, but cook them *au naturel*. If the fish are very small the cracker dust or cornmeal is desirable.

Catering to the Epicure

You can make a splendid dish of fish out of little ring perch not longer than your finger, with their heads off. Roll these little fellows in a mixture of salt and pepper in a plate, dust them well with meal or cracker dust, fry them, a dozen or two in a pan at once, and you will find them very sweet and delicate. Fish require plenty of salt and pepper, and the best plan is to apply these when you first put in the pan. Rub a mixture of salt and pepper along the backbone of the goggle-eye or croppie that you are frying, and use plenty on the outside of the fish as well. A good pan of fried fish costs a lot of bacon fat, but if you have nerve enough and time enough you will find that fish is fine. Of course, you will read all sorts of things about wrapping fish up in leaves of paper and clay and roasting them under the ashes. It can be done, but these stunts are more often failures than otherwise.

Thus far you have boiled, baked and fried. There remains that useful adjunct of the camp table, the stew-pot, not in the least to be despised. The Indian fries very little and stews a great deal in his cookery. The theory of the stew-kettle is: a slow fire, a low fire and a long fire. The usual mistake is that of trying to cook the stew too soon or of using too much heat and too little water. Continual care and stirring are the only real safeguards for the open kettle. If you have in your kit two kettles, a big one and a small one, you can fill the big one with water, put a few stones at the bottom and set your stew-kettle in on top of these stones. This will lessen the danger of burning, and is a good idea especially in cooking cereals.

The ideal dish is the big camp stew of meat, game, birds, rice, potatoes, onions—anything you happen to have—with abundant salt and pepper added thereto, and perhaps a dash of sherry, or even a touch

of chilli sauce. It is hard to go wrong if you give your stew plenty of time and plenty of water. An hour or two will not be too much; in fact, you can keep on cooking your stew day after day, adding to it and eating from it as you like. Elk, moose, sheep, deer, even bear will do, with rice, onions, dumplings and the like.

Large ducks can be roasted in the same oven that you have used for baking your bread. Your rule as to the oven is now reversed, for in cooking a bird you want sharp heat and continued heat, so that the outer tissues may be seared as soon as possible. Your good cook never roasts a canvasback over fifteen minutes—some say five—but that takes heat.

The bean-pot is one of the reliances of the plain woodsman, as is the bannock. Take, say, two quarts of beans to three pounds of salt pork. That means a big kettle, for beans swell a lot. Soak the beans overnight and in the morning put them in a kettle with the pork, just cover the whole with water, and put over a slow and steady fire, with the cover on the kettle. Skim the scum from the top frequently. Beans burn very readily and require considerable attention. You want a low and steady fire and you cannot cook a pot of beans in less than an hour or two. Better more time than less.

It takes about half an hour for potatoes to boil enough, an hour and a half or more for beans, nearly two hours for cabbage or cauliflower, carrots or parsnips. You cannot bake a potato well in less than half to three-quarters of an hour. You can roast them under the ashes after a fashion, but usually you burn them. The best way is to make a pit some distance from the fire and heat it up for a half hour or so with coals or ashes before you put in your potatoes. Leave the potatoes in from half an hour to an hour. Test them with the fork tine.

The old-time bean-hole that you read about in books on camp cooking is sometimes not feasible. Keep in mind now the idea of a hot-air envelope and of the double oven or kettle. Put your pot of beans on top of some stones, over coals or ashes, shut the big pot down over the top of this and pile up your coals and embers on the outside and on the top. Keep in the heat all you can. This is the principle of the fireless cooker, to some extent.

There are, of course, prepared cereals that can without much trouble be made into desserts, but few old-timers care for many cereals; they adhere rather to rice than oatmeal. You can make very good rice patties, frying them for breakfast or using them for after-dinner dessert, employing the rice that you have boiled earlier in the day. Also, you can make very good pancakes. A French pancake, German pancake, Swiss pancake or Swedish pancake is much the same thing in either case, and is made of flour and egg batter rolled thin and wide, the whole cooked quickly in a large pan and served with lemon and sugar or rolled with marmalade.

Where to Keep Meat and Fish

The ordinary pancake formula is: a small-sized can of condensed milk, three cups of flour, half a cup of cornmeal, two eggs, a pinch of salt and a teaspoonful of baking powder. Be careful, however, to mix the milk and eggs together with some water in one vessel, while you keep the other ingredients in another. Having stirred each mixture, pour them together and continue stirring until all lumps disappear. A little syrup will make the cakes brown better, but be careful not to let them have too much, or it will make them stick to the griddle or pan. Keep the latter well greased, of course.

If you wish to preserve meat or even fish for later use cut into thin spirals and dry over a smoke. A rack is not difficult to arrange. In the mountain climate you can cure meat in the sun, but usually it is better to smoke it a little.

There are few ptomaines in camp, but if you are using frozen fish thaw it out in cold water before you cook it. Never cook in a tin can. When you open any can of fruit or vegetables pour out all the contents and throw the can away, else you may get badly poisoned. Especially is this true as to tinned meats. Your butter ought to be kept covered in the spring. Your fish should be kept as cool as possible, screened with cheesecloth. There are very few flies twenty feet up in the air, and really the best place for fresh meat is in a sack at the top of a very tall pole.

Of course, the average city outfitter will try to sell you a great many camp implements and camp rations that you will not need. Let the army take care of the condensed food and emergency rations, and content yourself with a little chocolate and a few pounds of raisins. Some sort of acid fruit you ought to have in your kit. A sack of dried prunes is as good as anything; dried apricots also are good. The condensed and desiccated stuff is usually better left at home. Don't overlook onions, which are healthful in camp. Potatoes are heavy, but very good. Rice, onions and potatoes are staple. Some sugar you ought to have, especially in cold weather.

Grub lists vary a great deal; but suppose you are four in party and are out for two weeks, you might try this scale: Flour, twenty-five pounds; cornmeal, ten pounds; rice, six pounds; beans, six pounds; sugar, fifteen pounds; baking powder, two tins; coffee, six pounds; tea, one pound; salt, two pounds; bacon, ten pounds; pork, five pounds; butter, six pounds; onions, a half bushel. Other vegetables get as you can. If you need milk take six tins. Have a couple of pounds of raisins, for they make a good dessert when boiled with rice.

Your camp outfit is simple. You need a real ax, a large kettle, a small kettle, a coffee-pot and two pans made ovenwise. All of these things are better if made of pressed steel. Your table cutlery is better of cheap plated stuff than of steel, which rusts more easily. Your tin cups ought to have the handles cut so they will nest together. You can use your own method of arranging a longer handle to your steel frying-pan. It is an advantage to have two frying-pans. Have a half dozen tin plates, the deeper the better; they sometimes help in cooking. Better have a box for your cooking utensils and a couple of bags for the grub list. Have a file to keep ax and butcher-knife sharp. A Dutch oven is good, but with the sheet-iron oven above mentioned you can do without the Dutch oven very well.

A Specimen Bill of Fare

The great merit of the camp cuisine is that it is made up of absolutely fresh material. Your game and fish are better than you can get at home, and your vegetables, if any, are also fresher. Very often you can get watercress if you can do no better for a salad. One has known wild onions to be used successfully in camps, a sort of shallot that has clusters of bulbs at the top. A friend, who had a French cook in camp on an oasis of the Sahara, once was served something that his man called *salade au naturel*. He had made it out of the leaves of the nearest tree. He was French, and that was all he had.

There is something of a knack in washing dishes in camp. The frying-pan is a continual trouble. To clean it, boil some water in it and clean as much as possible. Then heat hot over the fire, and dash with cold water to loosen the scale. Too much of this will spring the bottom of a light pan. Scour once in a while with sand or ashes. Keep the coffee-pot clean if you expect to have good coffee.

Supposing you are cook in camp, and are obliged to make the most of it. You might try a daily menu like this if you are in permanent camp and have plenty of time: Breakfast—batter cakes and syrup, or rice cakes, broiled bird or fish, eggs if possible, French fried potatoes if possible, coffee, butter, a touch of marmalade or jam. Luncheon—a broiled bird or fish, toast made on the gridiron, butter with a jam or preserve, cress salad, coffee or tea. You can, perhaps, make a chowder of fish and game and vegetables, or serve your pot stew now if you have had time during the morning to prepare it. There may be some dumplings in the pot. If you have had time you also may have a roast bird now. You can make a brown gravy with flour and water, adding a dash of sherry and some paprika. Dinner—a baked or broiled fowl, roasted or broiled game or fish, beans now if the kettle is done, potatoes baked or roasted, tea or coffee, a dessert of rice pudding or a pancake rolled with jelly or jam.

It is impossible to be cheerful when you are cooking in camp, but you can be clean, even to your dishrags and towels. Moreover, you are certain to be respected. No one will dare to kick too much at the cook, for fear of the cook's resignation and a consequent election for another cook. This leaves you considerable latitude.

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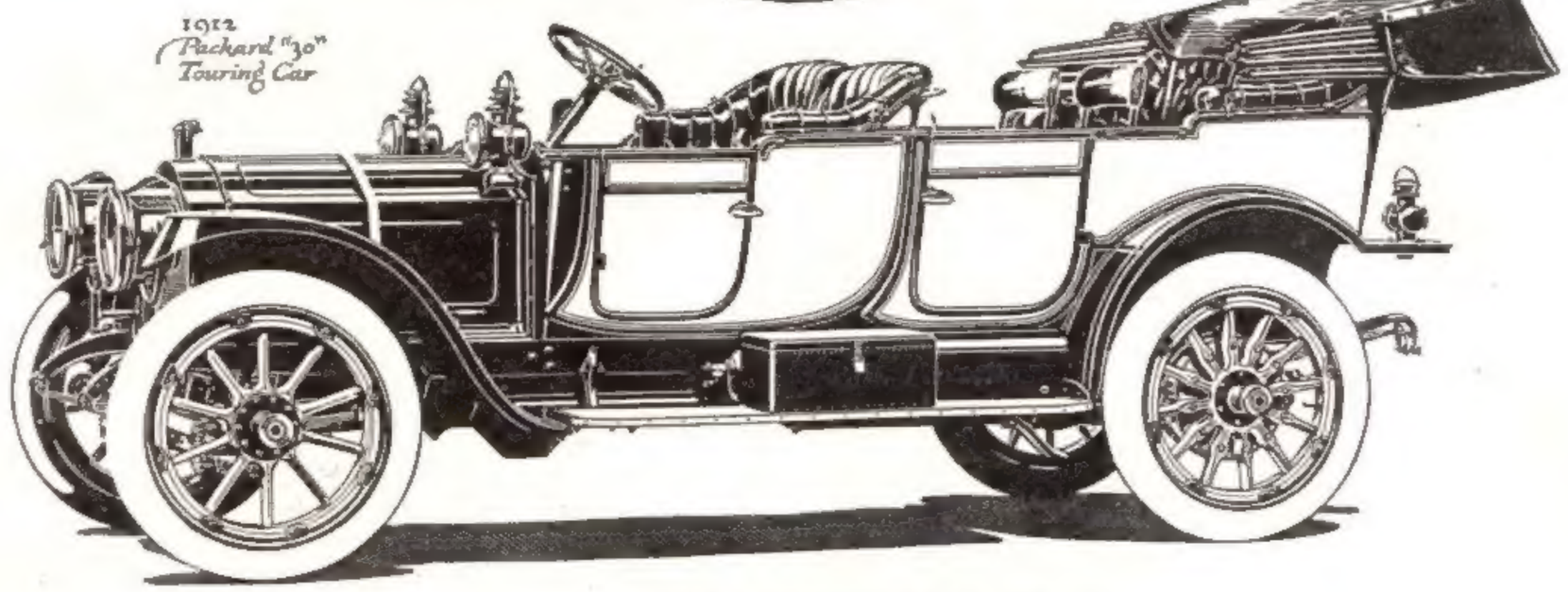

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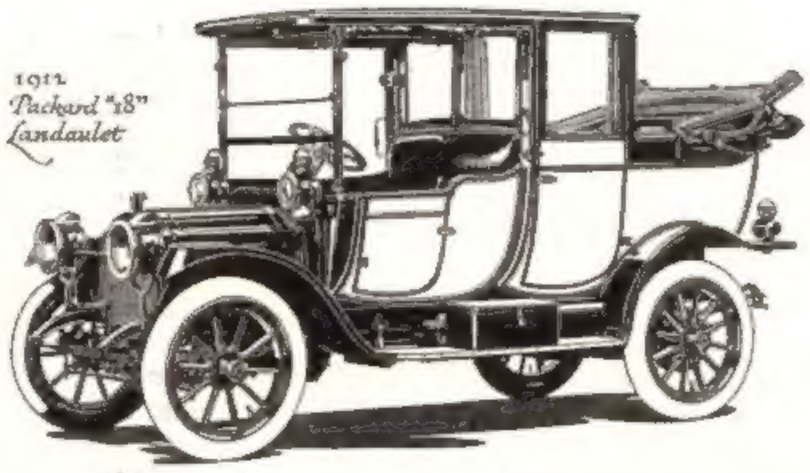

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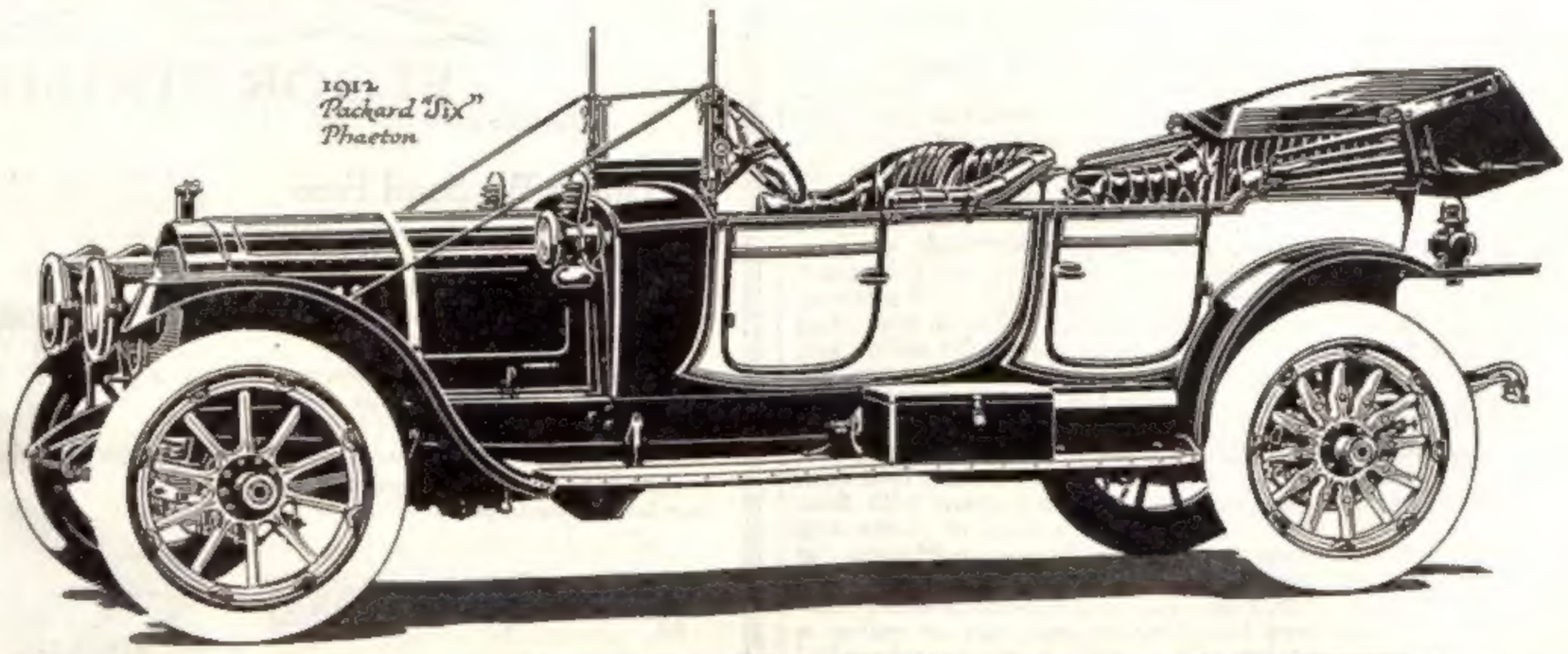

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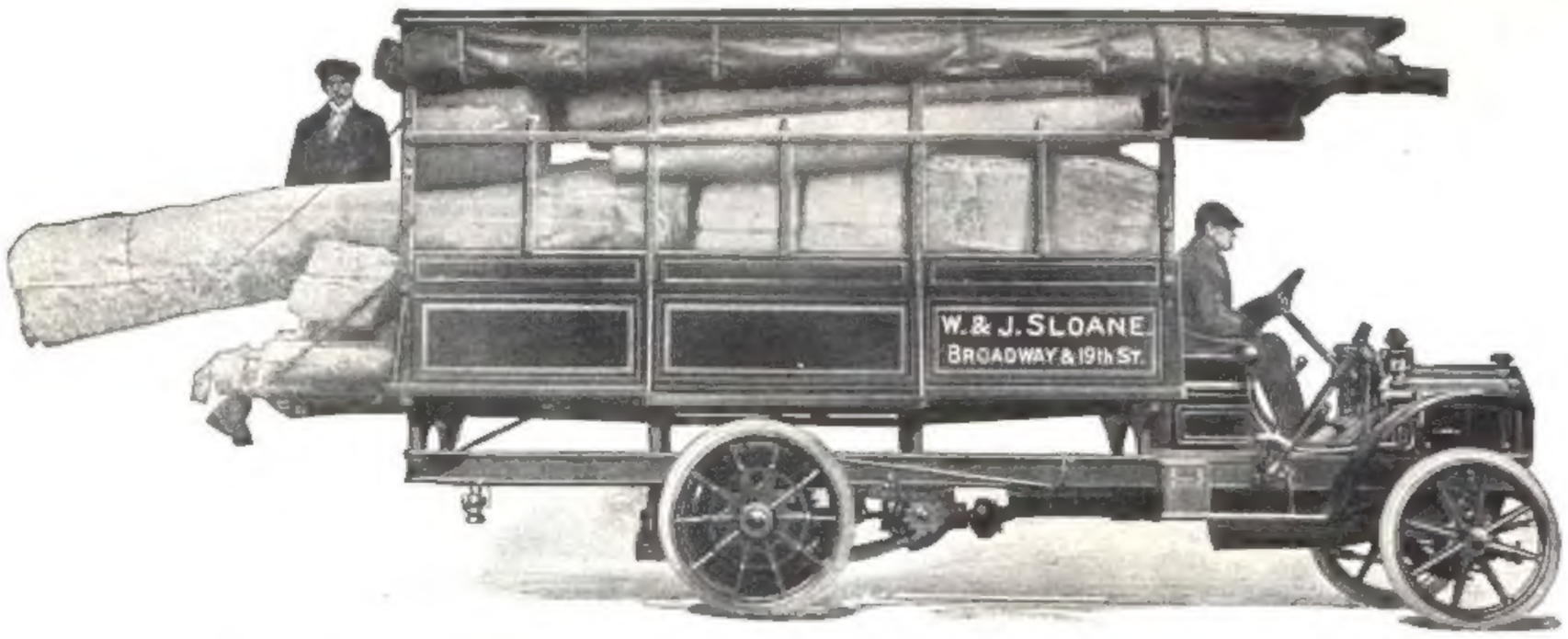

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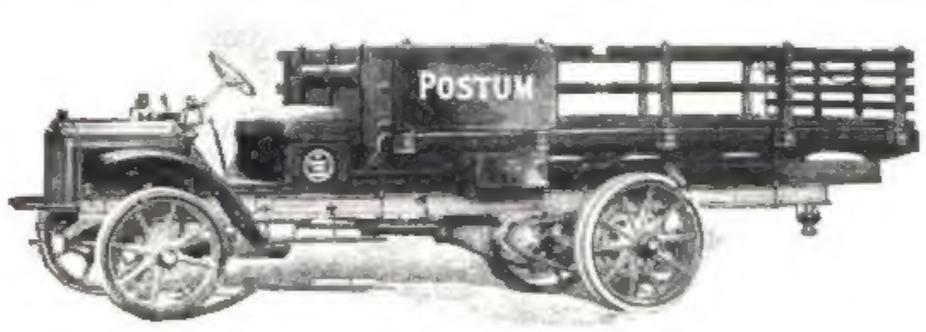

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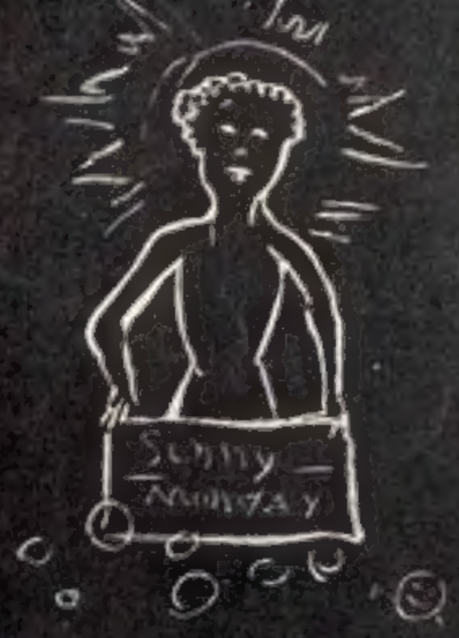

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